METRICAL TUNE BOOK,

WITH HYMNS.

Revised and Enlarged.

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS,

and

J. G. TERRILL.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

T. B. ARNOLD, CHICAGO,
1891.

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PREFACE.

SINCE Congregational Singing is becoming so universal in all Evangelical Churches, there is an increasing desire, on the part of Choristers and Choirs, to have a general Metrical Tune Book, without hymns.

A book containing all the popular tunes from every source, which can be used with any Hymn Book, and from which the Chorister can select a tune of his own choice. For such a purpose this book is now offered to the public.

The following characteristics have been carefully observed in compiling the

METRICAL TUNE BOOK:

FIRST. To have a book containing tunes in all meters, carefully selected from the *whole fountain of Church music*, including the *oldest* and *newest*, containing more tunes than is found in our common tune books.

SECOND. Every leaf to present three different classes of tunes in the same meter; *i. e., one old familiar tune, one modern tune*, and *one new tune*. This gives variety on each page, suited to the tastes of the *old*, *modern*, and *new*.

THIRD. To produce a complete Tune Book at the lowest possible expense, so that any church can afford to purchase for use with their own hymns; also, one not burdensome to hold in hand, even with the largest hymn book.

FOURTH. To offer a book not in any way calculated to do away with any of the Standard Hymn and Tune Books now in use, but one which can be used with or without such books, thereby giving a greater variety of Metrical Tunes, and also supplying a complete Tune Book for all who have only Hymn Books.

FIFTH. To give a book that no one denomination can claim, or object to, as it contains no sentiment or hymns, and one which is especially designed for all who love the worship of song in the Sanctuary, and can be used in connection with any selection of hymns or Hymn Book.

Respectfully submitted, asking a careful examination.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK, January, 1874.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

With the consent of Mr. Phillips, hymns have been set to the music of the Metrical Tune Book. This has been done, not to change it from its original design, but that it may be a *hymn* book, as well as a *tune* book.

The book has been revised, by leaving out some tunes and inserting others.

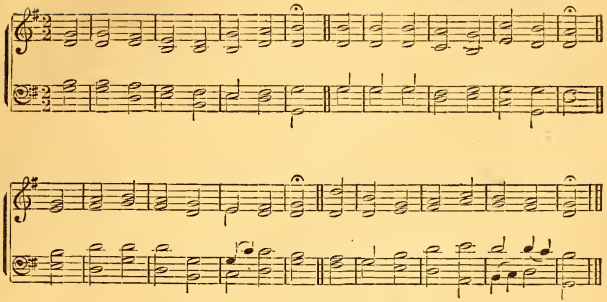
In the selection of hymns, regard has been had to the *voice* of the Church universal, as to the association of certain tunes and hymns. "Rock of ages cleft for me," and the tune Toplady; "Jesus lover of my soul," and Martyn; "Arise, my soul, arise," and Lenox; and "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and Coronation, are illustrations of this.

Due regard has also been paid to a sufficient *variety* of hymns for all occasions of public worship. The *numbers* at the head of the hymns are those of the F. M. Hymn Book, to aid in using them together. All the more *familiar* hymns will be found in this book.

The wants of the Sunday School have received particular attention, and a large number of hymns have been selected and given a separate index to meet those wants.

CHICAGO, 1890. J. G. TERRILL.

Old Hundred. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.

L. M.

1 THE CREATION INVITED TO PRAISE GOD.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

L. M.

2 GRATEFUL ADORATION.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, Alt'd.

Doxology.

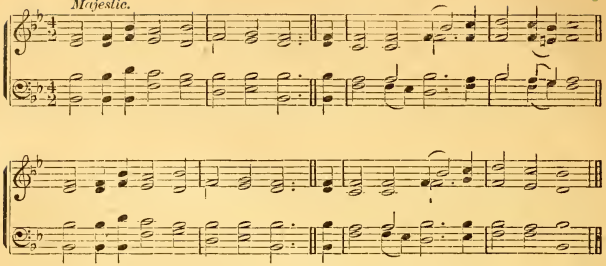
Thomas Ken, 1697.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ward. L. M.

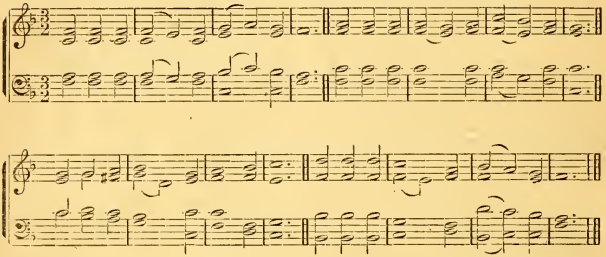
Arr. by Dr. MASON, 1830. SCOTCH.

Majestic.



Sun of my Soul. L. M.

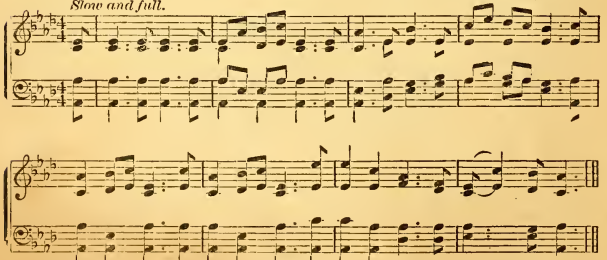
Choral style. Arranged from FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732.



*My Redeemer Lives. L. M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1873.

Slow and full.



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490 Design of Prayer. L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak; [lame,
Though thought be broken, language
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

J. Hart.

73 Abide with Us. L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine,
Has spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

111 Because He Liveth I Shall Live Also. L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Samuel Medley.

124 Come, Creator Spirit. L. M.

O COME, Creator Spirit blest!
Within these souls of thine to rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend!
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high,
The weakness of our flesh supply;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

Gregory the Great.

32 Holiness. L. M.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley.

109 The Great Antetype. L. M.

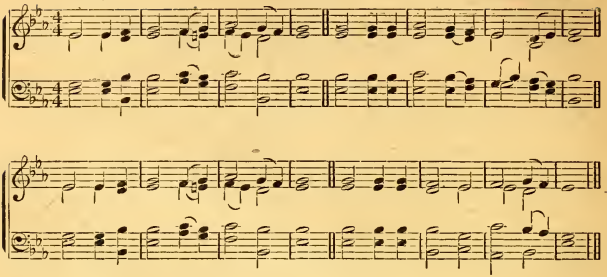
O THOU whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain,
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 These feeble types and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

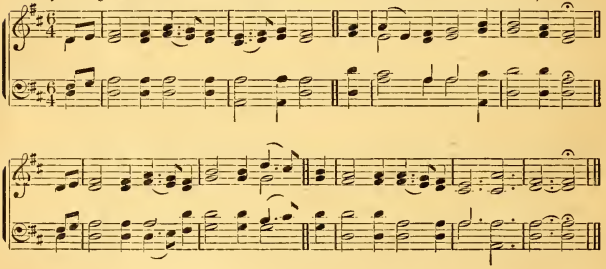
Hamburg. L. M.

Gently. Gregorian. Arr. by Dr. L. Mason, 1825.



Woodworth. L. M.

Soft and gentle. Wm. B. Bradbury, 1849.



Spohr. L. M.

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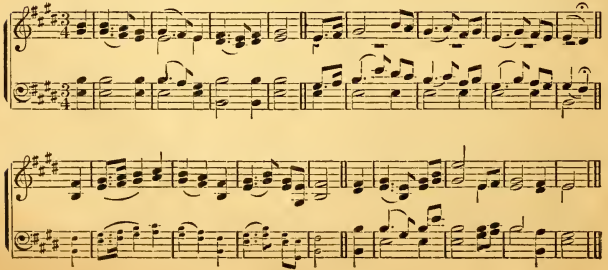


379 JUST AS I AM. L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, reliev
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

332 COME AS THOU ART. 8, 6.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
Christ gives relief to hearts opprest,
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace repays all earthly loss,
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy mournful tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come!

R. S. Cook.

628 YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST. L. M.

YE FAITHFUL souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions show your sins forgiven:
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your head to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again.
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

627 LIVING TO SERVE THE CAUSE OF CHRIST. L. M.

MY GRACIOUS Lord, I own thy right,
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

P Doddridge.

817 CHRIST'S PRESENCE MAKES DEATH EASY. L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

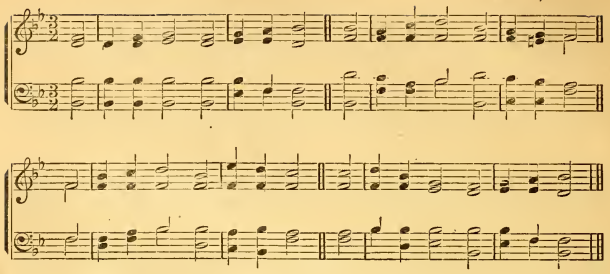
3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

Hebron. L. M.

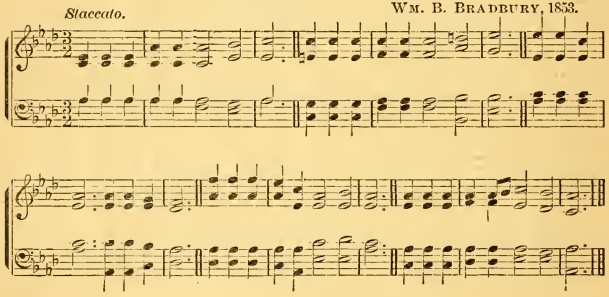
Dr. L. Mason, 1830.



Bloomfield. L. M.

Staccato.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1853.

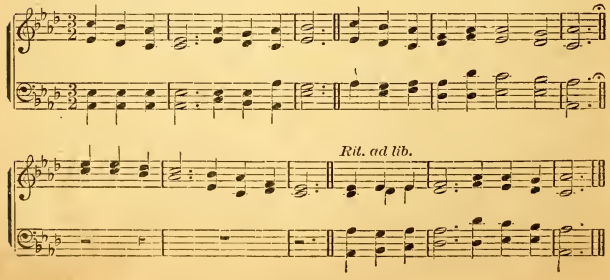


Oriel. L. M.

Soft and gentle.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 18—

Rit. ad lib.



387 Salvation by Grace through Faith.

L. M.

WE HAVE no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace:
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

Charles Wesley.

257 Anticipating the Heavenly Sabbath.

L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

P. Doddridge.

348 Only by Faith.

L. M.

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

Charles Wesley.

388 The Lord our Righteousness.

L. M.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Charles Wesley.

492 Blest Hour of Prayer.

L. M.

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles.

420 Filial Confidence and Joy.

L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

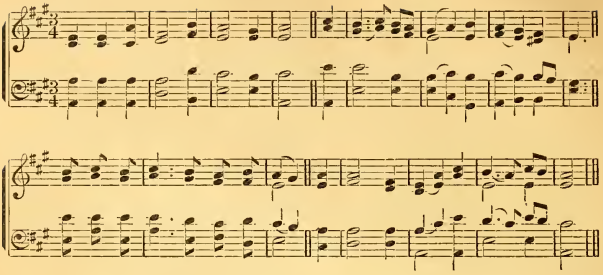
2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

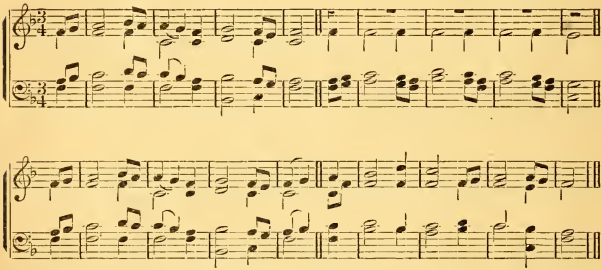
Migdol. L. M.

Moderato.

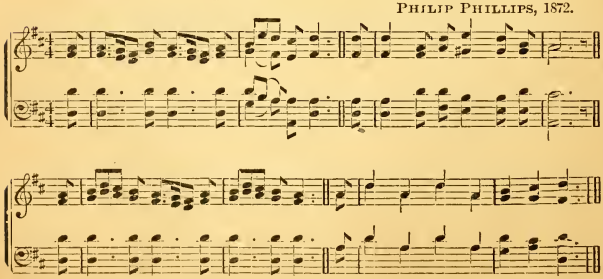
Dr. L. Mason, 1840.



McCabe. L. M.

Rev. E. S. Widdemer, 1859.

*Our Lord is Risen. L. M

Philip Phillips, 1872.



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626 HEAVENLY BLISS IN PROSPECT. L. M.

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
The narrow road, that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

649 FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR. L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

61 EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST'S RELIGION. L. M.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to thee alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

744 THE LATTER DAY GLORY. L. M.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Mrs. Voke.

745 SOULS PERISHING. L. M.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey;
Why should they die, when thou hast died:
Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones!

110 AN ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER. L. M.

JESUS, my advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,

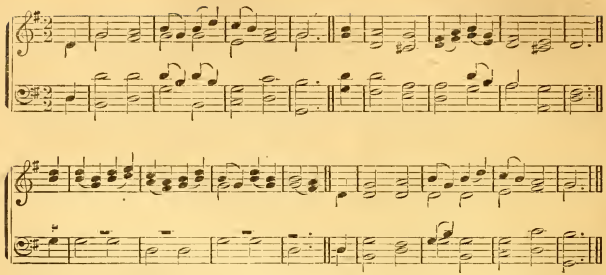
2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fullness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart,

Portugal. L. M.

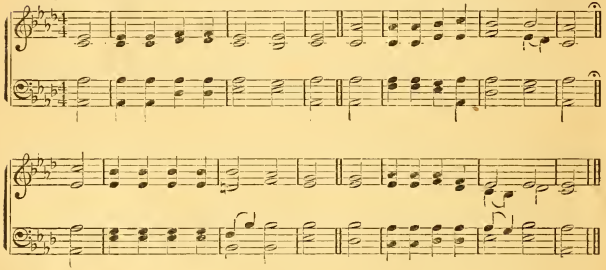
THOS. THORLEY, 17—.



Olive's Brow. L. M.

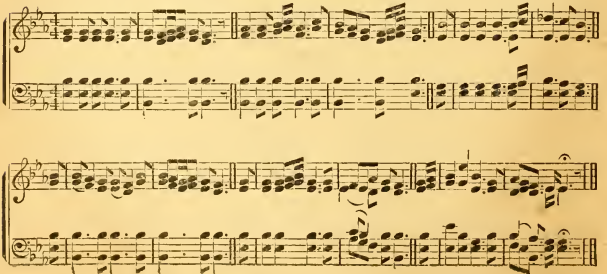
Soft and gentle.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.



Repose. L. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



122 His Universal Diffusion. L. M.

ON ALL the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let him opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let him, Lord, in every place,
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true;
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due,
Descend, and crown us now with fire.
H. Moore. Alt. by J. Wesley.

113 Fullness and Sufficiency of the Atonement. L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me; e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
N. L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

91 Christ in Gethsemane. L. M.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
William B. Tappan.

206 The River of Life. L. M.

GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

4 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.
P. Doddridge.

747 For the Jews and Gentiles. L. M.

HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole:

2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come, Lord," the Bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

3 Pour out the promised gift on all;
Answer the universal, "Come!"
The fullness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow;
Let all obey the Gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.

5 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy name.
Charles Wesley.

33 True Worship Everywhere Accepted. L. M.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary at the Patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time
The holy prophet's harp was strung;
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

Olivet. L. M.

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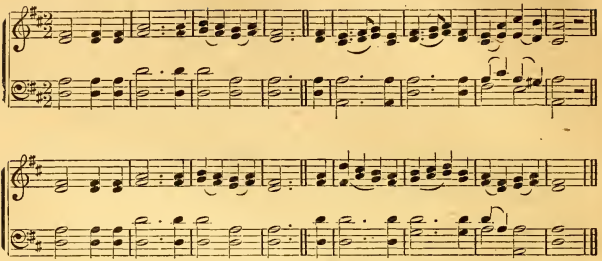
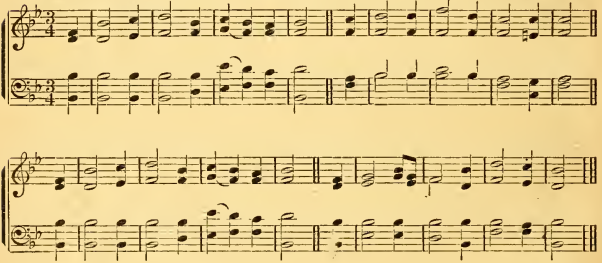


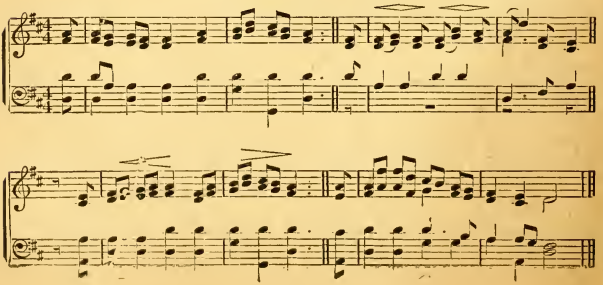
Desire. L. M.

By permission. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1853.

With earnestness.



Emburg. L. M.

German.

95 GLORYING ONLY IN THE CROSS. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

79 CHRIST FOR ME. L. M.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me:
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

H. Bonar.

536 FOR CONSTANT DEVOTEDNESS. L. M.

LORD, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

590 RESIGNATION TO GOD'S WILL. L. M.

ALL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime,
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot.
But regions none remote I call
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guion.

94 THE HIDINGS OF THE FATHER'S FACE. L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

J. W. Cunningham.

377 THE HEALING POWER OF CHRIST. L. M.

THOUGH eighteen hundred years are past
Since Christ did in the flesh appear,
His tender mercies ever last,
And still his healing power is here.

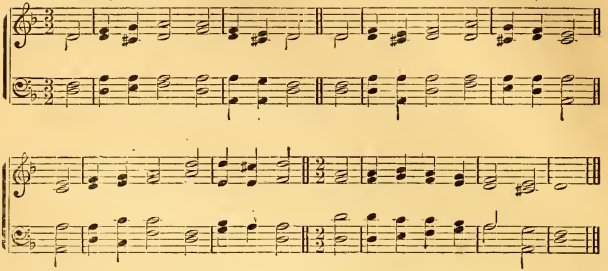
2 Would he the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul he loves much more,
And surely he will make it whole.

3 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

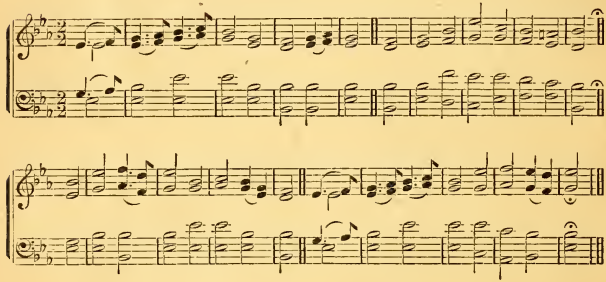
4 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

Windham. L. M.

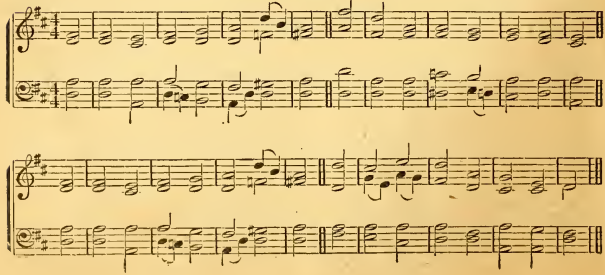
Mournful. DANIEL READ, 1785.

Illinois. L. M.

Western Tune.



Bertini. L. M.

BERTINI, 1849.



144 Strait is the Gate. L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Shall be esteemed no more a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false professors never knew.
Isaac Watts.

152 Original and Actual Sin. L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.
Isaac Watts.

336 Withdraw Not the Spirit. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
Charles Wesley.

143 The Accepted Time. L. M.

WHILE God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
T. Dwight.

816 The Grave Shall Restore its Trust. L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bonds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form,
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.
Isaac Watts.

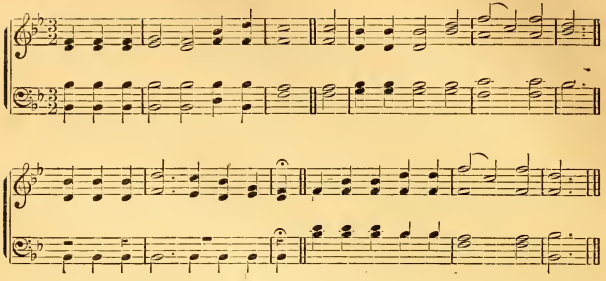
159 Earthly Things Vain and Transitory. L. M.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

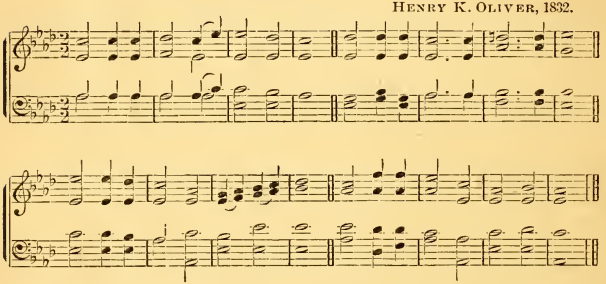
2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
D. E. Ford,

Ware. L. M.

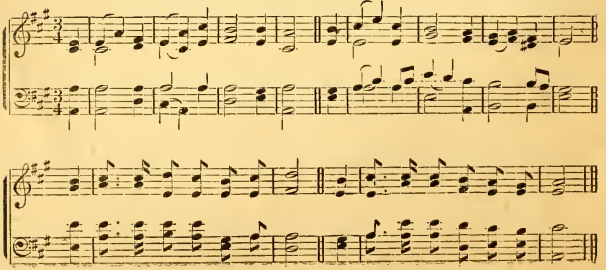
GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.

Federal Street. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.



Judah. L. M.

A. DOTY, 1836.



335 The Stubborn Heart. L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away:
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear,
Amazing thought! unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

J. Hart.

158 The Soul's Best Portion. L. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

A. Steele.

153 The Inbred Leprosy. L. M.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

Charles Wesley.

160 Peaceful Death Expected, and Prayed for. L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that, without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

4 Walk with me thro' the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears.

Charles Wesley.

151 Balm in Gilead, and a Good Physician There. L. M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made.
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

3 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

A. Steele.

648 Living to the Glory of God. L. M.

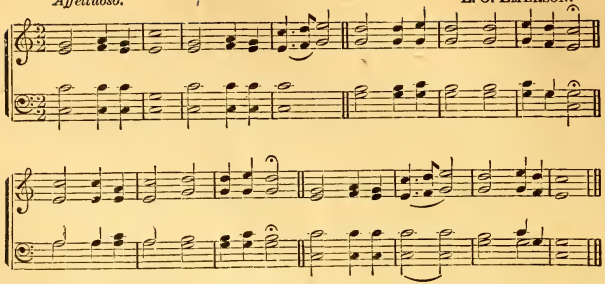
O THOU! who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand;
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Affettuoso. L. O. EMERSON.



625 THE VOW SEALED AT THE CROSS. L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

S. Davies.

121 THE PROMISED COMFORTER. L. M.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

Charles Wesley.

298 THE MINISTER'S PRAYER. L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

J. J. Winkler, Tr. by J. Wesley.

376 CHRIST THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. L. M.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

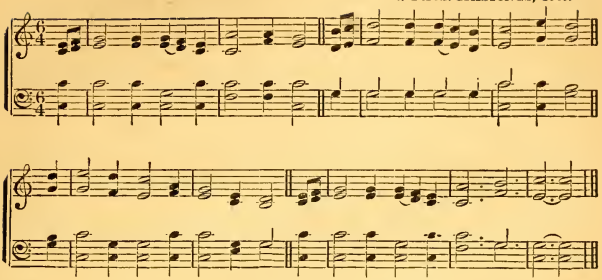
3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

Charles Wesley.

*Retreat. L. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1840.



489 L. M.

The Mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell.

192 L. M.

The Divine Teacher.

HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowering.

16 L. M.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

72 L. M.

Lift up our Hearts to Thee.

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain,
How boundless our eternal gain!

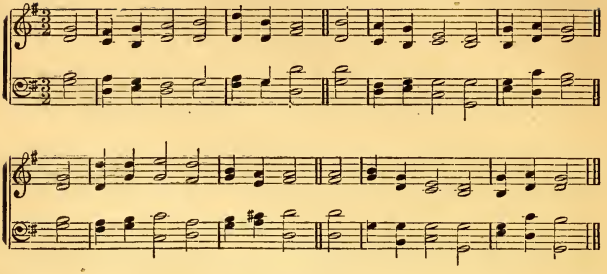
3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see thee as thou art:
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost, that he
May raise our longing souls to thee.

Santolius Victorinus. Tr. by Chandler.

Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



191 Love which Passeth Knowledge.

L. M.

OF HIM who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood.
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux.

123 The Plenitude of His Grace and Power.

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

J. Montgomery.

245 One Fold and one Shepherd.

L. M.

GIVER of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

2 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace:
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

3 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee:
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

4 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down:
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one.

5 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

Charles Wesley.

469 For Lowliness and Purity.

L. M.

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride, the plague expel;
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

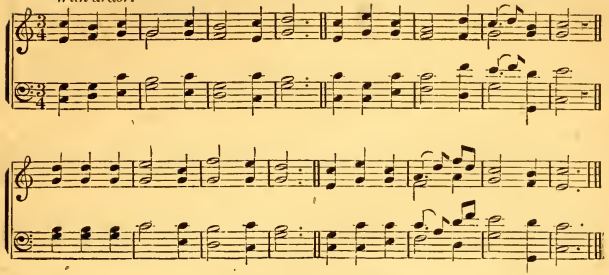
3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

Charles Wesley.

German Air, arr. by Dr. MASON, 1832.

With ardor.



696 His Everlasting Arms of Love. L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Saviour led,
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

Charles Wesley.

589 Trial and Faith of Abraham. L. M.

WHEN Abraham, though severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed;
He with the stern command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

Charles Wesley.

60 His Supreme Divinity. L. M.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an incarnate Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude divine,
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchased Comforter impart:
Apply thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure in life and heart.

Charles Wesley.

71 Jesus Everywhere Present. L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

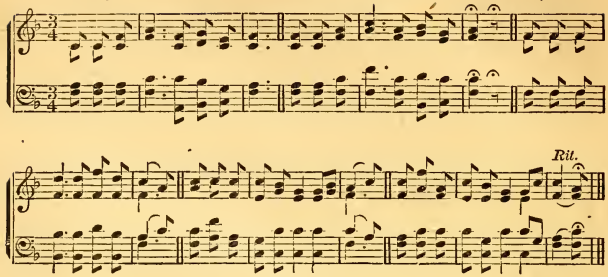
2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

Anvern. L. M.

Slowly. German. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON, 1840.

211 L. M.

THE HEAVENLY ZION.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
And anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

Charles Wesley.

212 L. M.

PUT ON THY STRENGTH, O ZION.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head,
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high hath heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. Doddridge.

213 L. M.

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, O JERUSALEM.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down.
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight
And hides the promise from thine eyes
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley.

746 L. M.

TRIUMPHS OF MERCY.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And burn their altars to the ground.

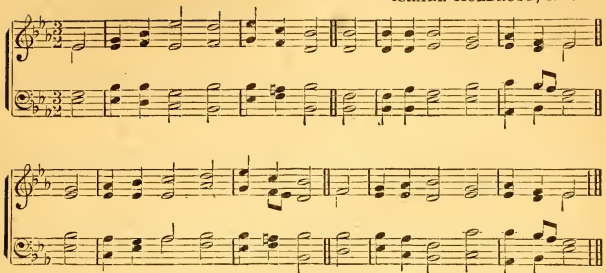
3 No more let creature blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. Shrubsole.

Wells. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, 1753.



L. M.

781 GOD'S GOODNESS CROWNS THE YEAR.

ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. Doddridge.

L. M.

491 BLESSINGS OF PRAYER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

L. M.

543 LENDING TO THE LORD.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O! may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest to give than to receive.

T. Cotterill.

L. M.

524 FOR THE SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

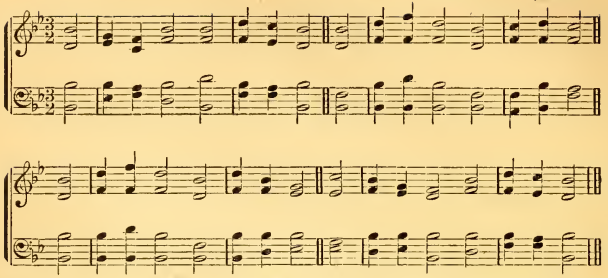
JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings:

3 Still let him with my weakness stay
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way:
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.

Charles Wesley.

AARON CHAPIN, 1827.

309 ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF HIS GRACE. L. M.

HO! EVERY one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

3 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

4 See from the Rock a fountain rise:
For you a healing stream it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

5 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

John Wesley.

438 THE LIGHT YOKE AND EASY BURDEN. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down;
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

Charles Wesley.

437 THIRSTING FOR THE FULLNESS OF GOD. L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

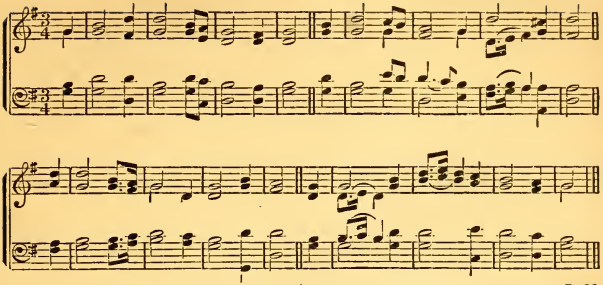
4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring:
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

N. L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

NAHUM MITCHELL,



L. M.

313 All Things are Now Ready.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

J. Fawcet.

L. M.

523 For the Fire of Divine Love.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

314 The Joys of Penitence.

COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored:
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood;
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 The o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

562 The Panoply of Truth.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread;

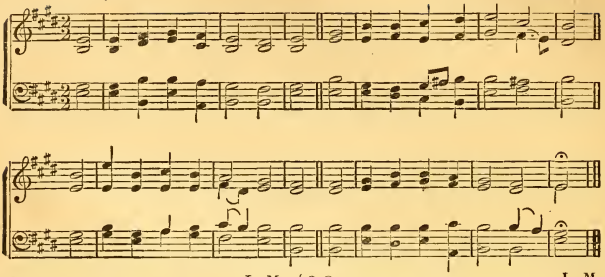
3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

J. Montgomery.

Uxbridge. L. M.

Not too fast. Dr. L. Mason, 1830.



L. M.

59 Tribute of Praise to the Saviour.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

L. M.

619 The Spirit of the Ancient Worthies.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

L. M.

83 Prophet, Priest, and King.

TO US a child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
The Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme,
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold;
And Lord of all the world adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

Charles Wesley.

L. M.

780 God, the Nation's Guardian.

GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

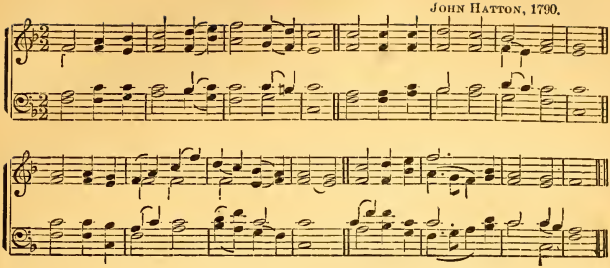
3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread,
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last.

W. Roscoe.

JOHN HATTON, 1790.



15 How Dreadful is this Place. L. M.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

578 God's Presence with his People. L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir W. Scott.

749 Triumphs of the Gospel. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their young Hosannas to his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

748 The Saviour's Coming Expected. L. M.

JESUS, thy church, with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

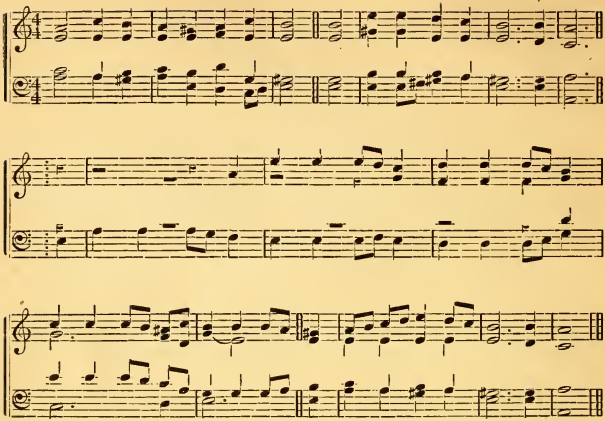
3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

W. H. Bathurst.

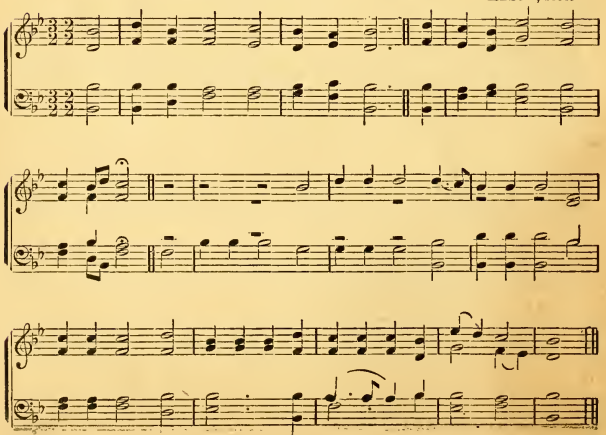
Russia. L. M.

READ, 1812.



Bridgewater. L. M.

EDSON, 1800.



421 The Bliss of Assurance. L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joy of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.
Isaac Watts.

3 Joy of Public Worship. L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence spring
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
No tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.
Isaac Watts.

439 Renouncing All for Christ. L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.
Mad. A. Bourignon. Tr. by J. Wesley.

782 National Blessings. L. M

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

4 We praise thee that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.
Unknown.

4 Solemn Reverence. L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

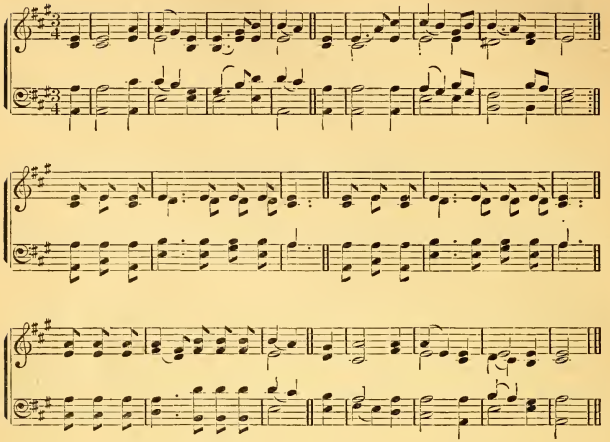
3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.
Isaac Watts.

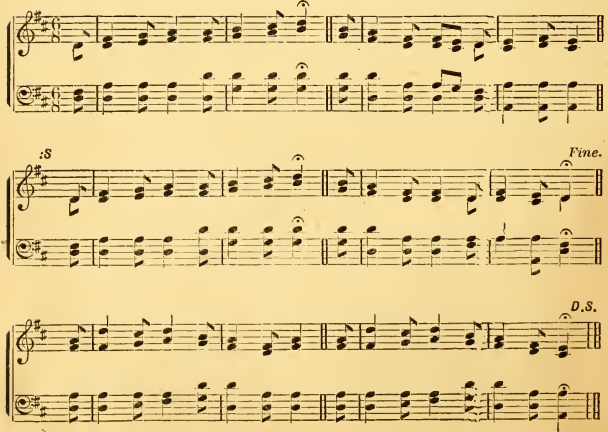
Nunda. L. M. Double.

Dr. L. Mason, 1853.



Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. Double.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1861.



349 L. M.
Importunate Supplication.

GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sins to mourn:
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employed
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow:
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

6 Prepare, and then possess my heart:
O take me, seize me from above;
Thee may I love, for God thou art;
Thee may I feel, for God is love!

Charles Wesley.

591 L. M.
Patient Thankfulness and Trust.

ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above:

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
That boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Charles Wesley.

592 L. M.
Meekness and Patience.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
How'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow where my Lord doth go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown.
O may I conquer through thy blood.

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

C. F. Richter.

599 L. M.
God Our Refuge.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

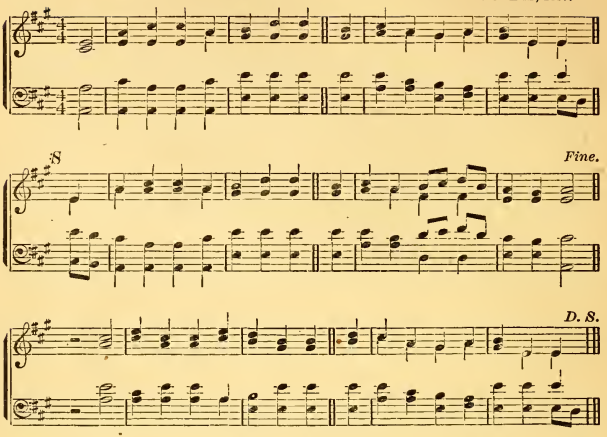
5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

Duane Street. L. M. Double.

Rev. Geo. Coles, 1837.



84 Star of Bethlehem. L. M.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White.

403 The Narrow Way. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

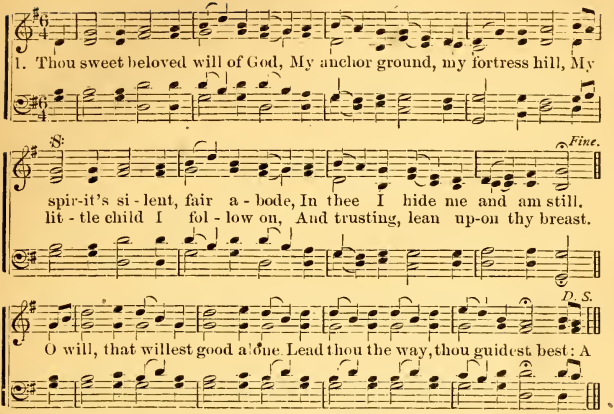
4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

J. Cennick.

Scotch Melody. Har. D. S. ARNOLD.


1. Thou sweet beloved will of God, My anchor ground, my fortress hill, My
S:
Fine.
spir-it's si - lent, fair a - bode, In thee I hide me and am still.
lit - tle child I fol - low on, And trusting, lean up-on thy breast.
D. S.
O will, that willest good a'one Lead thou the way, thou guidest best: A

600 BELIEVING AGAINST HOPE. L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place.
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh:
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Charles Wesley.

577 RESIGNATION TO GOD'S WILL. L. M.

THOU sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me and am still.

2 O will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

3 Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in his sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

4 Within this place of certain good,
Love evermore expands her wings;
Or, nestling in thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

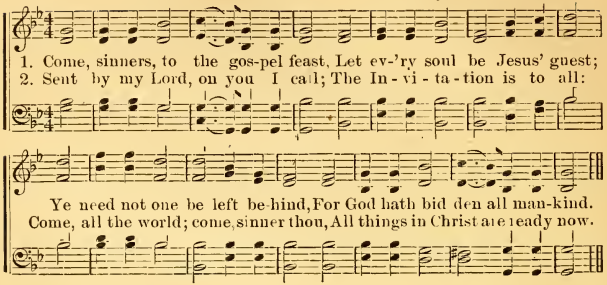
5 Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon 'ts mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such sweet rest.

6 Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of thine.

Madame Guyon

Invitation Hymn. L. M.

Har. by D. S. ARNOLD.


1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The In-vi-ta-tion is to all:
Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bid den all man-kind.
Come, all the world; come, sinner thou, All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the Lord's appointed day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

Cha les Wesley.

337 CONDEMNED, BUT PLEADING. L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

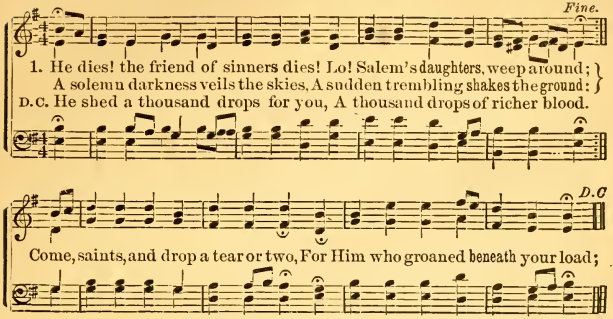
Isaac Watts.

378 THE ONLY PLEA. L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone can'st make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

WATTS and WESLEY. Har. by J. G. T.


Fine.
1. He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters, weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
D.C. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.
D.C.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groaned beneath your load;

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost but thou hast died.

Charles Wesley.

261 IN THE SANCTUARY. L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

101 CHRIST'S VICTORY. L. M.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home
And shout him welcome to the skies.

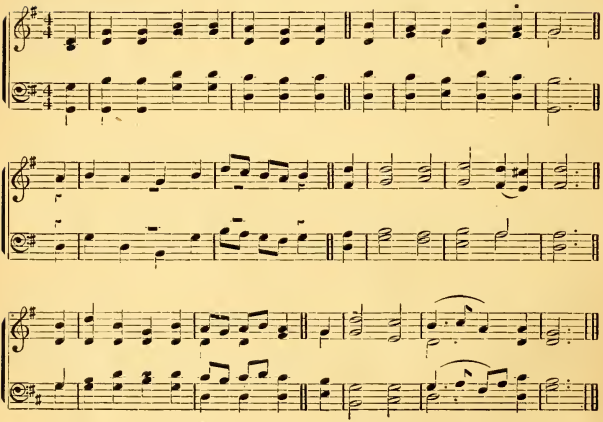
3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

ISAAC WATTS, alt'd by JOHN WESLEY.

COMMON METERS.

Coronation. C. M.

Firm. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



Doxology.

TATE and WESLEY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

55 C. M.

PRAISE THE REDEEMER.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

56 C. M.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

57 C. M.

WORSHIPING THE LAMB.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

90 C. M.

HIS AMAZING LOVE.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for his love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest note,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

294 C. M.

THE MINISTER'S ONLY BUSINESS.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

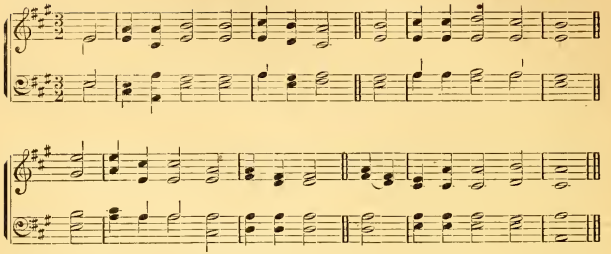
4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

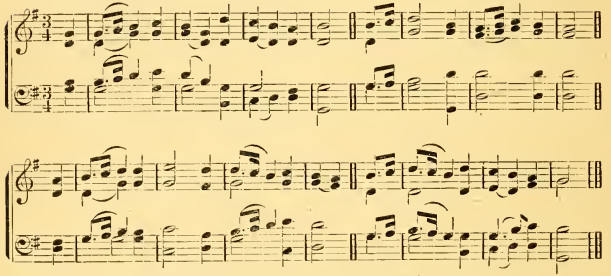
Charles Wesley.

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF, 1828. ARR. by MASON, 1839.

Zanesville. C. M.*

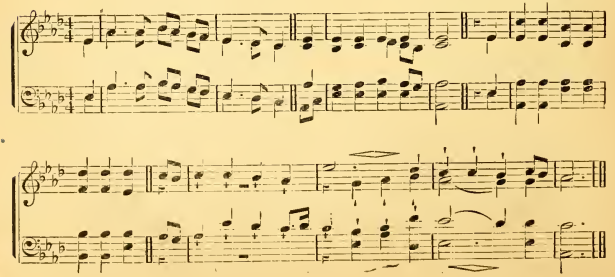
Firm and steady.

DR. L. MASON, 1844.



*Treble and Tenor may be inverted.

Coronal. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1849.

175 LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE SACRED PAGE. C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nation rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

W. Cowper.

263 GOD'S SERVICE DELIGHTFUL. C.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

H. Auber.

274 THE CHRISTIAN HOME. C. M.

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear,
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Unknown.

222 THE INVITATION. C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

P. Doddridge.

136 THE VOICE THAT WAKES THE DEAD. C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak, with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bids the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

806 VICTORY OVER THE FEAR OF DEATH. C. M.

O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

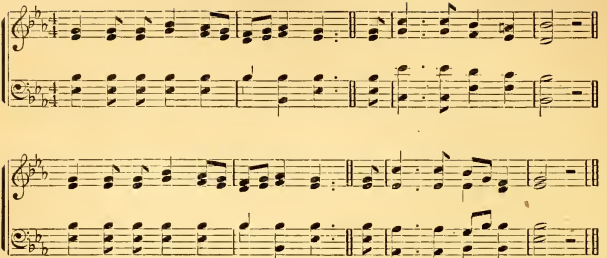
3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts.

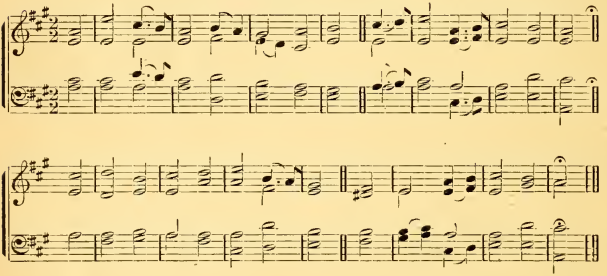
Naomi. C. M.

L. Mason, 1836.



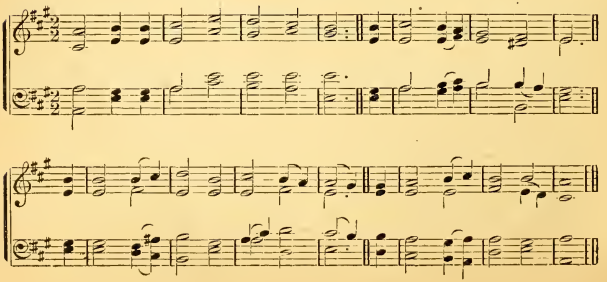
Stephens. C. M.

Wm. Jones, 1799.



Dedham. C. M.

From Gardner.



606 A Calm and Thankful Heart. C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

171 Probation Limited. C. M.

THERE is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 To pass that limit, is to die;
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

5 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

6 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

7 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent
And harden not your heart."

Alexander.

805 Death Gain to the Faithful. C. M.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

W. H Bathurst.

488 Secret Communion with God. C. M.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer, silent prayer.

Unknown.

509 For the Coming of Christ's Kingdom. C. M.

FATHER, of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

654 Strength Renewed. C. M.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

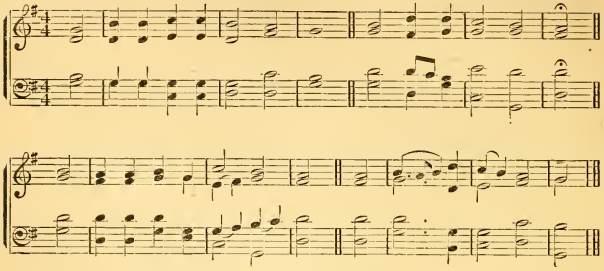
2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

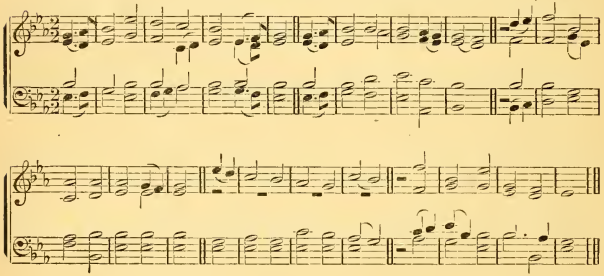
Peterborough. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON, 1786.

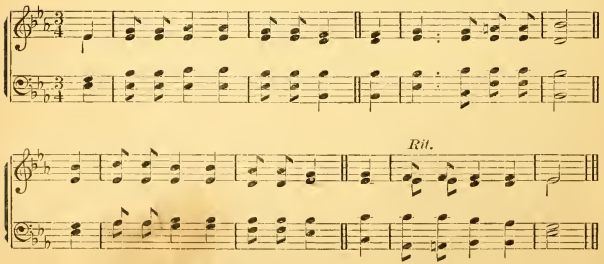


Christmas. C. M.

FREDERICH HANDEL, 1685.



*Duncan. C. M.

S. J. VAIL, 1872.

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7 Asking for a Blessing. C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart:
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit:
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

8 Goodness and Mercy. C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere:
Thou savest the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts

632 The World has Lost its Charms. C. M

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

J. Newton.

173 Riches of God's Word. C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redressed
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

S. Stennett.

54 Glory, Mercy, Grace. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines;
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor can a creature say,
Whether his justice or his grace
Shines with the brighter ray.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts, alt'd.

342 Godly Sorrow. C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word:

O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

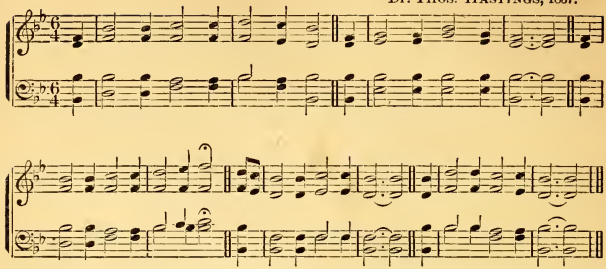
2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress:
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:

Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come:
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

Charles Wesley.

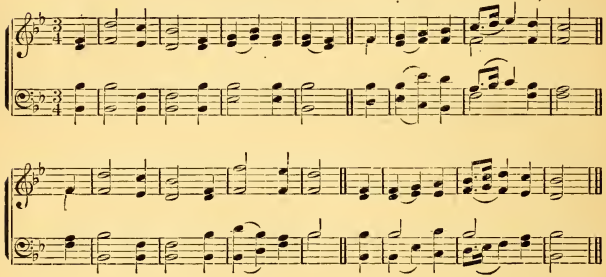
*Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1837.

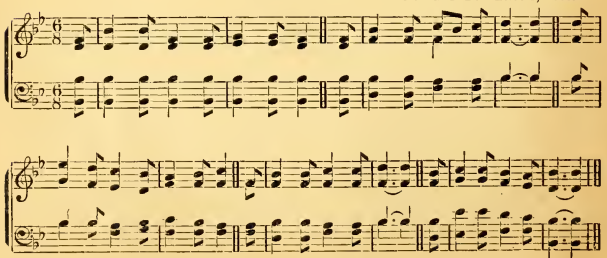


Return. C. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1831.



*Condescension. C. M.

Philip Phillips, 1866.

9 THE FULLNESS OF GOD. C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

322 THE WANDERER RECALLED. C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Begin thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

W. B. Collyer.

320 THE PRODIGAL SON. C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
O now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

Thos. Hastings.

669 WALKING WITH GOD. C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

323 THE RESOLUTION. C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

E. Jones.

612 FULLNESS OF JOY IN HIS PRESENCE. C. M.

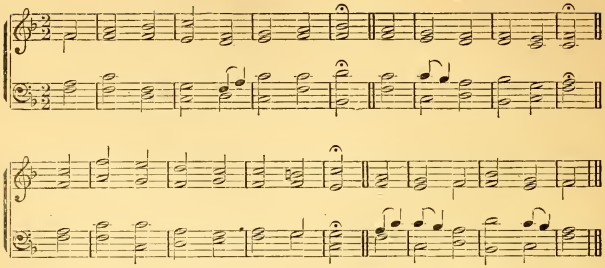
THY gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light:
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

A. Steele.

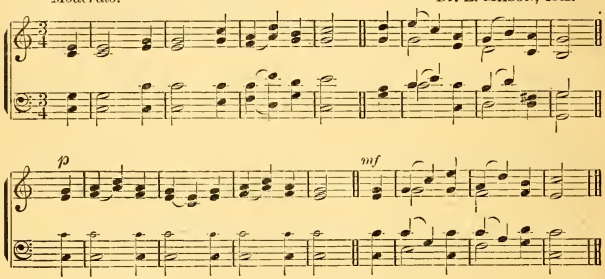
Dundee. C. M.

GEORGE KIRBY, 1592.

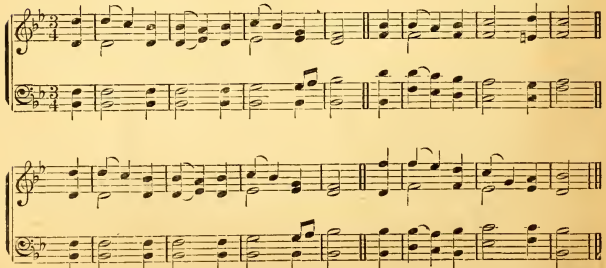


Chimes. C. M.

Moderato.

Dr. L. MASON, 1842.

*Fern. C. M.

S. J. VAIL, 1872.



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120 Witnessing with our Spirits. C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
The pure celestial fire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

T. Cotterill.

106 King of Kings and Lord of Lords. C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know,

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Thomas Kelly.

291 The Pastoral Office. C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee,

262 The Type of Everlasting Rest. C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley.

108 Christ's Compassion for the Tempted. C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

794 Invoking God's Blessing. C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

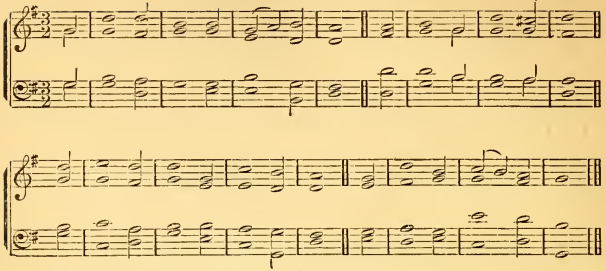
3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

Unknown.

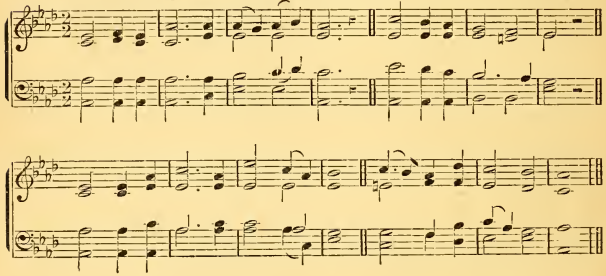
Mear. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS, 1760.



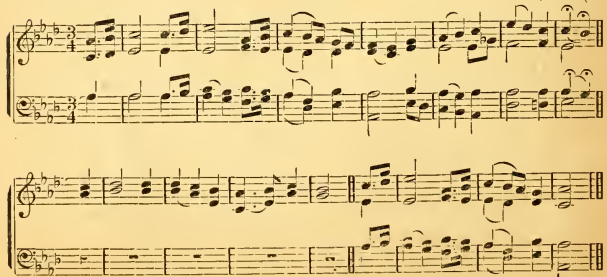
Valeland. C. M.

Slow and solemnly. By permission. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1853.



*Flint. C. M.

S. J. VAIL, 1872.



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220 Grateful Remembrance. C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

330 He Waiteth to be Gracious. C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let the sinner find,
And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears, to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee:
For thee he weeps and dies.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface;
E'en now he waits the blood to apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace.

C. Wesley.

168 The Great Day of His Wrath. C. M.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God, prepare;
For lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap:
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And see the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

Charles Wesley.

157 Frailty of Life. C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Isaac Watts.

176 Revelation Welcomed and Disseminated. C. M.

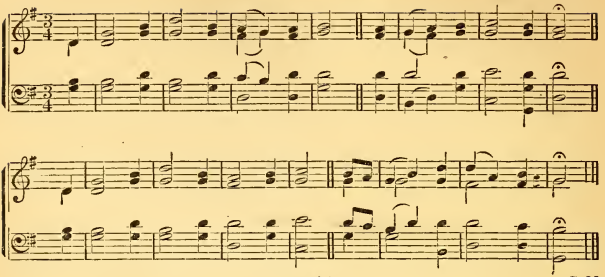
HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

J. Buttress.

Give. C. M.

J. Griggs, 1859.

179 Perfection of the Law and Testimony. C. M.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

J. Montgomery.

190 Sufficiency and Freeness. C. M.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will, O gracious word!
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

455 Dedicated to God. C. M.

LET him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire:
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

547 To Doubt, Disloyal. C. M.

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

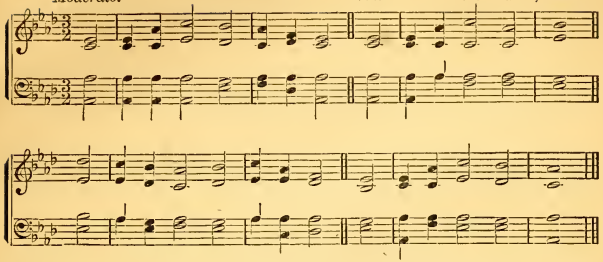
3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber.

Evan. C. M.

Moderato. WM. HENRY HAVERGAL, 1849.

419 THE PLEDGE OF JOYS TO COME. C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Convey me safely home.

Isaac Watts.

435 THE GRACE THAT SAVES. C. M.

JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfilled.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

5 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the' unclean;
The grace that saved the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

A. M. Toplady.

178 THE REVEALING SPIRIT. C. M.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe:
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe:)
Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Charles Wesley.

458 THE AFFECTIONS CRUCIFIED. C. M.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

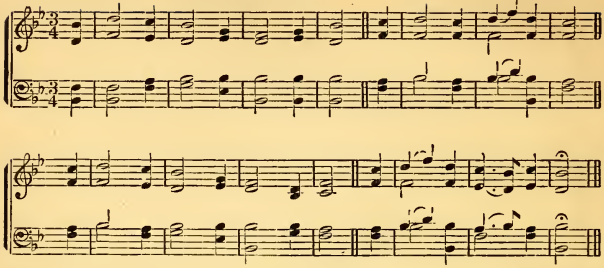
3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode:
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Charles Wesley.

Balerma. C. M.

Spanish melody, 16th Century. Arr. by R. Simpson.

119 Life, Light and Love. C. M.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

T. Haweis.

177 The Spirit's Enlightening Influence. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thy influence prove:
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

219 Approaching the Table. C. M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

5 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

92 He Died for Thee. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree:
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

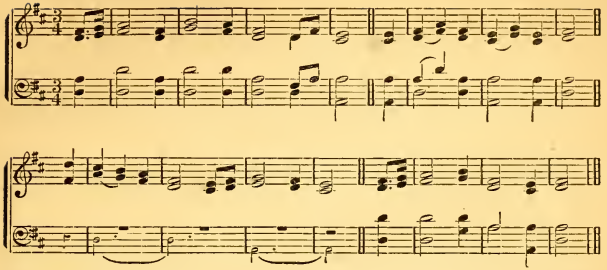
2 Hark! how he groans while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

Siloam. C. M.

With gentleness. By permission. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1850.



C. M.

382 RETURN OF THE SPIRIT.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper.

C. M.

216 SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge.

C. M.

215 CHILDREN IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

J. Peacock and A. M. Toplady.

C. M.

759 THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

BY COOL Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

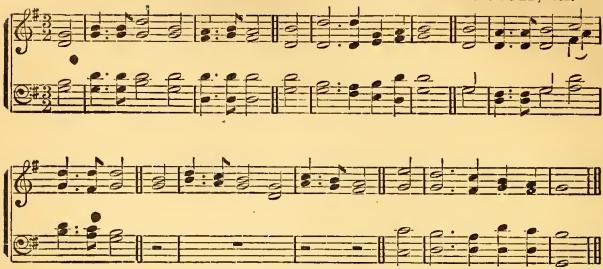
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

R. Heber.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD, 1832.



587 REMEMBER ME. C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

T. Haweis.

189 THE WONDERS OF REDEMPTION. C. M.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine;
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore:
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

B. Beddome.

210 RETURNING TO ZION WITH SONGS OF JOY. C. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge!
And, Keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

Unknown.

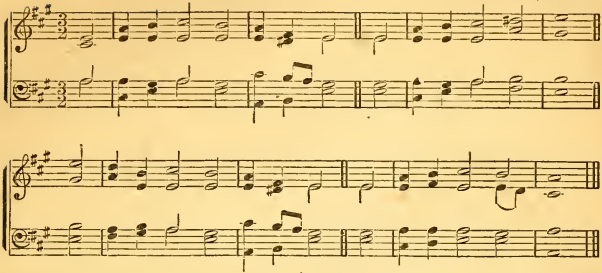
436 PERFECT FREEDOM. C. M.

IF THOU impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe—and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

Charles Wesley.

AARON CHAPIN, 1823.

187 THE JOYFUL SOUND. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

473 THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED. C. M.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out:
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display;
I can no longer doubt.

4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

188 ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE GOSPEL. C. M.

THE Gospel! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fullness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

Anne Steele.

511 THY WILL BE DONE. C. M.

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

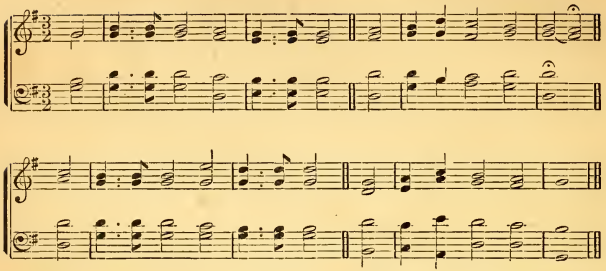
2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice;
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home:
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

Charles Wesley.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1762.



C. M.

553 FAITH SEES THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

C. M.

775 RENEWING THE COVENANT.

COME, let us use the grace divine
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify:
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

198 HE WAITETH TO BE GRACIOUS.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

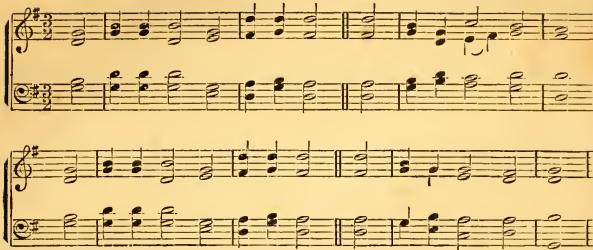
4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley.

English, 1610.



51 The Author of Every Good. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

174 Preciousness of the Bible. C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett.

107 Our Ever-present Guide. C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss, he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

B. W. Wood.

234 Love, the Test of Discipleship. C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

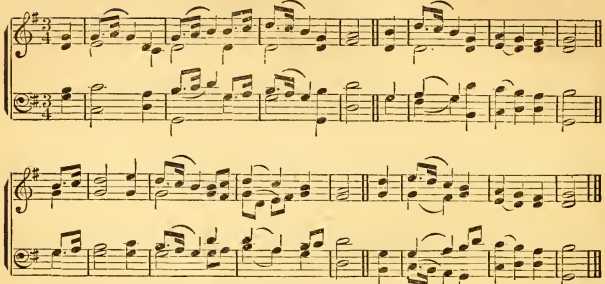
3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

T. Cotterill.

St. Martins. C. M.

WM. TANSUR, 1735.



667 TRIUMPHANT JOY. C. M

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

Isaac Watts.

635 THE RACE FOR GLORY. C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey.
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

P. Doddridge.

686 MINISTERING SPIRITS. C. M.

WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth,
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, what'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley.

573 LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS. C. M.

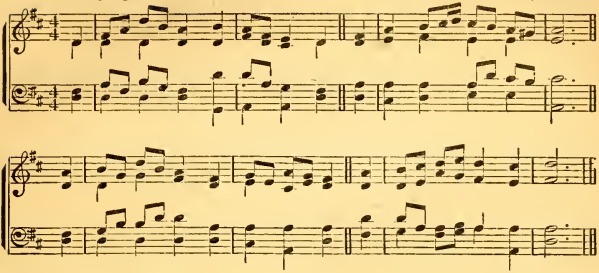
GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Warwick. C. M.

Flowing style. STANLEY MARTIN, 1810.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

C. M.

401 AMAZING GRACE.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.

C. M.

424 THE GOOD PLEASURE OF HIS WILL.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

522 FOR THE WATERS OF SALVATION.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

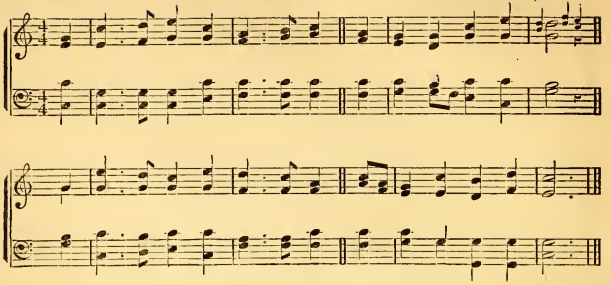
2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

Charles Wesley,

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1840.

392 Convicted—Pardoned. C. M

IN EVIL long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely shall forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

393 The Blood Applied. C. M.

IN ANSWER to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend:
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

2 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

233 The Bond of Perfectness. C. M.

THE sacred bond of perfectness
Is spotless charity;
O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.

2 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know
Made perfect first in love.

3 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings o. angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.

4 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

329 Behold the Lamb. C. M.

LOOK unto Christ, ye sinners: own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

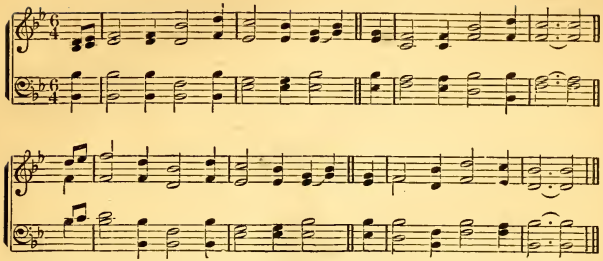
2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

Western Melody. ALLEN.



C. M.

616 AWAKING IN THY LIKENESS.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

363 THE CONQUERING LOVE OF JESUS.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

607 THE ONLY SOLACE IN SORROW.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through th' gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

T. Moore.

C. M.

391 PEACE IN BELIEVING.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

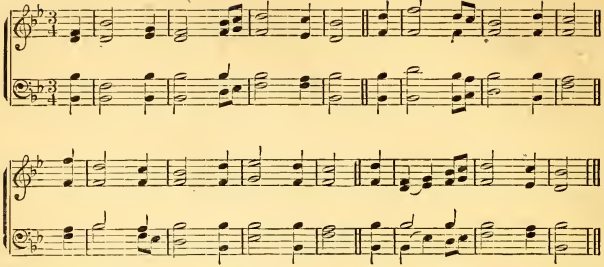
3 What'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Charles Wesley.

Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON, 17—.



472 ENTIRE PURIFICATION. C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley.

250 WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS. C. M.

THE heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But Christ will to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we then shall see;
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Charles Wesley.

466 CORDIAL OBEDIENCE. C. M.

COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own:
Saviour, thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.

2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all to thee.

3 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
For I renounce them too;
My weakness with thy strength I join;
Thy strength shall all subdue.

4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

Charles Wesley.

459 REFINING FIRE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. C. M.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow:
Burn up the dross of base desire:
And make the mountains flow.

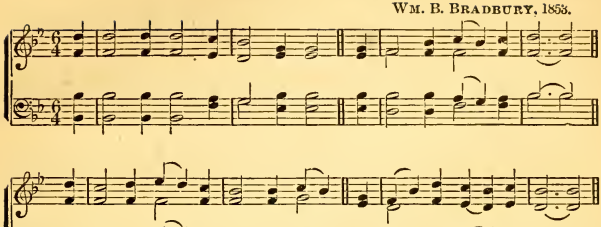
3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.



423 THE BELIEVER'S REST. C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

655 WALK IN THE LIGHT. C. M.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love;
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and o'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

B. Barton.

330 WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD. C. M.

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and knowest my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Charles Wesley.

352 URGENT PLEADINGS. C. M.

IS THERE a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

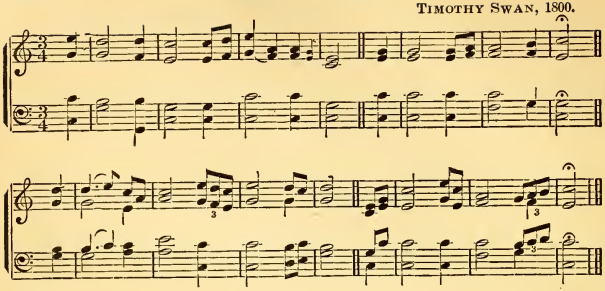
3 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

4 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favorite Jesus' name.

5 Salvation in thy name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for every wound,
All, all I want is there.

Charles Wesley.

TIMOTHY SWAN, 1800.



804 CERTAINTY OF THE RESURRECTION. C. M.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, asend the skies.

Isaac Watts.

140 BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW. C. M.

WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

3 O, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace!

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

5 There we with ecstasy shall fall
Before Immanuel's feet;
And hail him as our All in all,
In happiness complete.

M. Wilkes.

170 SECRETS OF THE HEART MADE KNOWN. C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

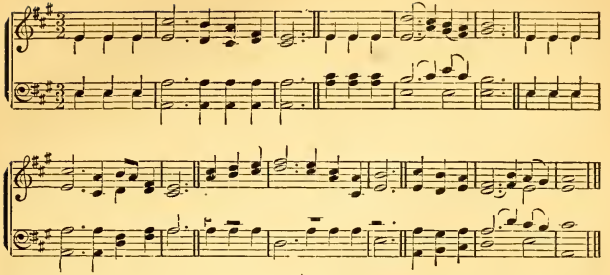
2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 18—.

712 THE LAND OF REST. 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
And evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom.
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

139 SIN KILLS BEYOND THE TOMB. C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

J. Hart.

169 THE DREADFUL SENTENCE. C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come;
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

Isaac Watts.

807 THE SHARPNESS OF DEATH OVERCOME. C. M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

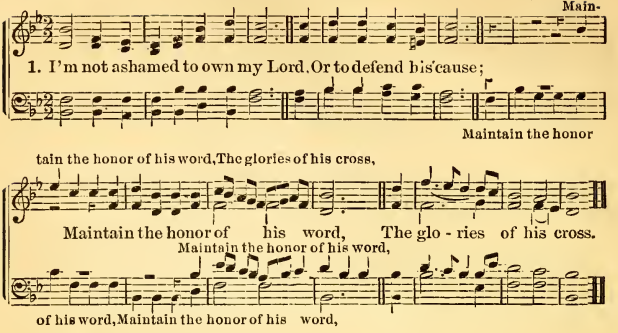
3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

Northfield. C. M.

J. INCALLS, 17—.

Main-


1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor
tain the honor of his word, The glories of his cross,
Maintain the honor of his word, The glo - ries of his cross.
Maintain the honor of his word,
of his word, Maintain the honor of his word,

C. M.

651 NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

C. M.

34 THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

O HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth.

2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires:
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

4 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Frederick W. Faber.

C. M.

43 THE GODHEAD RECONCILED.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

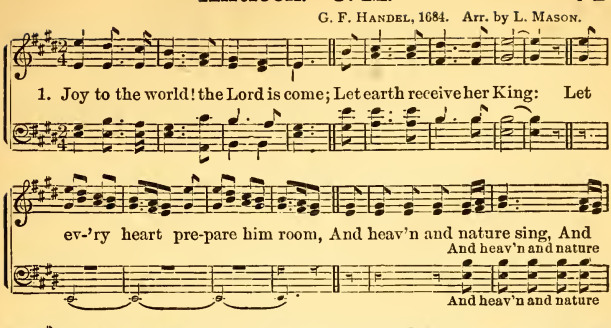
4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

G. F. HANDEL, 1684. Arr. by L. MASON.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King: Let
ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature
And heav'n and nature
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

82 JOY TO THE WORLD. C. M.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

706 THE SAINTS IN GLORY. C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod
His zeal inspired their breast:
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

58 THE HEAVENLY GUEST. C. M.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

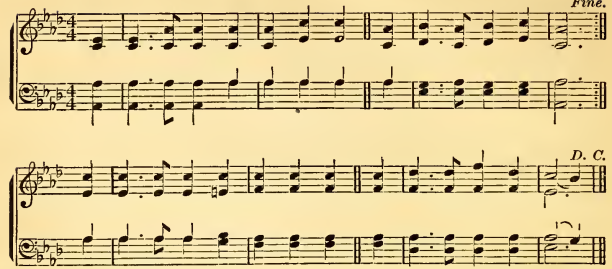
2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to his voice,
Yield to be saved from sin:
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly, in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Willow-Dale. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.

652 HIS SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM. C. M.

BEHOLD! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
My Lord in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Thus faithful to my Lord's commands,
I choose the better part,
And serve with careful Martha's hands,
But loving Mary's heart.

2 Though careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Preserved in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile:
Rejoicing thus my faith to show,
His service my reward;
While every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O! that the world the art might know
Of living thus to thee;
And find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see;
Walking in all the works prepared
To exercise their grace,
They gain at last their full reward,
And see thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

232 AND SO FULFILL THE LAW OF CHRIST. C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford;
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

246 SAFETY IN UNION. C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

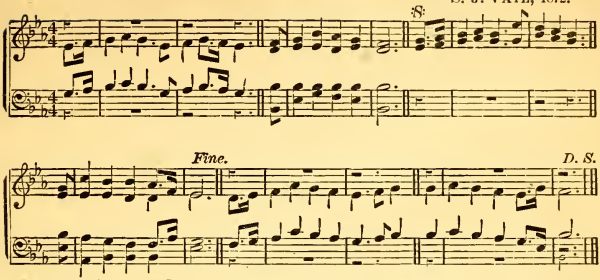
4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Charles Wesley.

*Tribute. C. M. Double.

S. J. VAIL, 1872.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1873, by PHILIP PHILLIPS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

C. M.

292 CLOTHED WITH SALVATION.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Ready thy promise to embrace,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

C. M.

575 HABITUAL DEVOTION.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen. M. Williams.

C. M.

247 SEE HOW THESE CHTISTIANS LOVE!

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek lamb-like Son of God!
Bid our unruly passion cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide;
Our stubborn wills control;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm each troubled soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind;
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

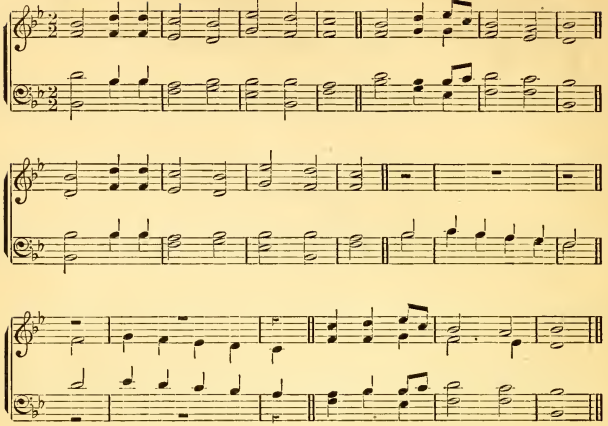
6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
See how these Christians love!

Charles Wesley.

Cambridge. C. M.

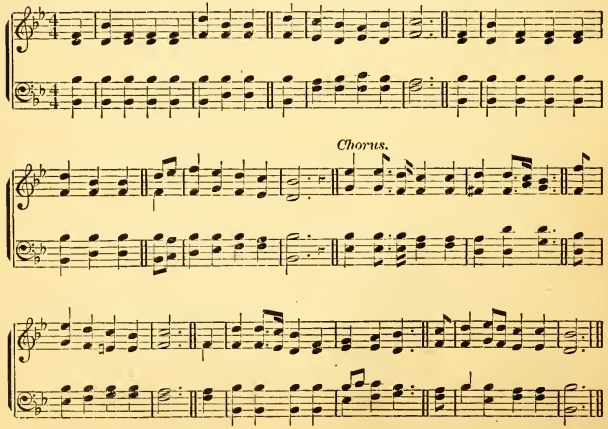
Maestoso.

JOHN RANDALL, 1790.



*Faith. C. M. Double.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1872.



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248 Perfect Harmony and Joy Unspeakable. C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

519 For Victorious Faith. C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

249 Rejoicing in Hope. C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Charles Wesley.

293 The Minister's Prayer. C. M.

JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conquering name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour;
I have proclaimed my dying Lord;
And felt thy Spirit's power.

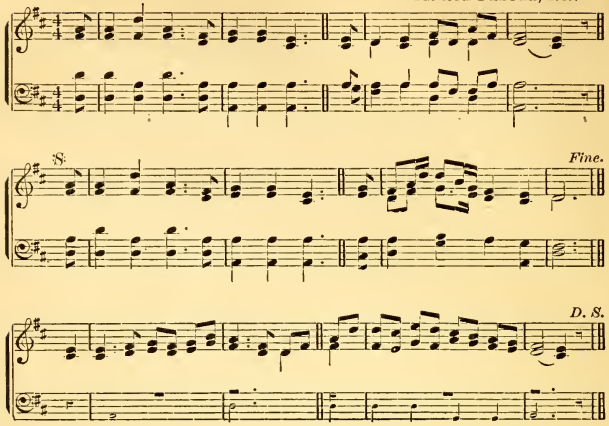
4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love looked down.

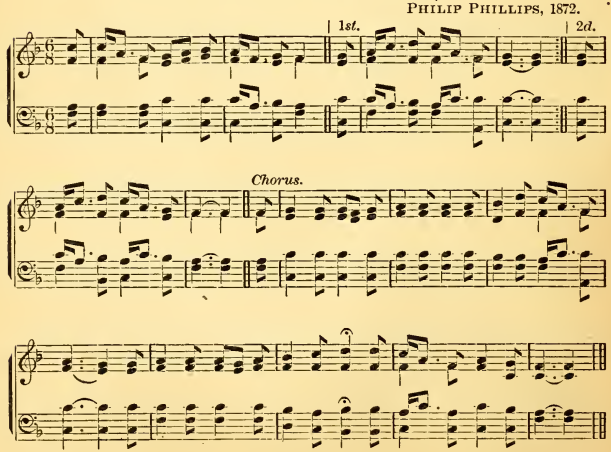
5 O let me have thy presence still;
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.

6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word:
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord

Charles Wesley.

Brattle Street. C. M. Double.

IGNACE·PLEYEL, 1757.

*Quietude. C. M. Double.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1872.

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197 THE PRECIOUS NAME. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton.

739 THE PROSPECT JOYOUS. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

400 THE VOICE OF JESUS. C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

737 COMMUNION WITH SAINTS. C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

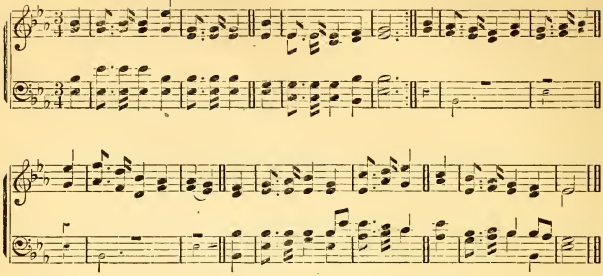
4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

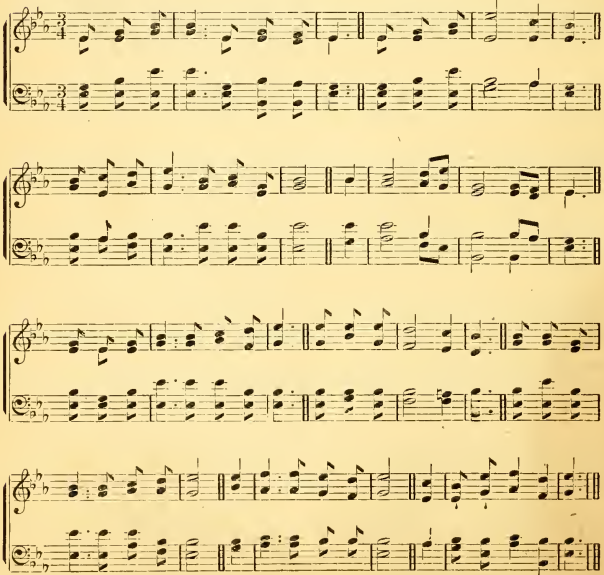
6 His militant embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

Charles Wesley.

Varina. C. M. Double.

Not too fast. HEINRICH RINK, 1770. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT, 1846.

*Mourning Wanderer. C. M. Double.

Moderato. PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1865.



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704 The Heavenly Canaan. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

705 The Promised Land. C. M.

ON JORDAN'S stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

S. Stennett.

340 The Surrender. C. M.

HOW oft have I the Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove;
How obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on his love!
How have I sinned against the light;
Broken from his embrace;
And would not, when I freely might,
Be justified by grace.

2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone;
He doth not yet depart;
He will not give the sinner o'er
Ready e'en now to save;
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word;
My foolishness I mourn;
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn:
Saviour, I yield, I yield at last
I hear thy speaking blood;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

Charles Wesley.

384 The Returning Prodigal. C. M.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise:
His heart begins to break.

CHORUS:

"I'll die no more for bread," he cries,
"Nor starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands."

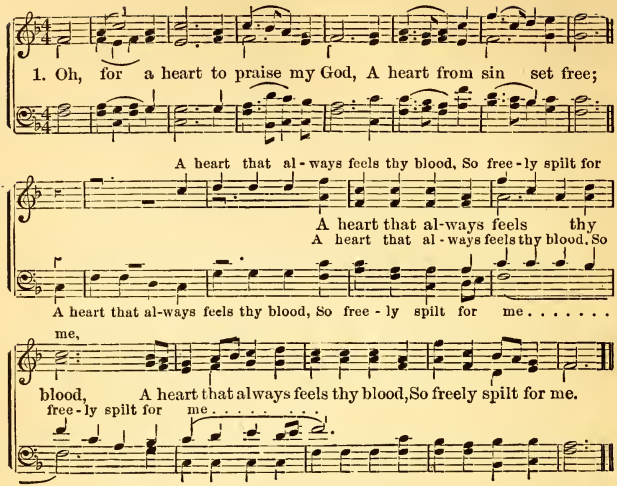
2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long lost son is found!

Unknown.


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for
A heart that al-ways feels thy
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me. . . . . .
me,
blood, A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me.
free-ly spilt for me. . . . . .

433 For A Perfect Heart. C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley.

670 The Rapture of Love. C.M.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast;
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

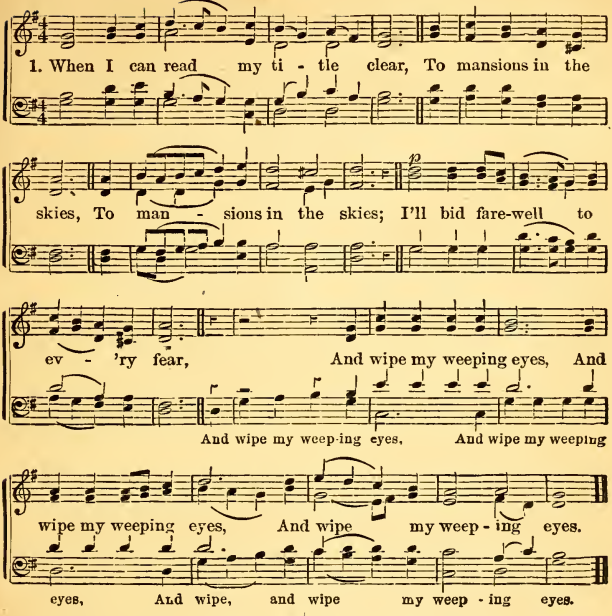
3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down ye separating hills;
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

Newly arranged from Old Melody.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the
skies, To man - sions in the skies; I'll bid fare-well to
ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weeping
wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
eyes, And wipe, and wipe my weep - ing eyes.

554 HEAVENLY REST IN ANTICIPATION. C. M.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

729 THE GOODLY CITY IN PROSPECT. C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe;
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

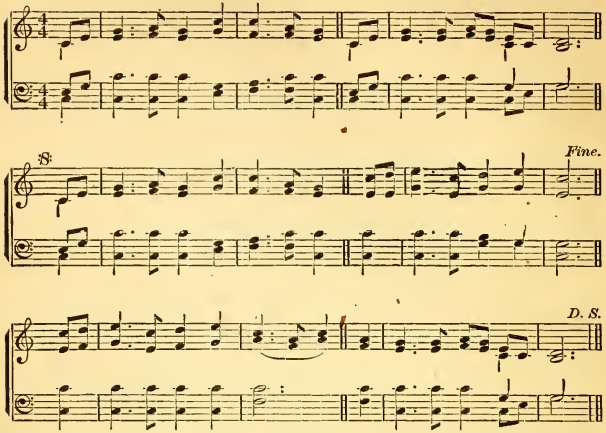
4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M. Double.

Arranged by Rev. L. Hartsough.



196 Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be. till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper.

93 Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

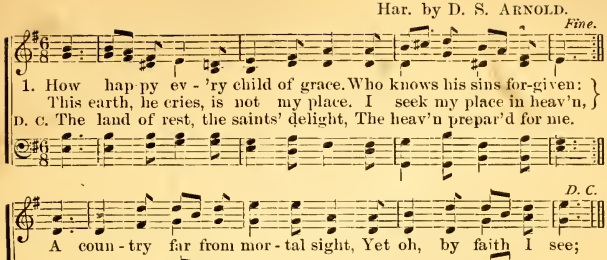
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

Har. by D. S. ARNOLD.


Fine.
1. How hap py ev - 'ry child of grace. Who knows his sins for-given:
This earth, he cries, is not my place. I seek my place in heav'n,
D. C. The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heav'n prepar'd for me.
D. C.
A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Yet oh, by faith I see;

727 THE FULL ASSURANCE OF HOPE. C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him we gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

Char'es Wesley.

728 ENDLESS BLISS IN PROSPECT. C. M.

A STRANGER in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past:
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

684 GOD MY ALL-SUFFICIENT PORTION. C. M.

MY GOD, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

page 83

Isaac Watts.

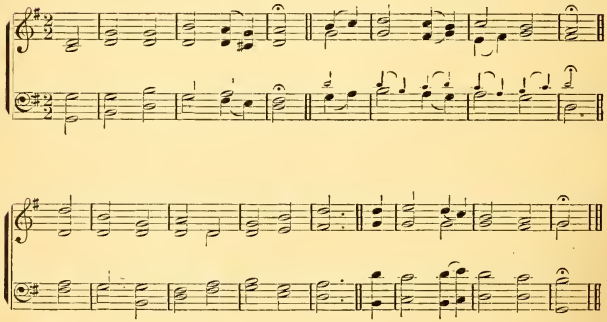
2 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest:
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

Charles Wesley

SHORT METERS.

St. Thomas. S. M.

WM. TANSUR, 1768.



Doxology.

JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

S. M.

5 Exhortation to Praise.

ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

James Montgomery.

S. M.

13 The Sacrifice of Praise.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

S. M.

114 Intercourse between Earth and Heaven.

REDEEMER of mankind!
Who on thy name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Opened 'twixt earth and sky.

2 Mercy, and grace, and peace,
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.

3 On us the Father's love
Is for thy sake bestowed;
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God.

4 Our way to God we trace;
And, through thy name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
By thee ascend to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

63 The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come";
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond.

S. M.

126 Imploring His Guidance.

COME, Spirit, Source of light;
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
O spread thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

B. Beddome.

S. M.

796 The Safety of a Nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

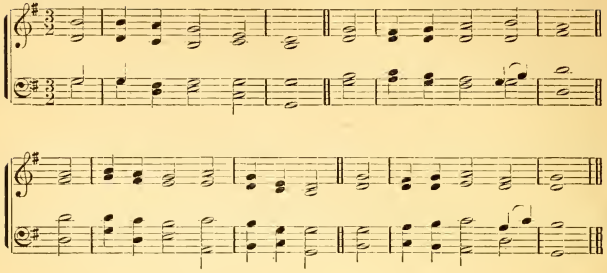
3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts.

State Street. S. M.

Moderato. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



Owen. S. M.

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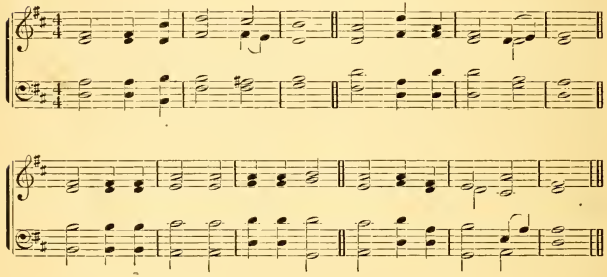
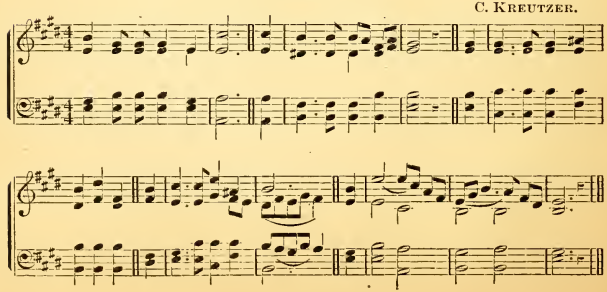


Cumwell. S. M.

C. KREUTZER.

62 Claiming the Promise. S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove:
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

64 Christ our Sacrifice. S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice,
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts.

162 Our Fathers; Where Are They? S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

P. Doddridge.

96 The Water and the Blood. S. M.

THIS, this is he that came,
By water and by blood;
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow;
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sin,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

Charles Wesley.

495 The Throne of Grace. S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love,
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith;
Conform our will to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

5 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

John Newton.

346 Groaning for Deliverance. S. M.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

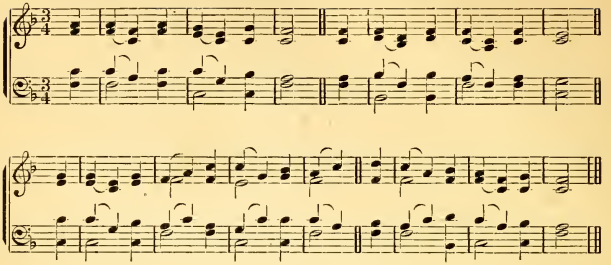
3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

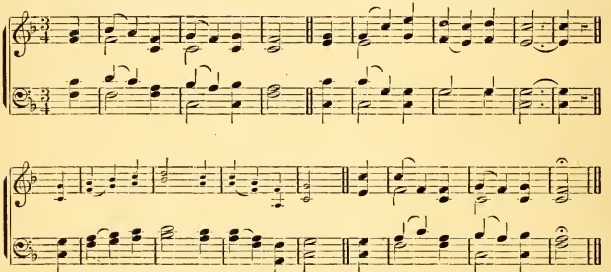
Charles Wesley.

Dennis. S. M.

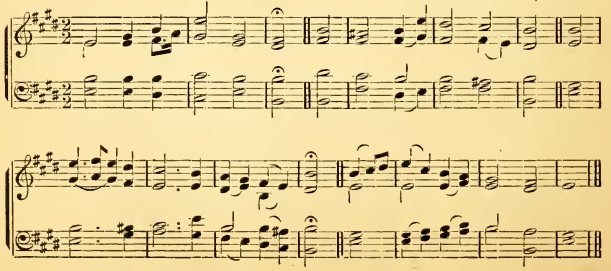
Slow and soft. HANS G. NAGELI, 1773.



Seir. S. M.

L. MASON.

Watchman. S. M.

JAMES LEACH, 18—.



239 Sweet Communion. S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet:
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

241 Sympathy and Mutual Love. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett.

270 Morning. Tribute of Praise. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

E. Scott.

271 Morning. The Day-star from on High. S. M.

WE LIFT our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

J. Wesley.

154 Dead in Trespasses and Sins. S. M.

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

A. Steele.

155 Hardness of Heart Lamented. S. M.

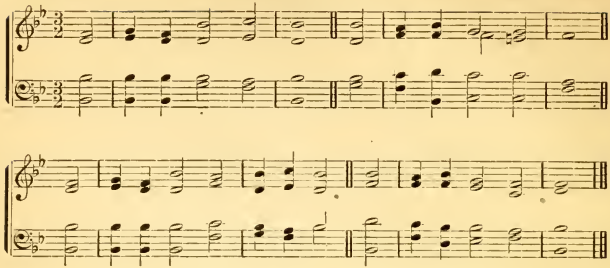
O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

Charles Wesley.

Olmutz. S. M.

Chant. From Gregorian Tune. Arr. by L. Mason, 1832.



Olney. S. M.

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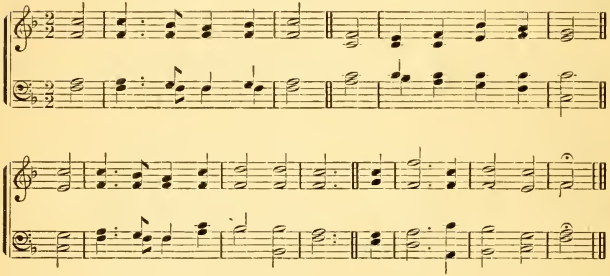

Braden. S. M.

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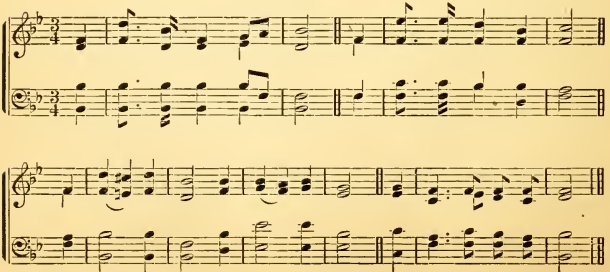

343 The Heart of Stone. S. M.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

184 Their Universal Diffusion. S. M.

JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed:
Thy Gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread:
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole;
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Charles Wesley.

664 Reliance upon the Promises. S. M.

AWAY my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

3 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.

4 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

218 God's Gracious Promises. S. M.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

B. Williams.

223 Obeying the Command. S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoined,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardoned sinners give,
The fullness of our God-made man,
We here with Christ receive.

Charles Wesley.

295 The Joyful Sound. S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are:
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

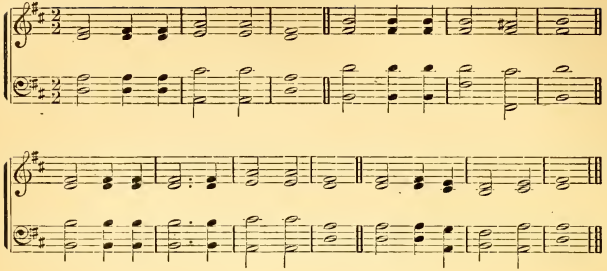
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

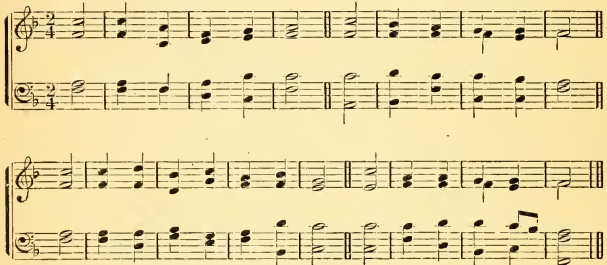
Isaac Watts.

Shawmut. S. M.

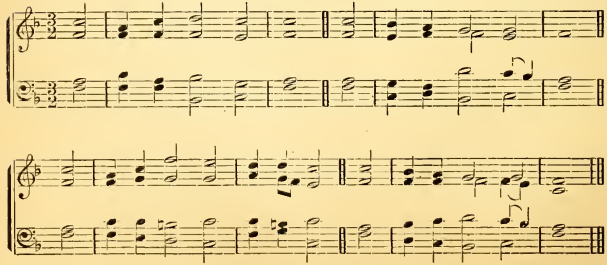
Dr. L. Mason, 1833.



Badea. S. M.

German Melody.

Stillingfleet. S. M.

Swiss Air.



354 YIELDING ALL. S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

355 THE REDEEMER'S TEARS. S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

B. Beddome.

441 CHRIST, THE GUIDE AND COUNSELLOR. S. M.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

Charles Wesley.

428 THE PERFECT LAW OF LOVE. S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity:
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

Charles Wesley

508 FOR A SINGLE EYE. S. M.

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:

2 Through Jesus Christ, the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

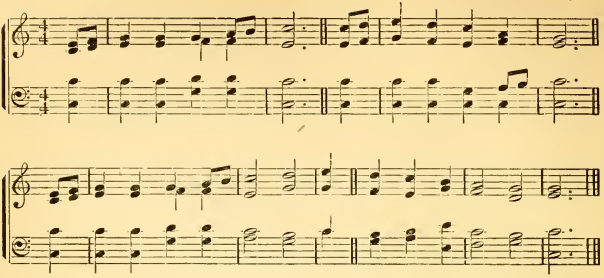
3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name.

4 Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done.

5 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast, and art.

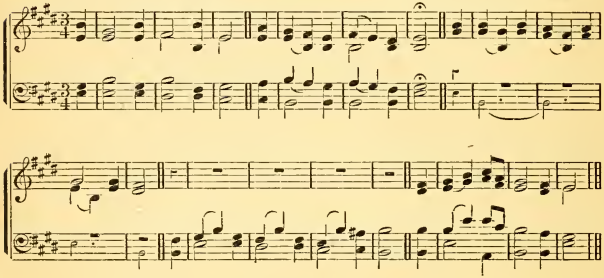
Charles Wesley.

Smithfield. S. M.

JOSIAH OSGOOD.

Carrie. S. M.

Gently.

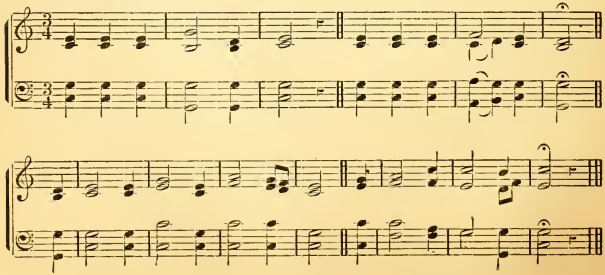
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.



Downieville. S. M.

Slow and gentle.

E. L. M., California, 1855.



S. M.

194 Our Debt paid upon the Cross.

WHAT majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There our High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sovereign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

S. Stennett.

S. M.

195 Christ, the Only Source of Salvation.

GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God,

4 This is salvation's source;
And all our hopes arise
From him, who, hanging on the cross,
A spotless victim dies.

B. Beddome.

S. M.

356 Waiting at the Cross.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

442 Glorious Liberty.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow fear and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume
When old things shall be done away
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

497 For Fervent Zeal.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell;
Through me thy Spirit move;
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

440 The Opened Fountain.

CALLED from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

286 Commending the Soul to God.

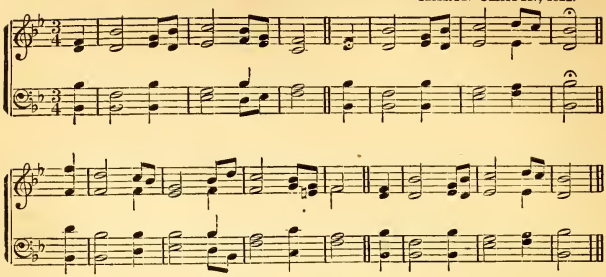
GIVE me to trust in thee;
My Saviour and my God,
My sun, and shield, and fortress be,
Be thou my sure abode.

2 Myself I cannot save;
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

3 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

Charles Wesley.

AARON CHAPIN, 1822.



S. M.

139 FOR DILIGENCE AND WATCHFULNESS.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

301 LABORERS PARTING.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again,

C. Wesley.

S. M.

665 ALL THINGS IN CHRIST.

THOU very-present aid
In suffering and distress;
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one:
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

240 ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.

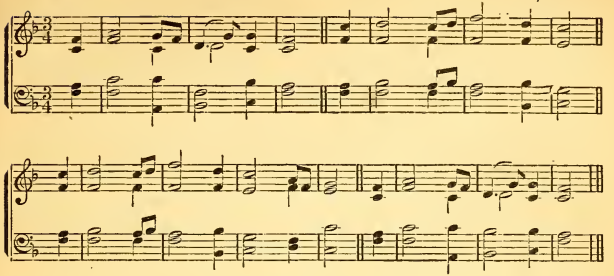
LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

B. Beddome.

Golden Hill. S. M.

Slow. AARON CHAPIN, 1823.

496 THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER. S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

642 CHARITY, OR LOVE. S. M.

HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

S. Stennett.

166 THE SOLEMN MIDNIGHT CRY. S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom.

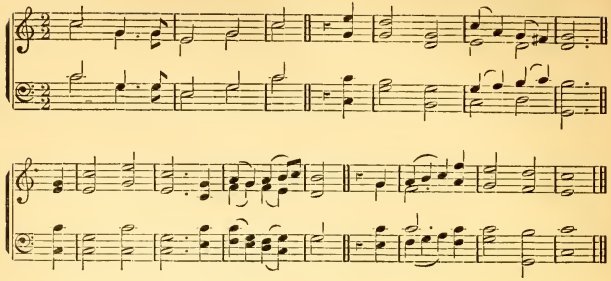
4 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

Silver Street. S. M.

Firm.

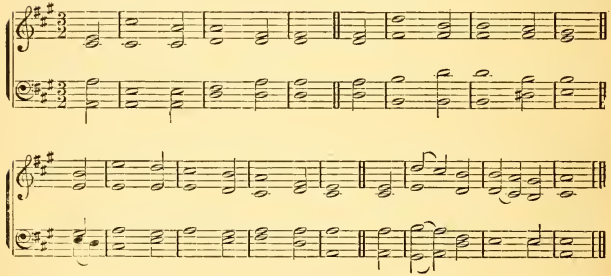
ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



Tioga. S. M.

Slow and solemn.

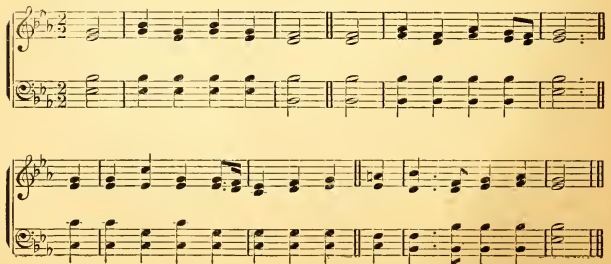
Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1846.



Farland. S. M.

Not too fast.

E. HAMILTON, 18—.



6 The Universal King. S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

542 Victory in the Dying Hour. S. M.

WHEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;

2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart.

3 Thou source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

W. B. Collyer.

182 Safety in Keeping God's Precepts. S. M.

HOW perfect is thy word,
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
As long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

193 All-sufficient Grace. S. M.

GRACE 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

P. Doddridge.

666 Heaven upon Earth. S. M.

MY GOD, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 Not all the bliss above
Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

Isaac Watts.

557 The Shield of Faith. S. M.

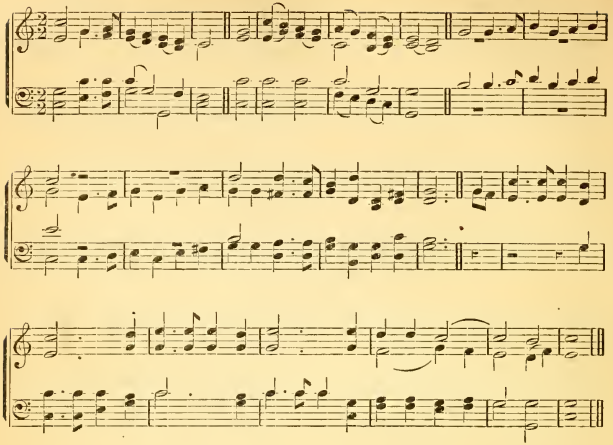
SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

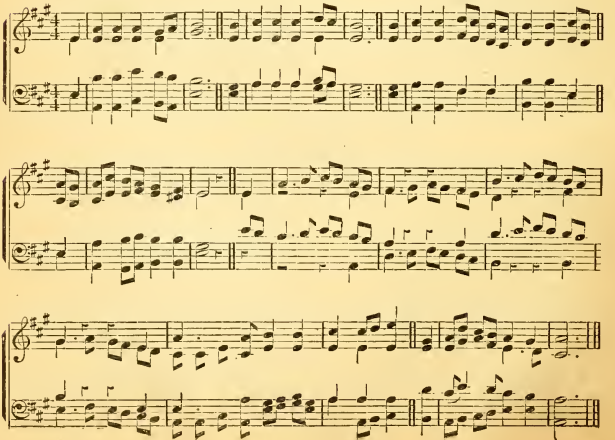
Cranbrook. S. M.

Spirited. THOS. CLARK.



Ain. S. M. Double.

Moderato. From CORRILLI.



662 GLORY BEGUN BELOW. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavn'ly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

9 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. Alt. by J. Wesley.

566 ENEMIES TO BE MET. S. M.

ANGELS our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

2 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear
And all their powers defy?
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And, conq'ring them through Jesus' blood
We on to conquer go.

Charles Wesley.

568 THE WELL-FOUGHT DAY. S. M.

PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word;)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always: pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 In fellowship,—alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley.

572 JESUS VICTORIOUS. S. M.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

Charles Wesley.

559 THE VIOLENT TAKE IT BY FORCE. S. M.

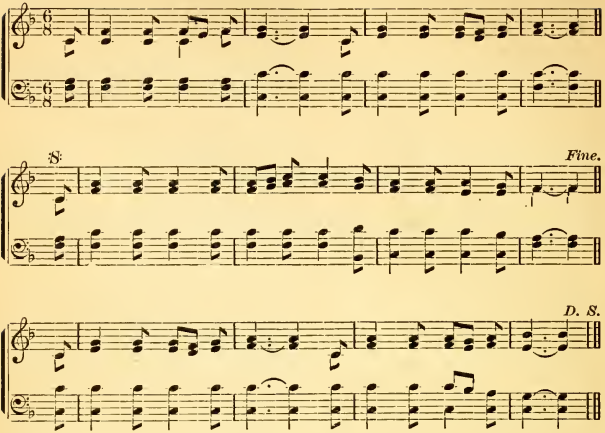
O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

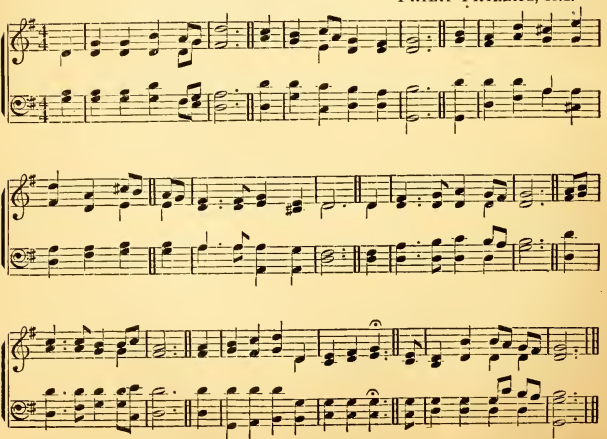
Lebanon. S. M. Double.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1855.



Nuptial. S. M. Double.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1872.



398 No More a Wanderer. S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Horatius Bonar.

717 All Tears Wiped Away. S. M.

O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound,
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are pent:
There all our sorrows end:
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend;
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

Charles Wesley.

238 Meeting. after Absence. S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermos
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

207 Her Confidence and Security. S. M.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

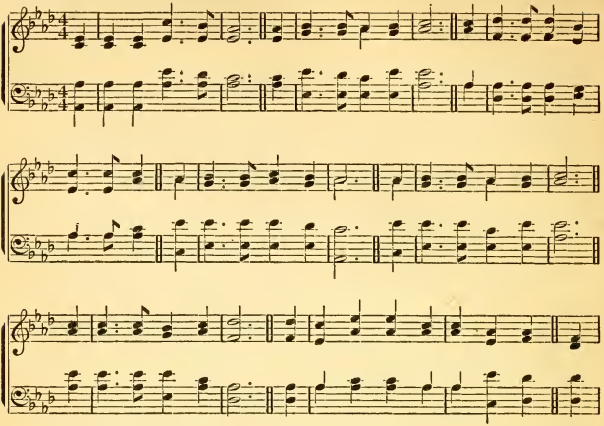
2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

Charles Wesley.

104 Forever with the Lord. S. M. Double.

By permission. I. B. Woodbury, 18—.



* *Sing the small note, if this can not be given clear and flute-like.*

Elmswood. S. M. Double.

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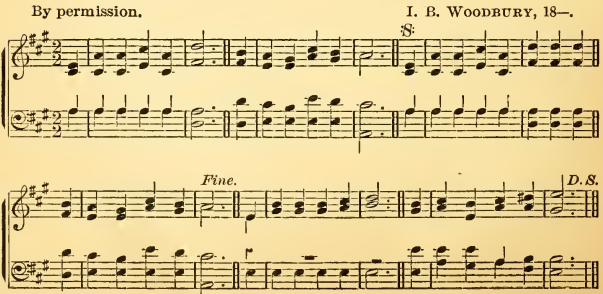

714 At Home in Heaven. S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality,

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath,
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word.
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord.

J. Montgomery.

411 The Witnessing Spirit. S. M.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
That he who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood.
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the moutains move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley.

802 The Crowning Hour. S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign,
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

412 The Indwelling Spirit. S. M.

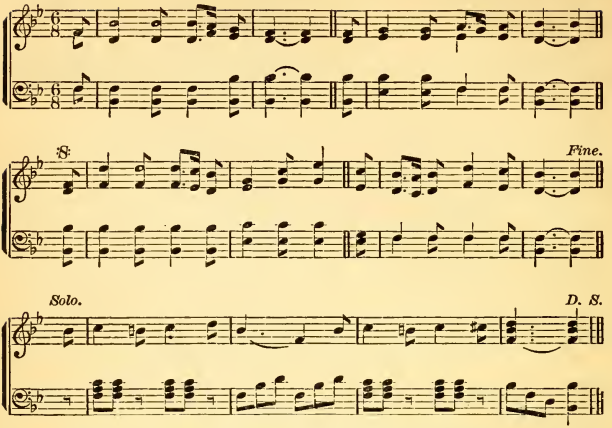
WE BY his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.
His Spirit, which he gave,
Now dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

2 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.
Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,
Thy Spirit, Lord, with ours.

3 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.
His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

Charles Wesley.

S. J. VAIL, 1871.



P. M.

WHERE GOD AND THE ANGELS LIVE.

1 LOOK for stormy days,
I look for hours of care,
I welcome all they bear me on
Where God and the Angels are.
I wander now no more;
Not all this world can give
Can turn my footsteps from that shore,
Where God and the Angels live.

2 Only a narrow path,
In sight a boundless sea,
Where one by one, my friends are gone,
And soon will they call me.
Jesus is all my strength,
To him my soul I give;
O meet me there, in that pure air,
Where God and the Angels live.

3 Farewell, my comrades all,
I seek that purer air;
No power on earth can touch my soul
Where God and the Angels are.
Some golden hours I miss—
All these I freely give,
For many more laid up in store
Where God and the Angels live.

4 Only a narrow path,
In sight a boundless sea,
Where one by one, my friends are gone,
And soon will they call for me.
O, I am well content
These fleeting hours to give,
To gain a home, no more to roam,
Where God and the Angels live.

Anon.

S. M.

353 TO WHOM SHOULD WE GO.

AH! WHITHER should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

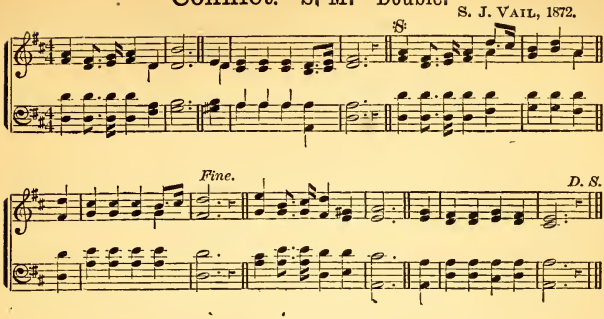
2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display,
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

3 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Charles Wesley.

Conflict. S. M. Double.

S. J. VAIL, 1872.



S. M.

556 THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

570 COURAGE ENSURES VICTORY.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin tread down
And take the glorious prize.

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
"Courage," your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew,)
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the Hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe and conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

567 THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.

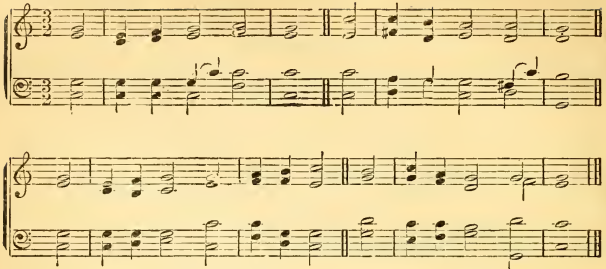
3 Go up with Christ your head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

Boylston. S. M.

Moderato

Dr. L. Mason, 1832.



S. M.

146 The Horrors of the Second Death.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

James Montgomery.

S. M.

297 Sow beside All Waters.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowst not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

J. Montgomery.

S. M.

764 The Evils of Intemperance.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost,— but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Unknown.

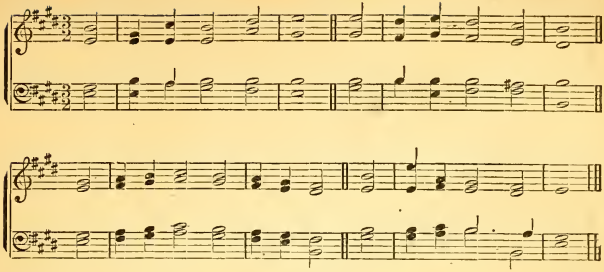
'S. M.

125 The Day of Pentecost.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

English Melody.



3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above:
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

J. Montgomery.

287 Evening Meditation. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

John Leland.

498 For Perfect Submission. S. M.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease:
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

427 Purity of Heart. S. M.

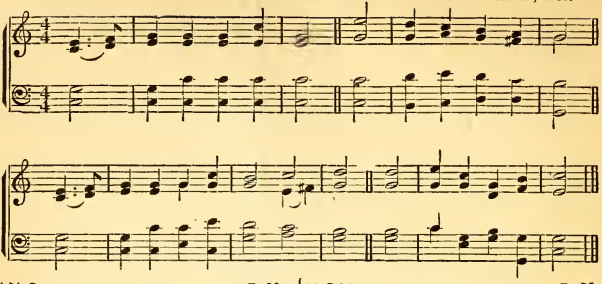
BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne,
Selects the pure in heart.

John Keble.

Laban. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON, 1830.



S. M.

556 THE MIND THAT WAS IN CHRIST.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee:
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

147 TO-DAY THE ACCEPTED TIME.

NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day:
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

J. Dobell.

S. M.

565 PERSEVERANCE.

MY SOUL, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

G. Heath.

S. M.

569 VICTORY IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

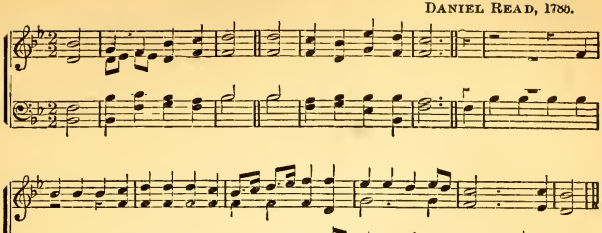
3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight:

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

T. Kelly.

DANIEL READ, 1785.



S. M.

663 THE LOVING KINDNESS OF THE LORD.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

4 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace has made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul.

Isaac Watts.

S. M.

345 DEPRECATING THE WRATH TO COME.

O THOU that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery:
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

571 VICTORY.

I THE good fight have fought,
O when shall I declare!
The victory of my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,
Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained.

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

344 THE ONLY EXPIATION.

PROSTRATE at Jesus' feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

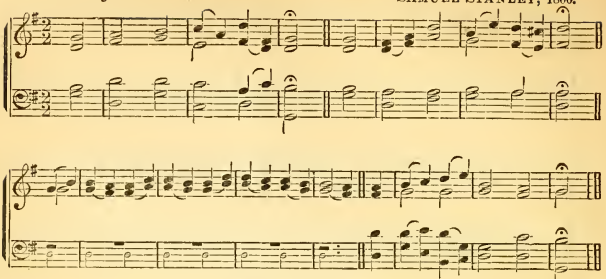
2 Will justice frown me hence?
Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 Think of thy sorrows, Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

S. Stennett

Glowing. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



208 LOVE FOR ZION. S. M.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight.

264 DELIGHT IN ORDINANCES. S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

715 A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS. S. M.

WE KNOW, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

4 Lord, let us put on thee,
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

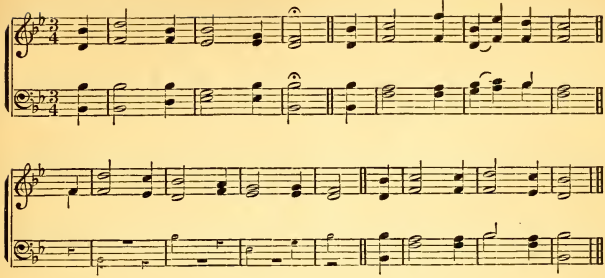
Charles Wesley

302 SUCCESS CERTAIN. S. M.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of Gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

Slow and solemn. THEO. E. PERKINS, 1869.

S. M.

410 KNOWLEDGE OF FORGIVENESS.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We, who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charl s Wesley.

S. M.

538 FOR WATCHFULNESS.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2 O may I calmly wait,
Thy succors from above;
And stand against their open hate
And well-dissembled love.

3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join.
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.

4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show.

6 Hang on thine arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

Charles Wesley.

S. M.

541 FOR ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

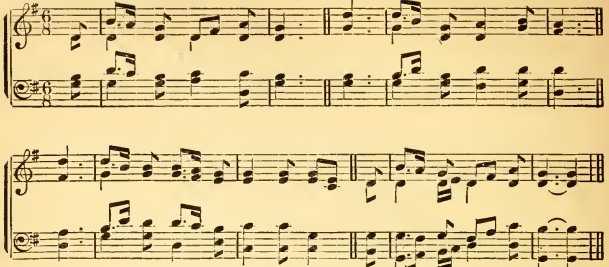
JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

Unknown. Arranged.



306 Salvation's Free. S. M.

OH! WONDROUS love divine,
The love of Christ to me;
That I, undone and lost by sin,
Should find salvation free.

Chorus.

I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 Oppressed with sin and guilt,
And none to care for me,
I cast my soul on Jesus' blood,
And found salvation free.

3 With nothing in my hand,
No gift, no price, no plea,
Through Jesus' boundless love alone
I've found salvation free.

4 O brethren, help me sing
One song of victory,
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

5 I feel it burning now,
Like fire all through my soul,
Salvation free, as free as heaven,
Salvation free and full.

6 Forever—evermore,
This my glad song shall be,
Salvation's free!—Salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free.

Joseph McCreery.

716 The Goodly Land. S. M.

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
nd realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele.

307 Accepting the Invitation. S. M.

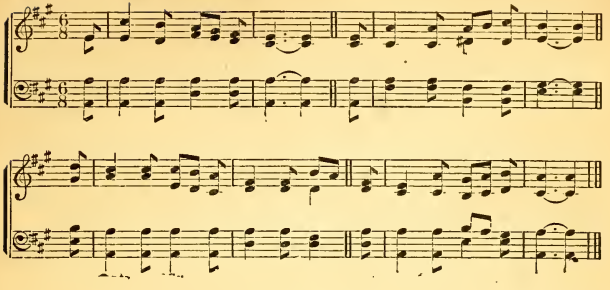
COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wanderers home:
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Saviour's call,
"O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all."

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

Charles Wesley.

Moderato. HARVEY CAMP, 1870.

713 NEARER HOME. S. M.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer my bright home to-day,
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer my Father's great white throne;
Nearer the Crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens we lay down;
Nearer leaving the heavy cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith;
Let me feel as when I shall stand
Upon the shore of death;

5 Yea, feel as when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer than now I think.

Phoebe Cary. Alt. by J. G. T.

579 JESUS UNCHANGEABLE. S. M.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short my sufferings here;
How needful every cross.
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

719 THE LAND OF PEACE S. M.

COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

5 "Come to our peaceful home"
The saints and angels say:
"Forsake the world, no longer roam;
O wanderer, come away!"

585 WALKING BY FAITH. S. M.

IF, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

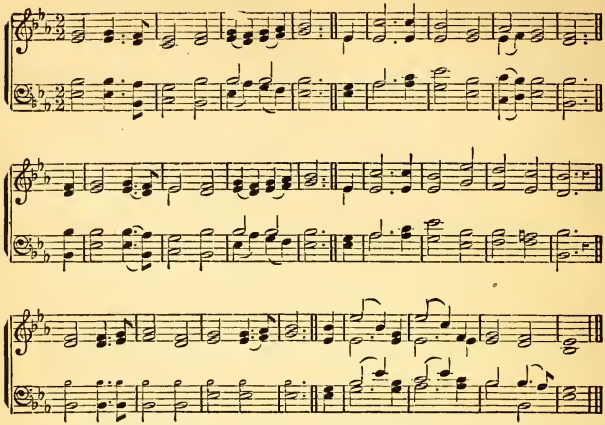
2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady.

JAMES M. PELTON, 18—.



L. M. 6 l.

460 WRESTLING JACOB:—Determination.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see:
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name:
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Charles Wesley.

L. M. 6

461 CONTINUED.—Victorious Prayer.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

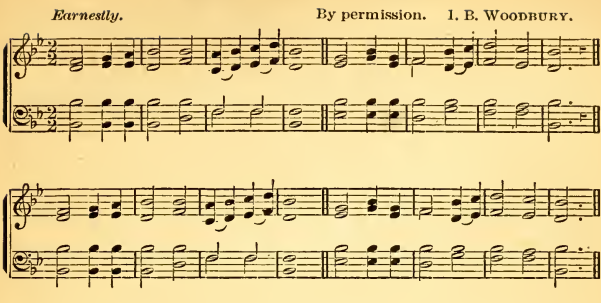
2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy mercies move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

Earnestly. By permission. I. B. WOODBURY.



395 L. M. 61.
DELIVERANCE IN CHRIST JESUS.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all; the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
So free, so infinite his grace!
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley.

447 L. M. 61.
THE WITNESS OF ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast,
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

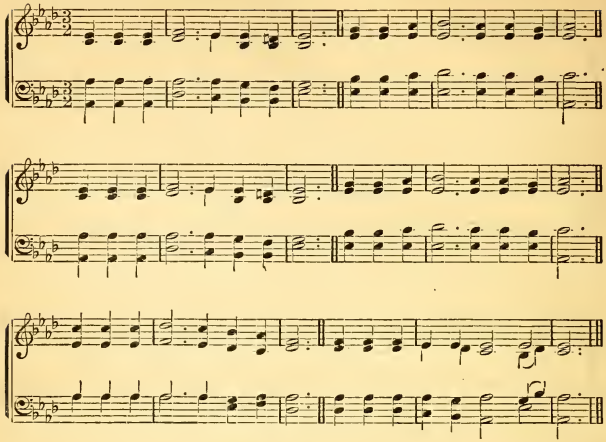
3. Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine:
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art,
True witness of my sonship now
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

Selena. L. P. M., or 6 lines 8s.

By permission. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 18—.



639 AN EYE SINGLE TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

L. M. 61.

BEHOLD! the servant of the Lord,
I wait thy guiding hand to feel;
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfill all righteousness.

2 And if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
The meanest of thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose;
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule or change, as seems thee meet;
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here, then, to thee thine own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

Charles Wesley.

682 JESUS ALL AND IN ALL.

1st P. M. 6 lines 8s.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

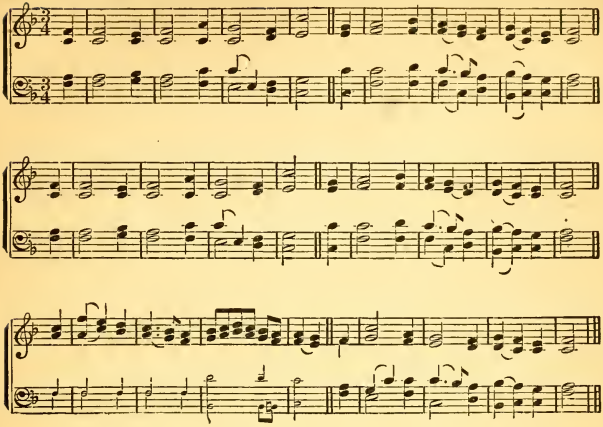
2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

English. Arr. by Dr. MASON, 1830.



394 THE SOUL'S ANCHOR. L. M. 6 l.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that is written there.

J. A. Rothe, Tr. by J. Wesley.

582 TRIUMPHANT CONFIDENCE L. M. 6 l.

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power:
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

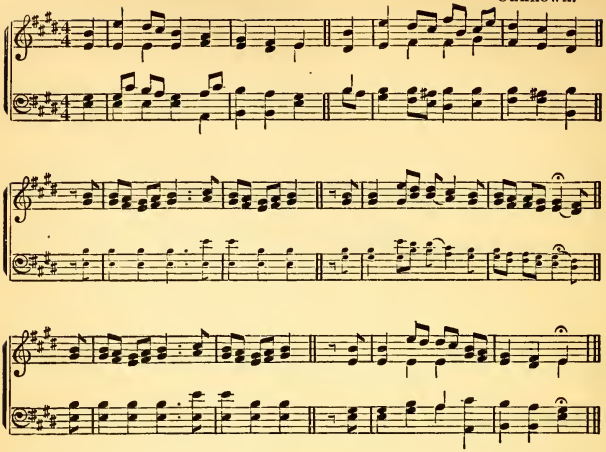
3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
And high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul:
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

4 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread,
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

Charles Wesley.

Belville. L. P. M., or 6 lines 8s.

Unknown.



661 The Good Shepherd. L. M. 6 l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison.

638 I Give up my Will. L. M. 6 l.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim;
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee:
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

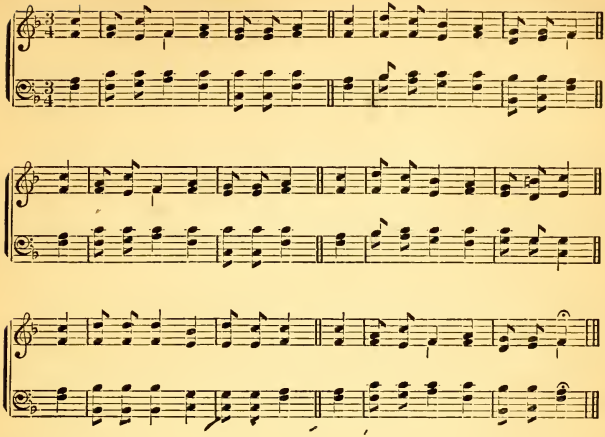
2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego:
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er;
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey:
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore;
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

Charles Wesley.

S. J. VAIL, 1872.



482 ALL THINGS POSSIBLE TO THE BELIEVER.

L. M. 6 l.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme;
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought.
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree,
All things are possible to me.

3 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here:
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Charles Wesley.

640 THE PRIZE OF OUR HIGH CALLING

1st P. M. 6 lines 8s.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove
My every act, word, thought, be love.

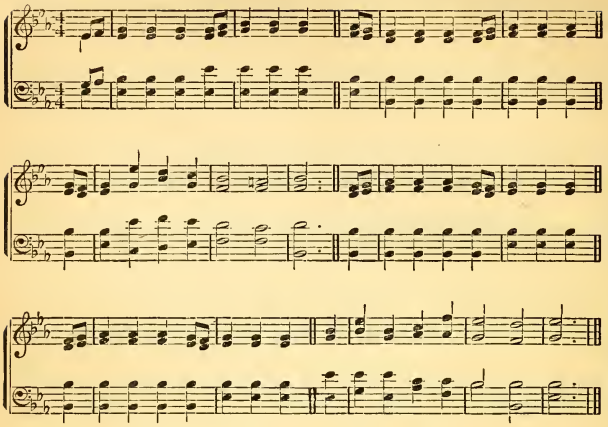
3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire:
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

P. Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

Jefferson St. 6 lines 8s.

By permission. I. B. Woodbury, 18—.



659 Crucified with Christ. 6. 8.

HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone,
In love create thou all things new.

2 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

3 My will be swallowed up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

Charles Wesley.

681 Everlasting Praises. L. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

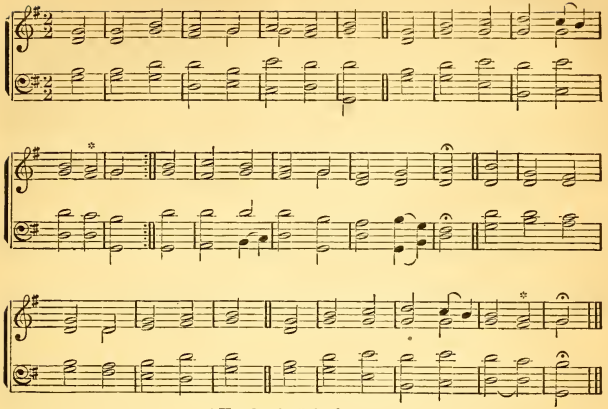
2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

Joseph Glyg's Gesangbuch.



* *Use the slurs for 8s and 7s.*

658 Pressing toward the Mark. L. M. 6 l.

I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay;
Thee shall I love in endless day.

J. Wesley.

563 Victory over the World. L. M. 6 l.

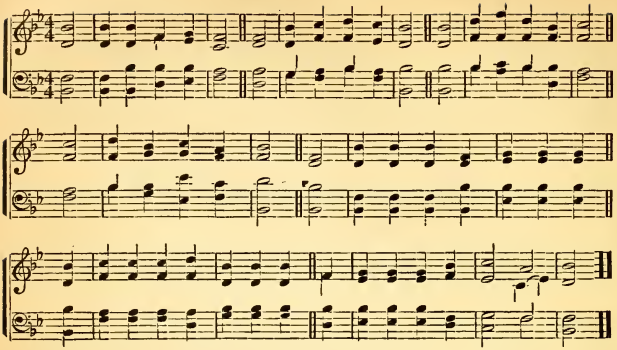
SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin:
Single, yet undismayed, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back:
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb:
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came!
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in his name there is;
Salvation from sin, death, and hell!
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation, who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.



416 "Abba, Father". H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley.

19 Greatness and Condescension. 3d P. M. 4 6s & 2 8s.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

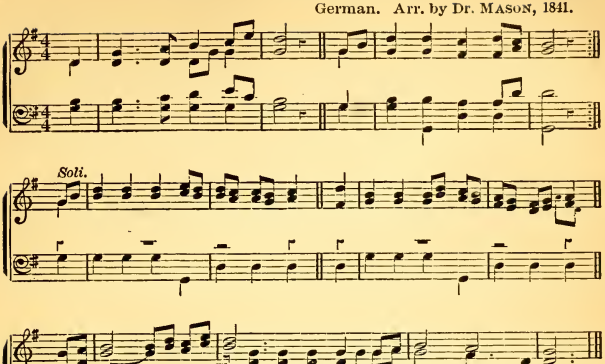
2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

German. Arr. by Dr. MASON, 1841.



772 THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH. H. M.

YE VIRGIN souls, arise;
With all the dead, awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet the Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found:
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou findest us now.

Charles Wesley.

266 THE DAY OF SACRED REST. H. M.

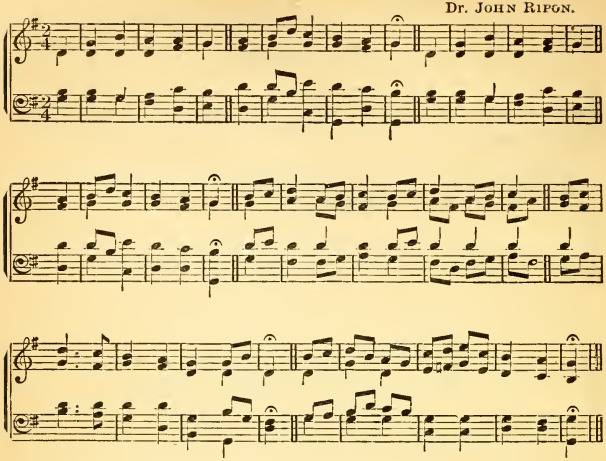
WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return.
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low delights and mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Haywood.

Dr. JOHN RIPON.



129 REJOICING IN THE FULFILLMENT OF THE PROMISE.

H. M.

SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts,
He comes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness, and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

449 REJOICING IN HOPE.

H. M.

YE RANSOMED sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

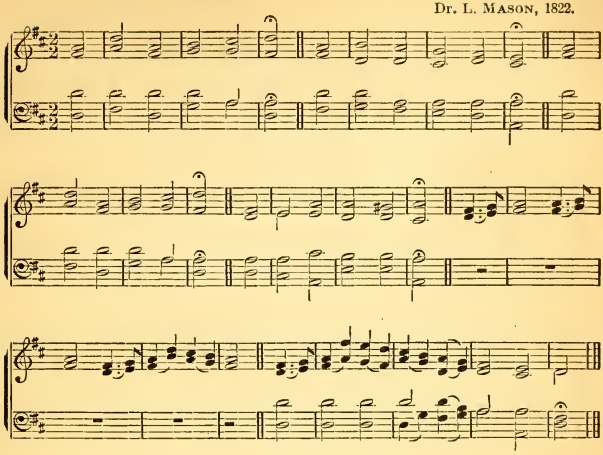
3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear.
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

Haddam. 4 6s and 2 8s.

Dr. L. MASON, 1822.



6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

310 THE JUBILEE TRUMPET. H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

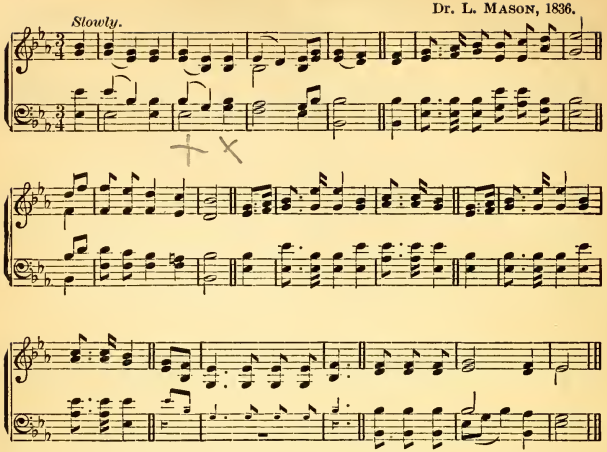
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

Dr. L. MASON, 1836.

C. P. M.

69 MAKE HIS PRAISE GLORIOUS.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth.
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

C. P. M.

242 UNITY OF SPIRIT AND OF PURPOSE.

COME, wisdom, power and grace divine;
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfill,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspir :
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our center tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

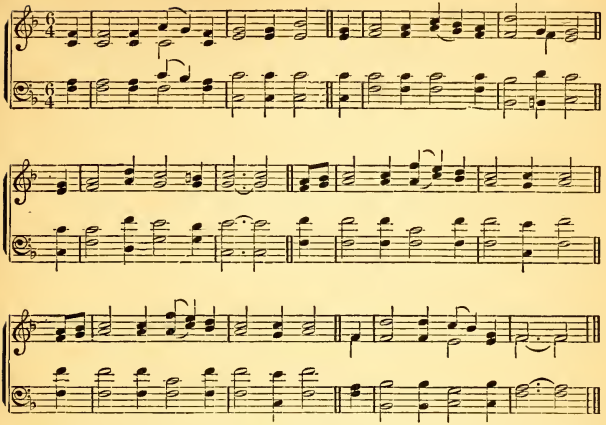
4 Jesus, our humbled souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity;
The mercy of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Impart what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

Charles Wesley

Bremen. 886, 886.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1836.



C. P. M.

444 Panting after the Fullness of Love.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

C. P. M.

296 Entire Dependence on Christ.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

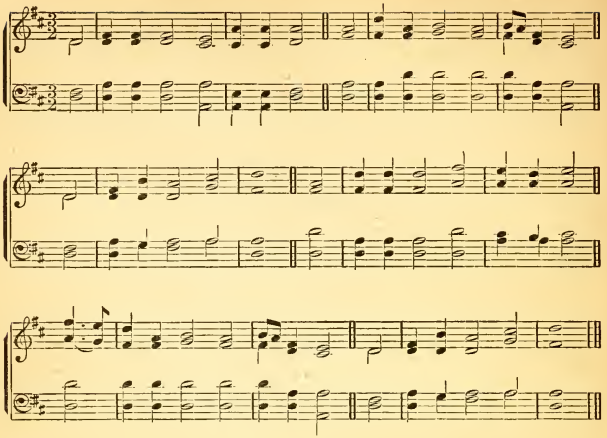
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

5 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

CHANDLER, 17—.



687 C. P. M.

BLISS-INSPIRING HOPE.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great, mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

Charles Wesley.

688 C. P. M.

ALWAYS REJOICING.

HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

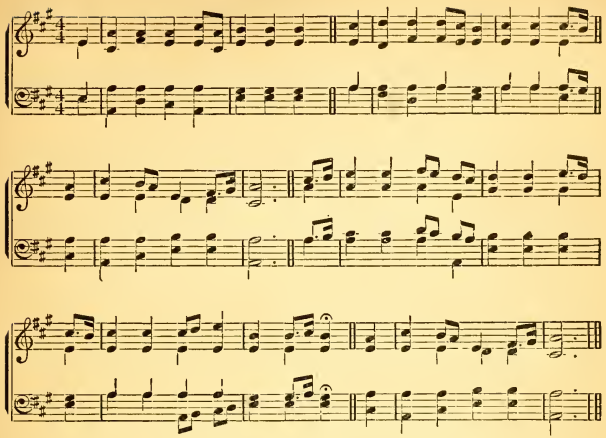
2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, the summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise,
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And Holy, holy, holy, cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

Charles Wesley.

CRANE, 1788.



443 THE GLORIOUS HOPE. C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below.
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousnss,
And keeps his own in perpect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up:
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love.

Charles Wesley.

689 REJOICING IN COMMOTIONS. C. P. M.

HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved, above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

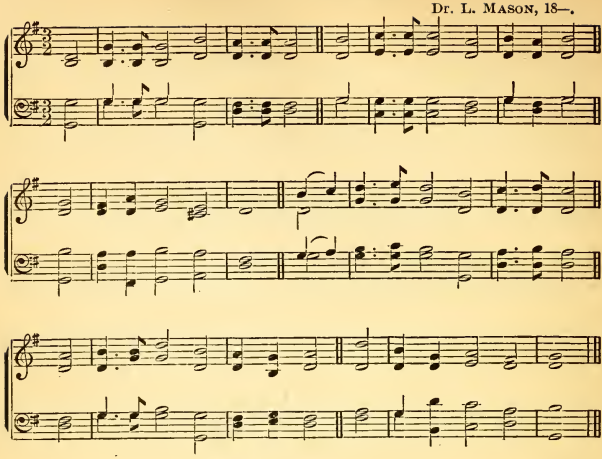
2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall, but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
The war proclaims the Prince of peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power:
The famine all thy fullness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

4 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay:
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear.

Charles Wesley.

Dr. L. Mason, 18—.



413 The Inward Witness. C. P. M.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love has gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

730 The Pilgrim's Happy Lot. C. P. M.

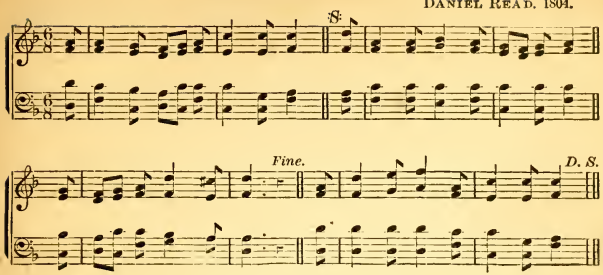
HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

J. Wesley.

DANIEL READ. 1804.

148 C. P. M.
THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure:
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whenso'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

Charles Wesley.

164 C. P. M.
THE BRINK OF FATE.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

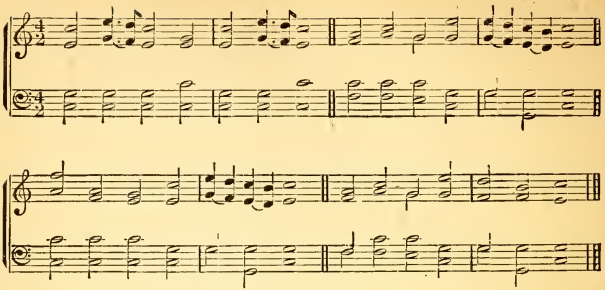
4 Be this my one great business here;
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

Wilmot. 4 lines 7s.

VON WEBER.



100 5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.
IF WE SUFFER WITH HIM WE SHALL REIGN WITH HIM.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

130 5th P. M. 4 lines 7s.
EARNEST OF ETERNAL REST.

GRACIOUS Spirit—love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

501 7.
FOR HUMILITY AND PROTECTION.

GOD of Love, who hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles;
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

4 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

5 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

6 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

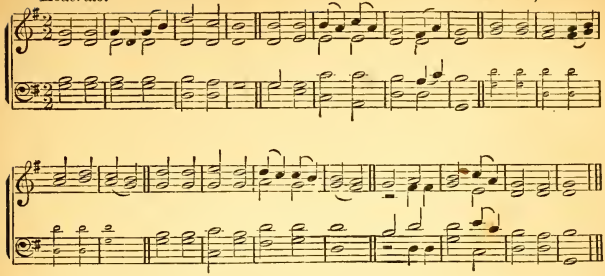
132 7.
SPIRIT ENLIGHTENING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Moderato. CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.



4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
A. Reed.

499 7.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place:
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail.
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.
Oliver Holden, Alt.

503 7.

LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Worldly wisdom cast aside;
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet:

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.
Charles Wesley.

85 7.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.
Charles Wesley.

502 7.

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PRAY.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

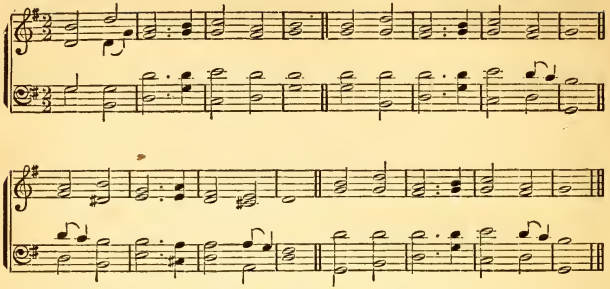
2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.
J. Newton.

Pleyel's Hymn. 4 lines 7s.

Flowing. IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757.



149 THE DANGER OF DELAY. 7.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

J. Scott.

432 PANTING FOR PURITY. 7.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest,
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions still remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

A. S. Dover, Tr. by J. Wesley.

453 PERFECT PEACE. 7.

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I ask,—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou, my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee!

M. A. S. Barber.

609 WEAK AND HELPLESS. 7.

SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed:
From thy fullness I am fed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy:
O confirm my soul in thee!

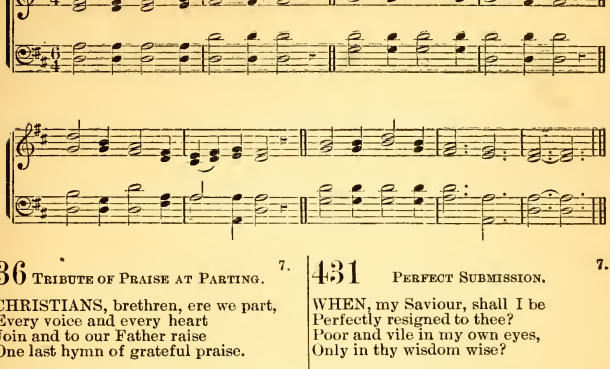
3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

Charles Wesley.

St. Louis. 4 lines 7s.

Unknown.



36 Tribute of Praise at Parting. 7.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

Henry Kirke White.

278 A Young Child. 7.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Charles Wesley.

431 Perfect Submission. 7.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow.
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one:

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

768 The Wanderer Exhorted. 7.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

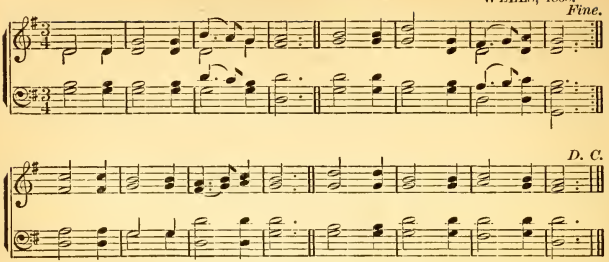
2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near,

James F. Clark.

Guide. 8 lines 7s.

WELLS, 1868.

254 MANY, BUT ONE. 7, 8 l.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill:
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus, we thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care:
Of thy flesh and of thy bone,
Love, forever love thine own!
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void:
Names, and sects and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

Charles Wesley.

255 THE FEAST OF ENDLESS LOVE. 7, 8 l.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit abject man.
Jesus, dear expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast;
For thyself our hearts prepare;
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear:
Manifest thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless:
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace,
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Love be there our endless feast.

Charles Wesley.

235 WITNESSES FOR JESUS. 7, 8 l.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley

Spanish Hymn. 8 lines 7s.

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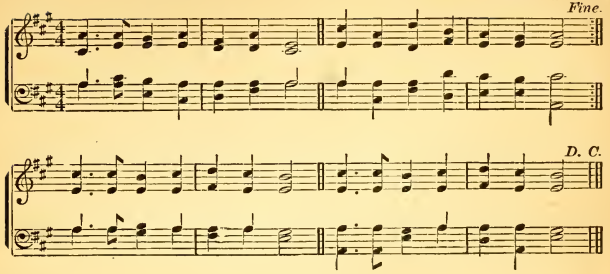

236 Sweet Counsel. 7.

GLORY be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love;
Publish we his praise below:
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure:
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our Paradise possessed:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

454 Entire Consecration. 7.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated Lord to thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love:
Take my feet and let them be
Swift to ever follow thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only all for thee,

Miss F. R. Havergal.

253 Of one Heart and of one Mind. 7.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

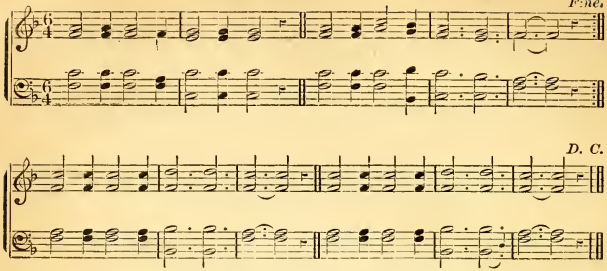
5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

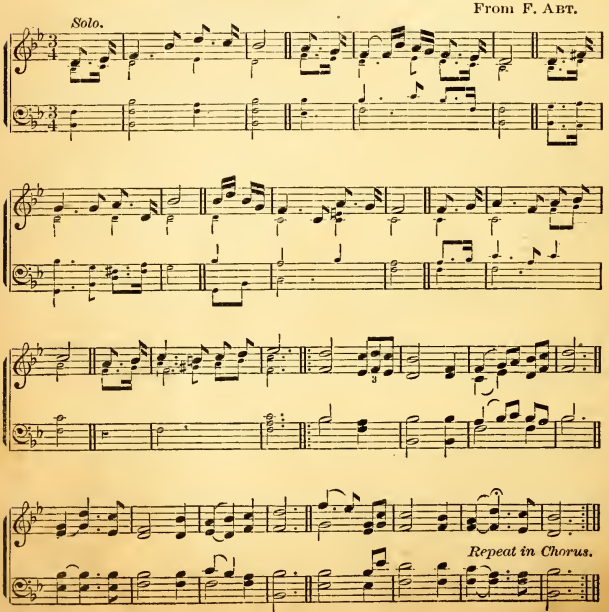
Martyn. 8 lines 7s.

S. B. MARSH, 1836.



Homeward. 8 lines 7s.

From F. ABT.



380 The Only Refuge. 7.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Reach me out thy gracious hand,
While I of thy strength receive:
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

741 The Dying Believer. 7.

DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,—

2 Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn:
Made for God, to God return.

3 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

4 Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

6 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer shipwreck there,

7 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

8 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

A. M. Toplady. 7.

500 The Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
O, by all thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry.

R. Grant. 7.

28 Blessings Implored.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

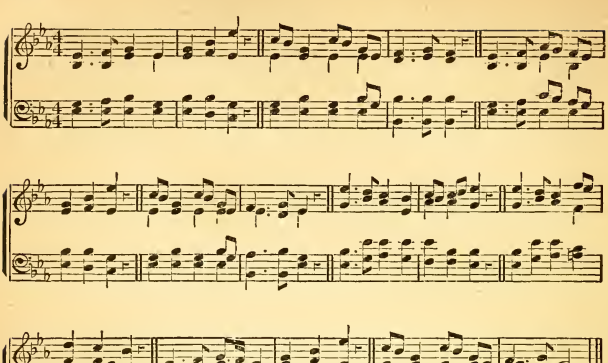
3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return.
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.



756 The Word Glorified.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
He who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;

7.

Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

757 The Watchman's Report.

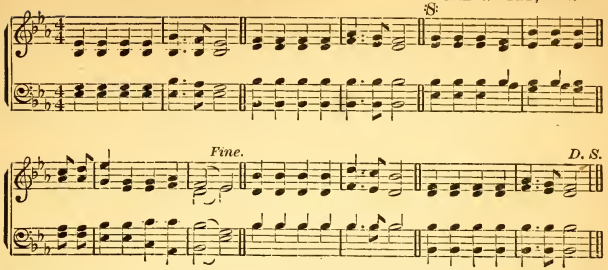
7.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sir. J. Bowering.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1770.

316 WHY WILL YE DIE? 7.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Charles Wesley.

318 TENDER EXPOSTULATION. 7.

SINNERS, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me,
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?"

2 "Turn," he cries, "ye sinners turn";
By his life, your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

3 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

Charles Wesley.

774 RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR. 7.

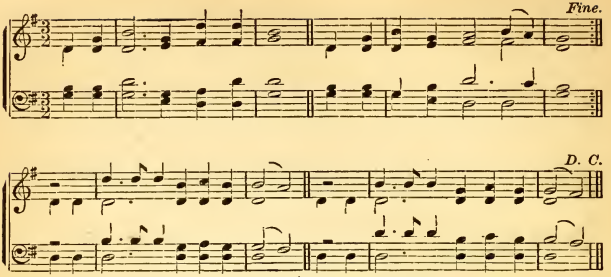
WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

J. Newton.

Dr. L. Mason, 1840.



225 Till He Come. 7,61.

"TILL he come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords,
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overeast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

Edward H. Bickerstet.

256 Mutual Love the Bond of Union. 7.

WHILE we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart;
Stamp it now on every heart:
Only love to us be given:
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

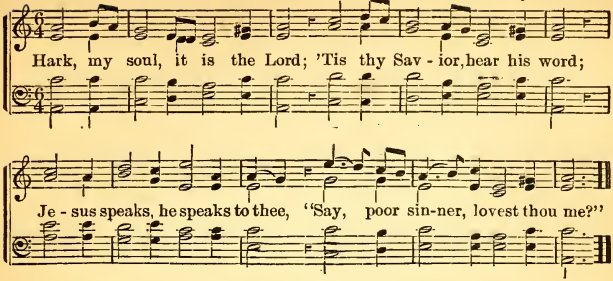
820 Continued—The Saviour's Smile. 7.

WHY should we lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit, freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

2 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!"
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now.

3 Angels catch the approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award:
Hail the heir with glory crowned,
Now rejoicing with his Lord,
Fuller joys ordained to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
"Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

Charles Wesley.

Har. by J. G. T.

408 Love to the Saviour. 7.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word.
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper.

630 The Pilgrim's Song. 7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

J. Cennick.

375 Mercy for the Chief of Sinners. 7.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe and sin no more.

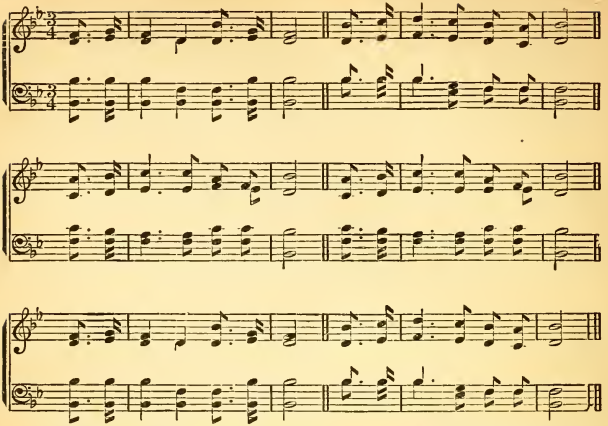
4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands.
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

Toplady. 6 lines 7s.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.



7, 6 l.

366 Clinging to the Cross.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

7, 6 l.

321 Come and Welcome.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

7 6 l.

319 Fly to Jesus.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

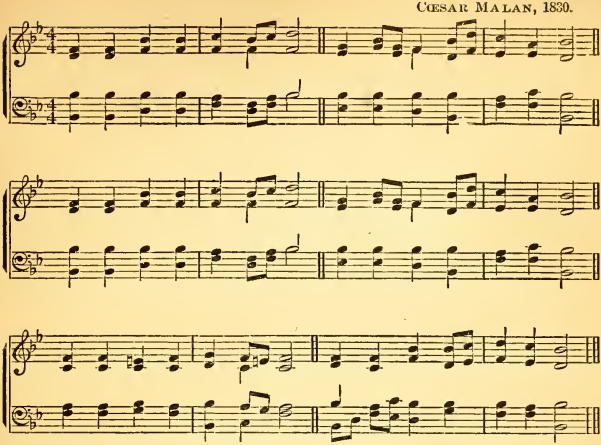
2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.



367 THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER. 7, 6 l.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace;
Soften this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove;
All mine inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Make me restless to return:
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou knowest, I love thee Lord."

368 THE LIGHT OF LIFE. 7, 6 l.

O DISCLOSE thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Hasten, Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

613 CHRIST OUR EXEMPLAR. 7, 6 l.

GO TO dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

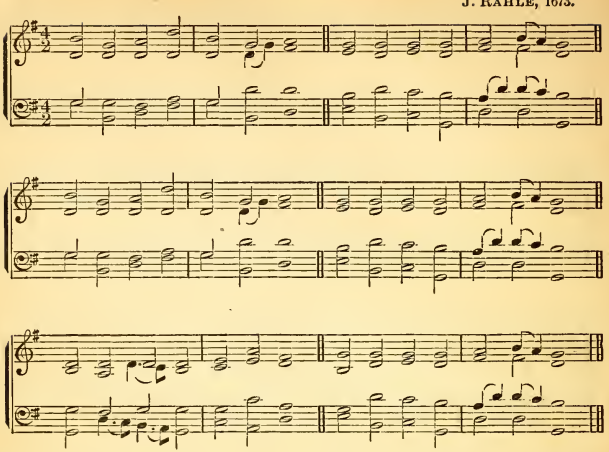
2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

J. Montgomery

J. RAHLE, 1673.



452 7, 6 l.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

150 7, 6 l.

WHAT SIN HATH DONE.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdue;
See his body mangled, rent,
Stained and covered with his blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head;
Plunged into his side the spear:
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

252 7, 6 l.

HAND IN HAND TO HEAVEN.

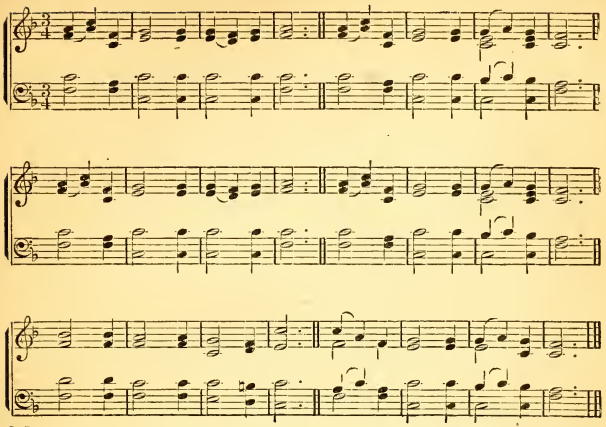
CENTER of our hopes thou art;
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires:
Joined to thee by love divine,
Seal our souls forever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Leveled at one common aim:
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our Paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord:
Here enjoy the earnest given:
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.



369 HELP OR I PERISH. 7, 6 l.

BY THY birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

451 THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN YOU. 7, 6 l.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate divine:
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Joined to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I will prevail.

265 SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK. 7, 6 l.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

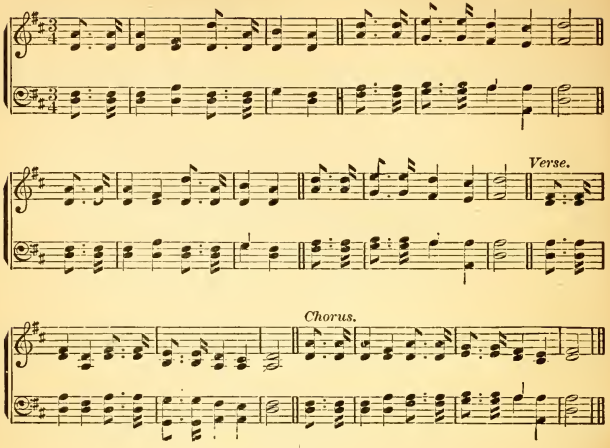
2 While we pray for pardoning grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy Gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.



11 HEAVENLY JOY ANTICIPATED. 8, 7, 4.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

703 HALLELUJAH! GOD APPEARS ON EARTH TO REIGN. 8, 7, 4.

LO! HE comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

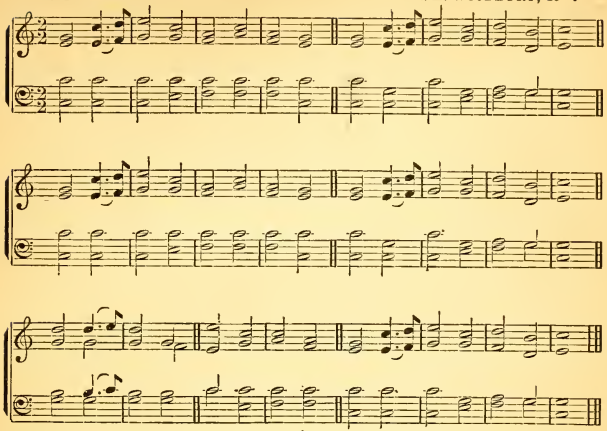
2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree;
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High, on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

Charles Wesley.

By permission. I. B. WOODBURY, 18—.



202 HER ENEMIES CONFOUNDED. 8, 7, 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

623 GUIDE AND GUARD ME. 8, 7, 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

W. WILLIAMS.

99 IT IS FINISHED. 8, 7, 4.

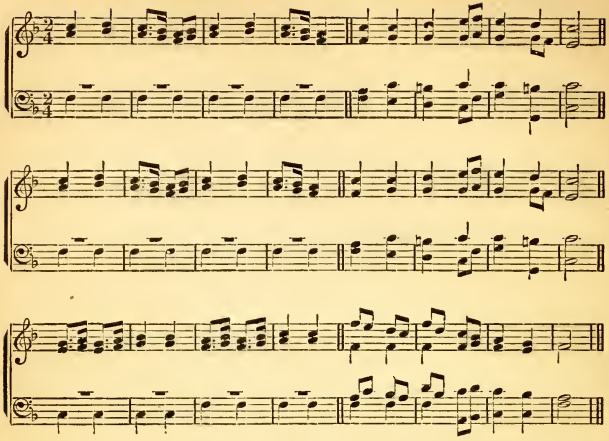
HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished":
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished:
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finished:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Evans.

MOZART.



200 God Is in the Midst of Her. 8, 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

J. Newton.

10 God of Grace. 8, 7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

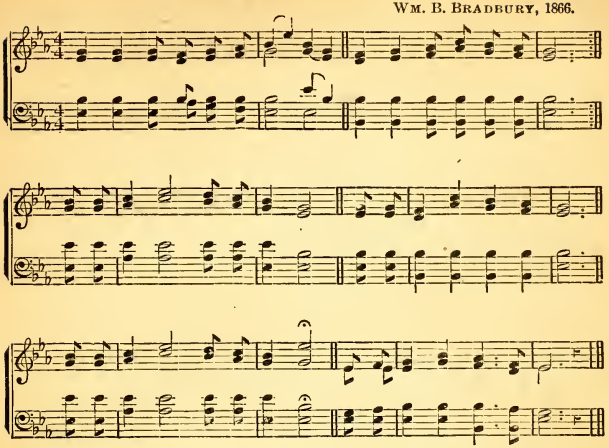
Henry Francis Lyte.

201 God Her Everlasting Light. 8, 7.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1866.



Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

W. Cowper.

761 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. (?)

604 GENTLY LEAD US.

8, 7, 4.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

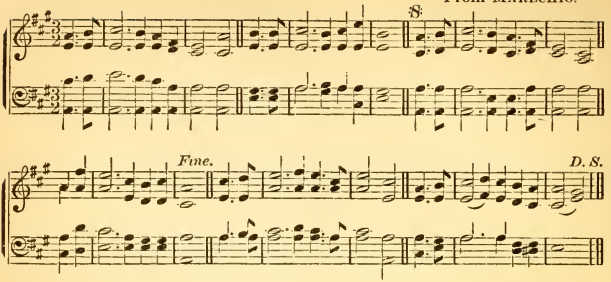
2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

Madrid. 8s & 7s.

From MARECHIO.

594 THE CROSS TAKEN. 8, 7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition;
All I've sought and hoped, and known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba Father";
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather:
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,—
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

117 OUR PASCHAL LAMB. 8, 7.

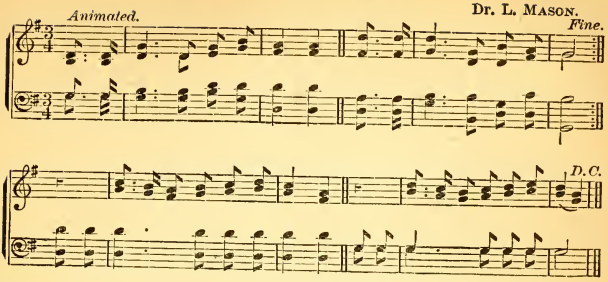
HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made with man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell.



78 8, 7, 4.
CROWN THE SAVIOUR.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

702 8, 7, 4.
WE SHALL APPEAR WITH HIM IN GLORY.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here:
Christ to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out,—'Tis he!

5 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

105 8, 7, 4.
JESUS VICTOR OVER DEATH.

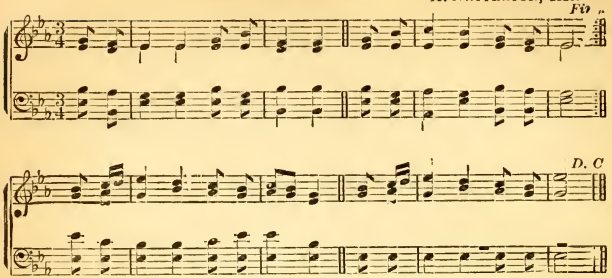
COME, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring

Thomas Kelly.

A. NETTLETON, 1825.



305 HEAR AND LIVE. 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message.
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name:"

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way:
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

133 GUIDE AND COMFORTER. 8, 7.

HOLY Spirit! Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find.
Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;

2 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest:
Promised Pledge! eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.

304 THE INVITATION. 8 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

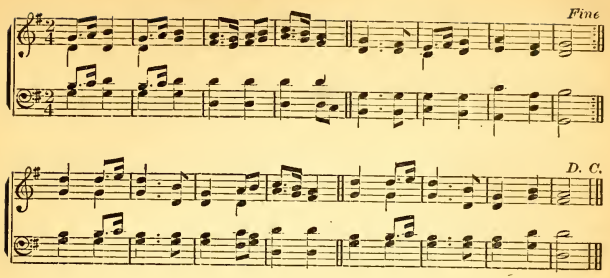
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished!
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.



167 THE JUDGMENT-DAY. 8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine":
Glorious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

30 GOD'S PROTECTION. 8, 7.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence;
Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

595 TRUST IN SORROW. 8, 7.

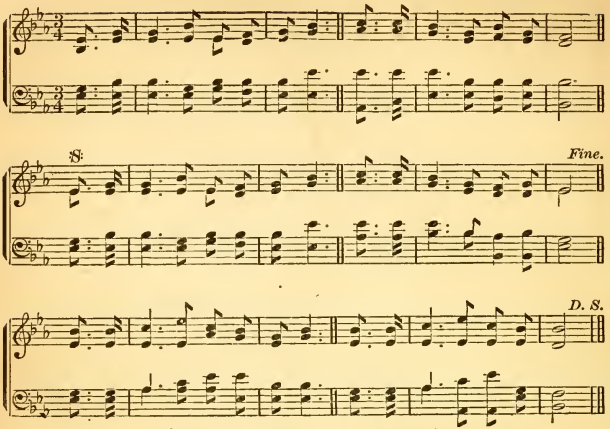
LORD of life, when foes assail us,
And our hearts are bowed in pain,
Earthly friends cannot deliver;
Swords and bucklers, are all vain.
Be our buckler, thou whose pity
Bore the shame upon the tree:
Man of sorrows! in our sorrows
We can only trust in thee.

2 On the darkly heaving billows,
Thou didst walk, and they were still;
Thou canst stay the ills that press us,
They are servants to thy will.
Thou alone art King of nations,
Lord of life and victory:
Man of sorrows! in our sorrows
We can only trust in thee.

3 O subdue our heart's rebellion,
That we faint not, nor repine;
Nought of evil can befall us,
That comes down from hand of thine.
May we, like thy great disciple,
Meet thee on the swelling sea:
Man of sorrows! in our sorrows
We can only trust in thee.

H. Dodds

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, 1861.



838 JESUS CALLS ME. 8, 7.

JESUS calls me; I am going
Where he opens up my way,
To the toiling of his vineyard,
Shrinking not a single day.
Friends may shun me, toil await me,
Care and sorrow be my lot;
But I've chosen Christ my Saviour,
I am going, call me not.

2 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the life prepared for me.
This poor world can't fill the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.
O what anxious, bitter sorrow,
Does the world give with its strife;
But with Jesus—O what glory!
Ending in eternal life.

3 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the washing of his blood,
Healing now and purifying
All who test the crimson flood.
Flesh may cry, Not now—to-morrow;
Idols rise with wonted power;
Jesus, help me, come and help me!
Jesus, take me hour by hour.

4 Jesus calls me; I am going;
Friends and neighbors, come with me,
Hasten now and gain salvation,
For the fountain's full and free;
Test the grace that Christ now offers;
Know the worth of this new life;
Rise to all the bliss immortal,
Far beyond this world of strife.

L. Hartsough.

476 THE NEW CREATION. 8, 7.

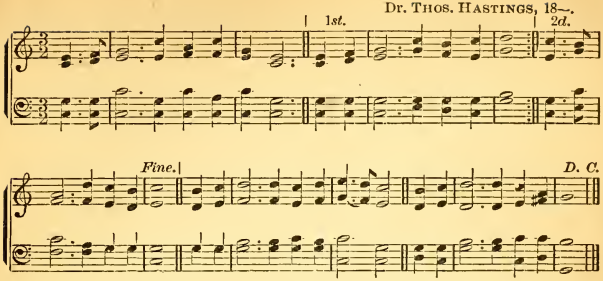
LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty,

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 18—.



Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Charles Wesley.

Waiting.

8s, 7s.

I AM waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long;
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angel's welcome song;
Oh! I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill tops of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Thro' the bright and changeless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

Anon.

Sanctification.

8s, 7s.

YE who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read the gracious promise
Which is left upon record?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin;
Sanctify and make you holy;
I will come and dwell within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your full salvation,
Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died
On the cross: the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.

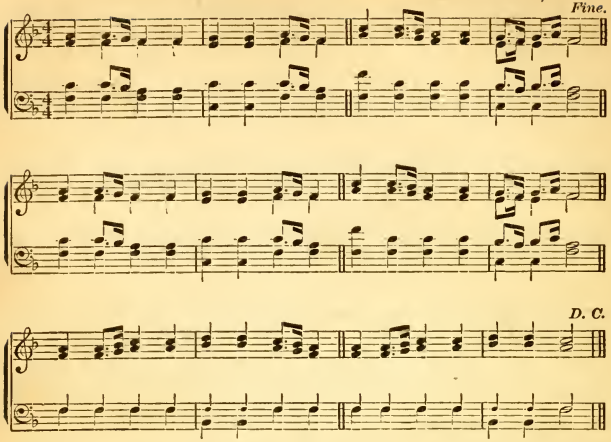
3 Come, ye hungry, thirsty children,
Seek, O seek, this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter
Through the pure celestial gate.
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above,
When, by simple faith in Jesus,
You may know his perfect love?

4 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,—
Jesus only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread the holy fire;
Meekly tell what God has done;
Till all nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

5 Rouse up, brother, rouse up, sister,
Seek, O seek, this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter,
Through the pure celestial gate.
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, my sister,
God will perfect you in love.

6 May a mighty sound from heaven,
Suddenly come rushing down;
Cloven tongues like as of fire,
May they set on all around,
O may every soul be filled
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, he is coming;
O prepare, prepare the way.

J. J. Rousseau, 1712.



671 Hitherto Hath the Lord Helped Us. 8, 7.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I am fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my grateful heart to thee.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
On the cross he died to save me,
Rose to plead my cause above;
Henceforth all my life I give thee,
Vanquished by such wondrous love.

R. Robinson, Alt.

39 For the Fullness of Peace and Joy 8, 7, 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

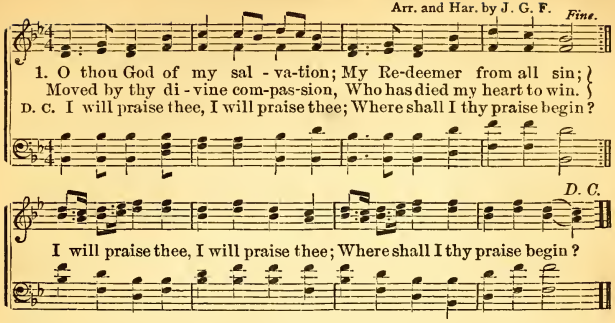
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley.

38 Dismission. 8, 7.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Edwin Smythe.

Arr. and Har. by J. G. F.
Fine.
1. O thou God of my sal - va-tion; My Re-deemer from all sin;
Moved by thy di - vine com-pas-sion, Who has died my heart to win.
D. C. I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
D. C.
I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?

701

HALLELUJAH! 8, 7, 4.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying:
Glory! Glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us:
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause:
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

6 This hath set me all on fire,
Strongly glows the flame of love;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove:
Then I'll praise him
In a nobler strain above.

T. Olivers.

624

WORLDLY PLEASURES RENOUNCED. 8, 7.

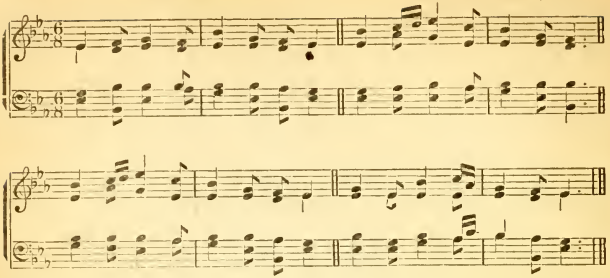
VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

L. E. Ford.

DANIEL READ, 1804.



8, 7.

131 THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fullness of thy grace.

4 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove:
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

5 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul thy grace bestow!

P. Gerhardt. Alt. by Toplady.

8, 7.

76 CASTING OUR CROWNS BEFORE HIM.

"WE shall see him," in our nature,
Seated on his holy throne.
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!

2 There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

3 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see him as he is,"
Resting in his love and favor,
Owning all the glory his.

4 There to cast our crowns before him,
O what bliss the thought affords!
There forever to adore him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Unknown.

8, 7.

317 THE WIDENESS OF GOD'S MERCY.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

8, 7.

614 GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Still it glows with peace and joy.

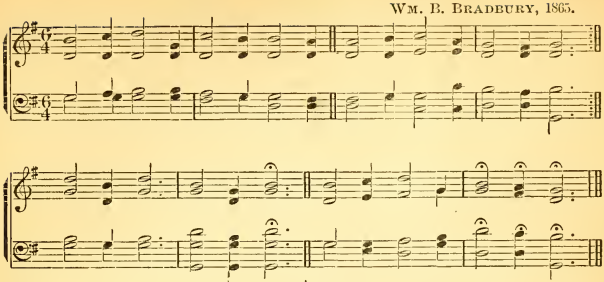
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that evermore abide.

Sir. J. Bowering.

Even Me. 8s & 7s. Single.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1865.



315 "LET HIM COME." 8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

HARK! the Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee,
Even thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing.
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee,
Even thee.

3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,
"Come and lay thy soul on me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee,
Even thee!"

4 Sinner, come to Jesus; flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee,
Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven;
Thou, through grace a child shalt be,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
Yes a mansion waits for thee,
Even thee!

6 Then in love forever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All his mercy did for thee,
Even thee!

James Montgomery.

359 EVEN ME. 8, 7, 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me:
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor:
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me;
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me:
Even me.

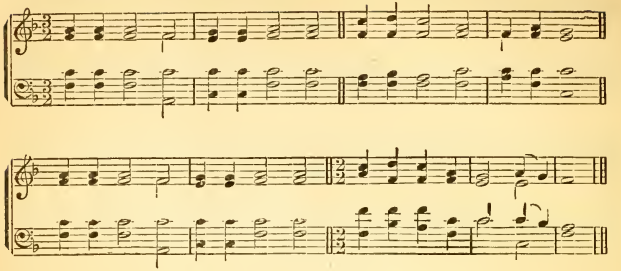
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ so rich and free:
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me:
Even me.

7 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh! bless me:
Even me.

Mrs. E. Codner.

Talmar. 8s & 7s. Single.

By permission. I. B. WOODBURY, 1853.

280 BEREAVEMENT AND RESIGNATION. 8, 7.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, thy will be done.

T. Hastings.

227 THE SPIRIT'S QUICKENING INFLUENCES. 8. 7.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

374 THE TRUE LIGHT. 8, 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing:
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour;
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

506 IN DEEP AFFLICTION. 8, 7.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.

2 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

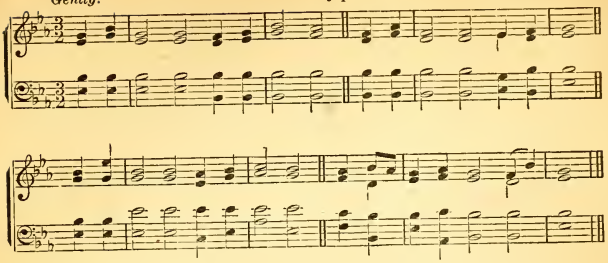
3 By thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

4 By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

Charles Wesley.

Gently.

By permission. I. B. WOODBURY.



505 BEFORE HIS CROSS. 8, 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before thy throne I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Herein tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.
Jas. Allen, Alt. by Walter Shirley.

504 THE DESIRE OF NATIONS. 8, 7.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.
Charles Wesley.

277 YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION. 8. 7.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.

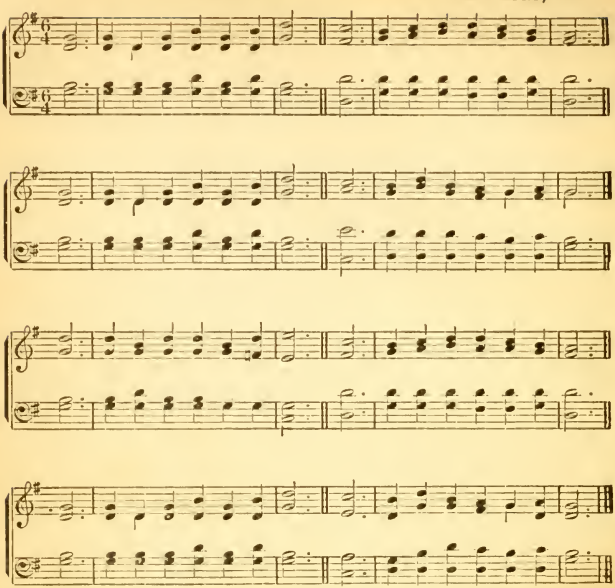
2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do thy will or bear it,
I will know no will but thine:
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.

5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.

6 Thine I am, O Lord, forever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.
J. Burton.

De Fleury, 1816.

672 All-sufficiency of Jesus. 8.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hour
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee upon high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

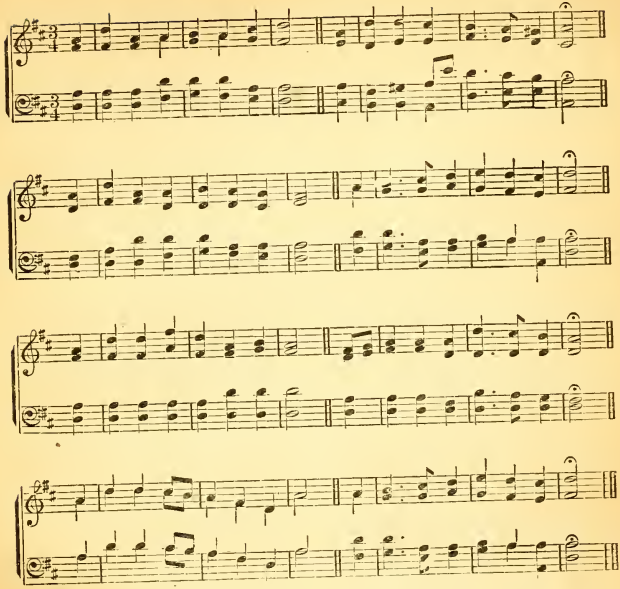
J. Newton.

722 The Heavenly Jerusalem. 8.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

Portland. 8 lines 8s.

WM. H. OAKLEY.



2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air·
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

Charles Wesley.

8.

725 To be with Christ is far better.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distressed;
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And seraph and cherub adore?

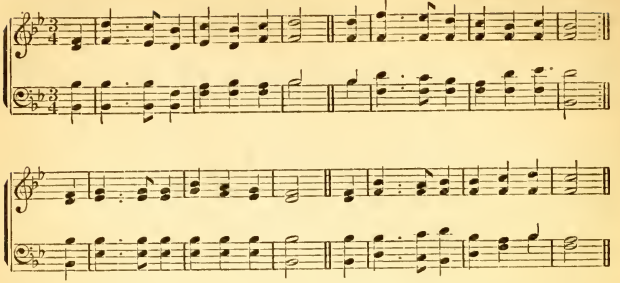
2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou knowest in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

Charles Wesley.

Enon's Isle. 8 lines 8s.

By permission. I. B. WOODBURY.



657 CHASTENING ACCEPTED. 8.

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above!
Indulged with a visit of pain,
Chastised by omnipotent love;
The Author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffered below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And bear the intent of his rod:
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God:
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess:
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me, in affliction, bestow
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctified use of my woe:
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jesus' love:
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

823 TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF A BROTHER. 8.

WEEP not for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

673 LONGING FOR CLOSER COMMUNION. 8.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

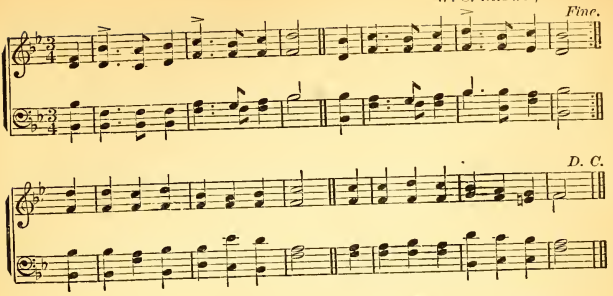
2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

Bradley. 8 lines 8s.

W. C. BROWN, 1850.



8.

726 HAVING A DESIRE TO DEPART.

I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

Charles Wesley.

8.

656 FOLLOWING THE LAMB.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centered in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
For Christ who on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side:
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

Charles Wesley.

8.

824 HAPPY DEATH OF A SISTER.

HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has entered her rest:
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our sister is gone,
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love.

2 How happy the angels that fell
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprisoned in clay,
Who next from the dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summoned away?
My merciful Lord—is it I?

3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper thy call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

Charles Wesley.

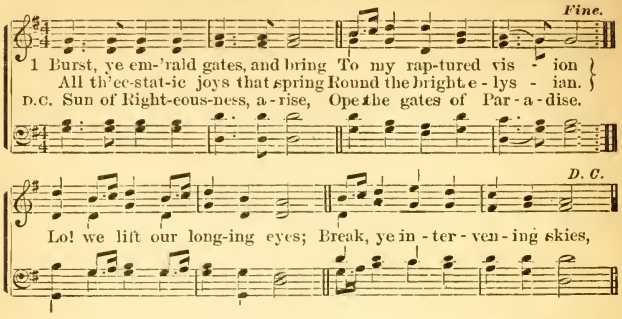
8.

674 IMMUTABILITY.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

J. Hart.

Dr. L Mason, 18—.


Fine.
1 Burst, ye em-'rald gates, and bring To my rap-tured vis - ion
All th'ec-stat-ic joys that spring Round the bright e - lys - ian.
D.C. Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-rise, Ope the gates of Par-a-dise.
D. C.
Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes; Break, ye in-ter-ven-ing skies,

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name—
Heaven echoing the theme.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

430 The Mind that was in Christ. 7.

JESUS, plant and root in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

2 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

3 I shall suffer and fulfill
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resigned;
Jesus' is a patient mind.

4 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus' is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be joined;
Jesus' is a loving mind.

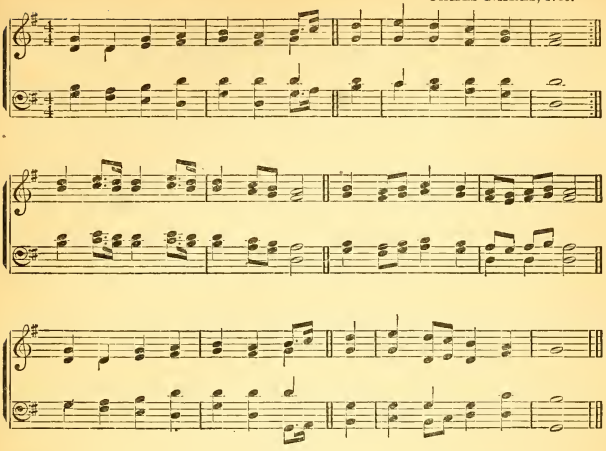
6 I shall triumph evermore:
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

7 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesus' is a constant mind.

8 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

Charles Wesley.

JAMES NARES, 1780.



229 WATERFORD. 7, 7, 6.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine press treads alone:
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan:
Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest center quakes,
The great Jehovah dies!

2 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners ye may love him too:
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

3 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given;
Worshiped as he was before,
The immortal King of heaven.

4 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth which never fail;
Hastening to behold thy face
Without a dimming veil;
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel bands to sing
Our blest triumphant Lamb.

Charles Wesley.

711 THE BETTER PORTION. 7, 6, 7.

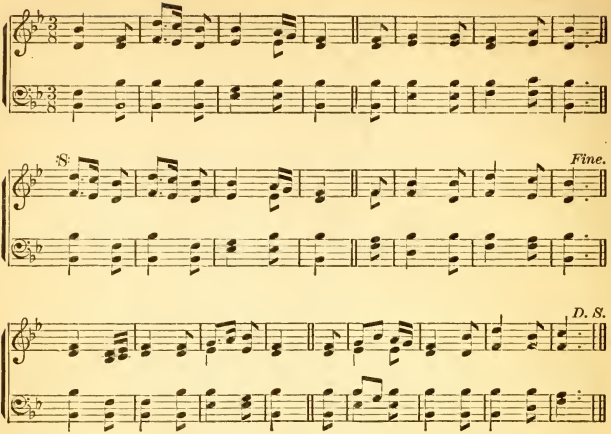
RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face:
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

R. Seagrave.

WM. H. OAKLEY.



7, 6, 8.

631 ADIEU TO THE WORLD.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest:
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

7, 6, 8.

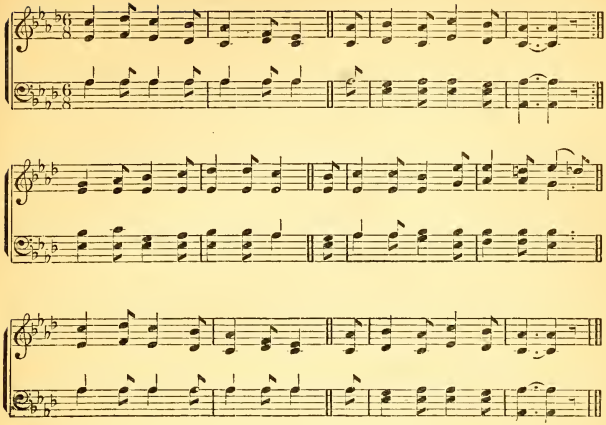
386 THE DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace
And bid me sin no more.

Slow. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1852.



370 HUMILITY AND CONTRITION. 7, 6, 8.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy mercy now is stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

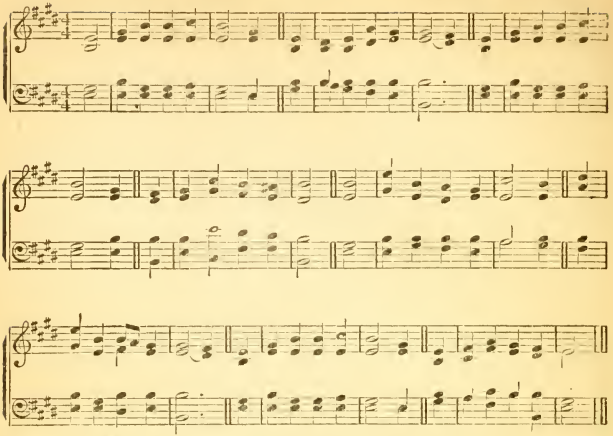
371 THE HEART BROKEN. 7, 6, 8.

SAVIOUR, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
Father (at the point to die
My Saviour prayed), forgive!
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'tis done!"
O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

Dr. L. Mason, 1824.

751 The Cry of the Heathen. 7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

752 Departing Missionaries. 7, 6.

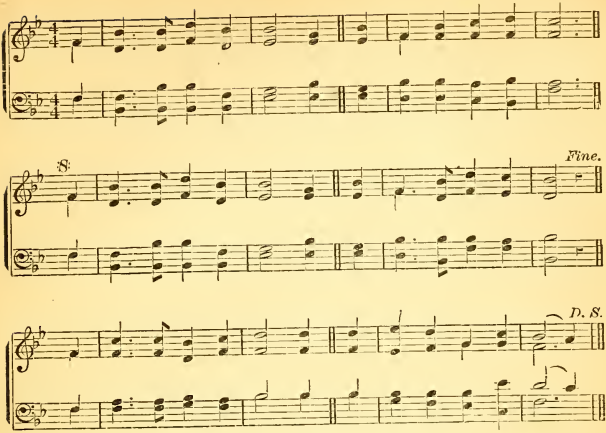
ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them
Still let them be with thee.

J. Edmeston.

Webb. 7s & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB, 1834.



753 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING. 7, 6,

THE morning light is breaking:
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day,

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

762 GRATEFUL PRAISE. 7, 6.

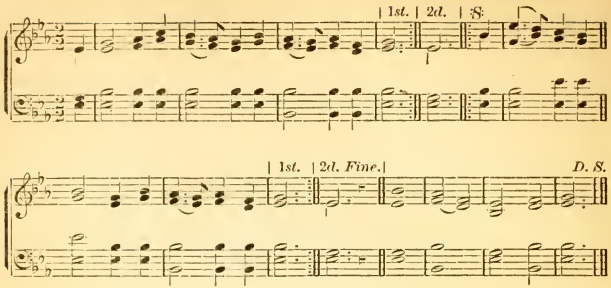
WE BRING no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

H. Phillips

Sweet Home. 11s.

English.

854 11.

HOME! HOME! SWEET, SWEET HOME!

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free;
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day:
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

D. Denham.

11s.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there;
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all,

1 I HAVE started for Canaan, must I
leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me? come, make
up your mind;
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to
view,
Its fruits are abundant, they're offered
to you.

CHORUS.

Come, come, friends, friends, come,
I've started for Canaan, O, will you not
come?

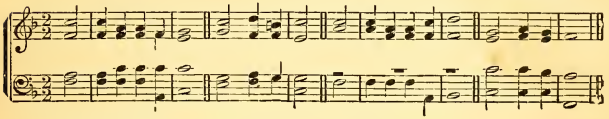
2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn
from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming
as May;
The music is charming, the harmony
pure,
The joys there are lasting, they ever en-
dure.

3 You have friends in that country most
dear to your heart,
Do you not wish to meet them where
friends never part?
Then start in a moment, no longer delay,
Don't stop to consider, the night ends the
day.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy; O, turn lest
you die;
Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day he
is nigh;
While his arms are extended, while his
children all pray,
Will you not join our number? come, join
us to-day.

To-day the Savior Calls. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.



TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam.

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away:
'Tis mercy's hour.

SWEET PRAYER. 11s.

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow and
care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer;
It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sus-
tains,
Bids hope rise exalting, and passion re-
strains.

CHORUS.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer.

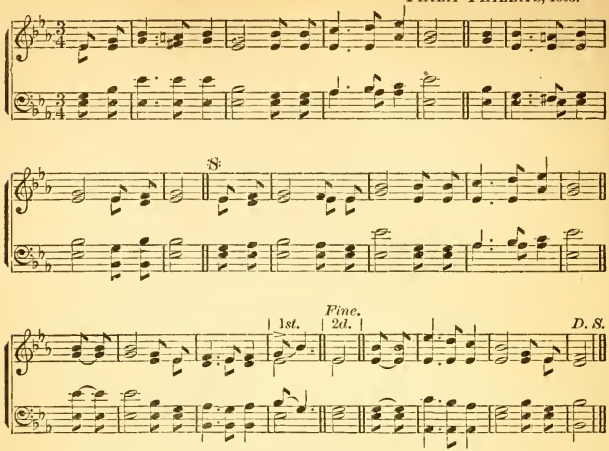
2 When far from the friends that are
dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the
heart;
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully
there;
And restless we languish, till peace comes
in prayer.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us
astray,
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous
way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal
the snare!
But looking to Jesus we conquer by
prayer.

Anon.

Home of the Soul. 12s & 8s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1865.



1 WILL sing you a song
Of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat,
On the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O, that home of the soul,
In my visions and dreams
Its bright Jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly
The veil intervenes,
Between that fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home
Is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms
Forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O, how sweet it will be
In that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips,
And with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

12, 9.

677 RETURN WITH SINGING.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

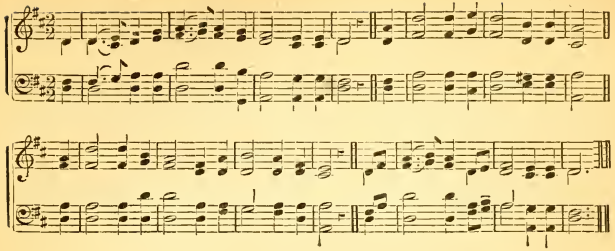
4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love
Which hath joined us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat.
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

6 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurled in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

Charles Wesley.

Unknown.



675 My Beloved. 11, 8

O THOU, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day,
My song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley
Of death should I weep
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents
My Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity,
Filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear,
And will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me,
For thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain.

407 Joy of the Young Convert. 12, 9.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

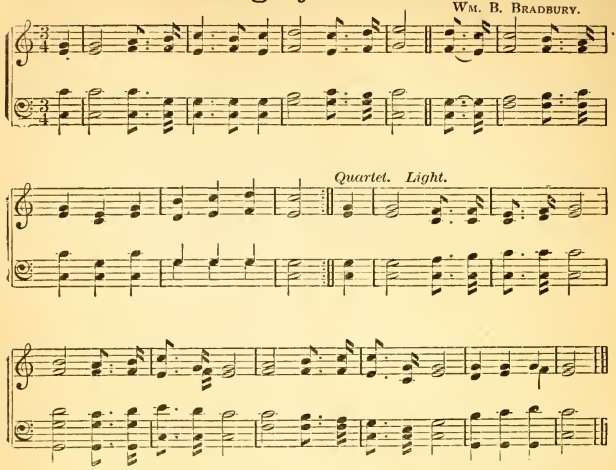
5 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God. 179

Charles Wesley.

His Mighty Love. 11s.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



OH, bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me!
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Chorus.

O sing of his mighty love!
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love, mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine:
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of his face.

Chorus.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

Chorus.

4 O Jesus the crucified! thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave
And triumph in death in the mighty to save!

Chorus.

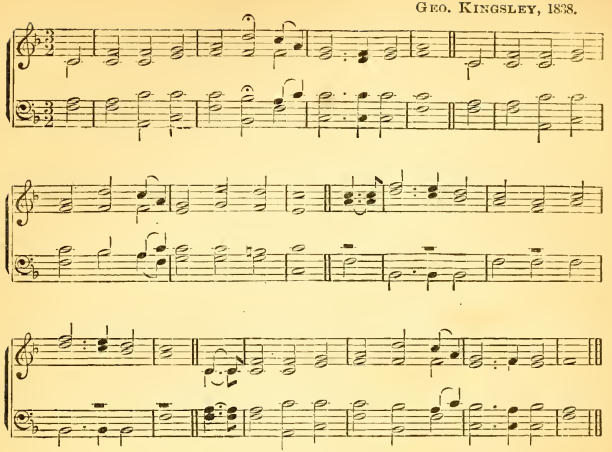
Rev. F. Bottome.

The Song of Redemption.

IN THE far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing in garments of white,
The harpers are harping, and all the train
Sing the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."—Cho.

2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



710 I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. 11.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

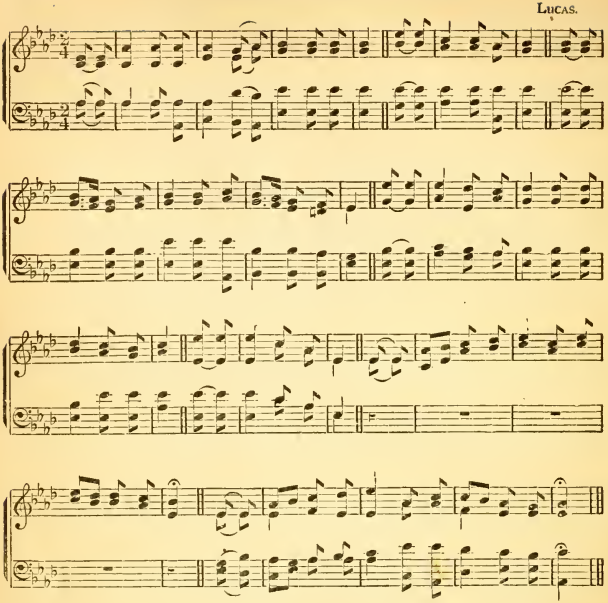
3 Who, who would live alway, away from God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet.
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain
With the song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."

4 Now, children and teachers and friends all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption—"The Lamb that was slain."



731 Eternity Near. 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus' call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

4 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

Charles Wesley.

776 Renewed Fidelity and Zeal. 10, 5, 11.

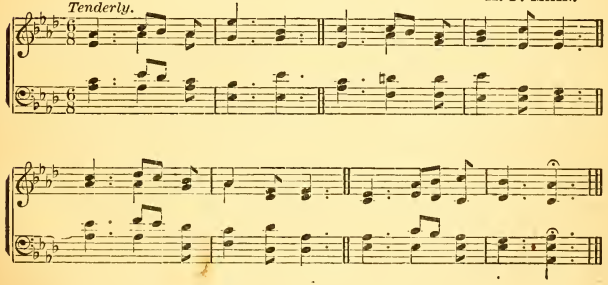
COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through:
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

Come to Jesus. 56, 65.

H. P. Main.

COME, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O wanderer! eagerly;
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus.

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O burdened graciously;
Come, come to Jesus.

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

J. S. Peck.

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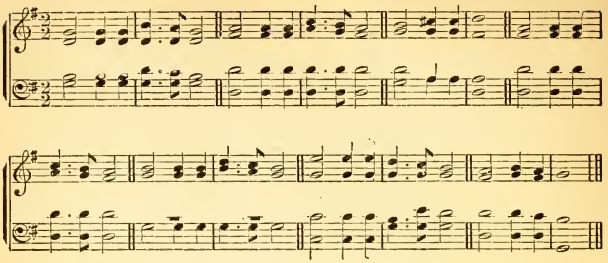
183 To be Used at the Table.

BE present at our table, Lord,—
Be here, and everywhere, adored;
These creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

2 We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood.
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life,—sent down from heaven.

John Wesley.

New Haven. 664, 6664.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1833.

527 For the Saviour's Guidance. 6, 4.

MY FAITH looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

135 Invocation of the Holy Spirit. 6, 4.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art:
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II., King of France. Tr. by R. Palmer

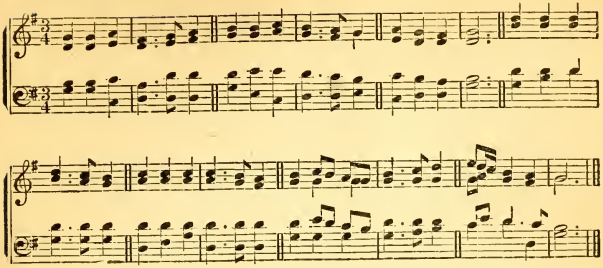
778 Our Native Land. 6, 4.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

Maestoso. HENRY CAREY, 1743.



777 NATIONAL HYMN. 6, 4.

MY COUNTRY, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake:
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

47 PRAISE TO THE TRINITY. 6, 4

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing.
Help us to praise.
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

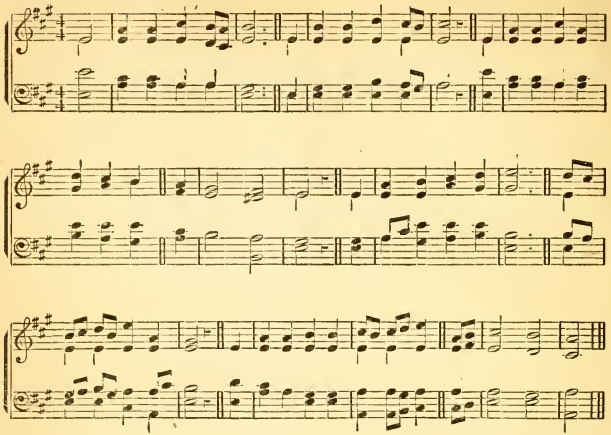
4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charle Wesley.

John Street. 6684, 6684.

GEO. COLES, 18—.



708 THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, MY GOD.

6, 8, 4.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

T. Olivers.

709 CONTINUED.—PRESSING FOR THE PRIZE.

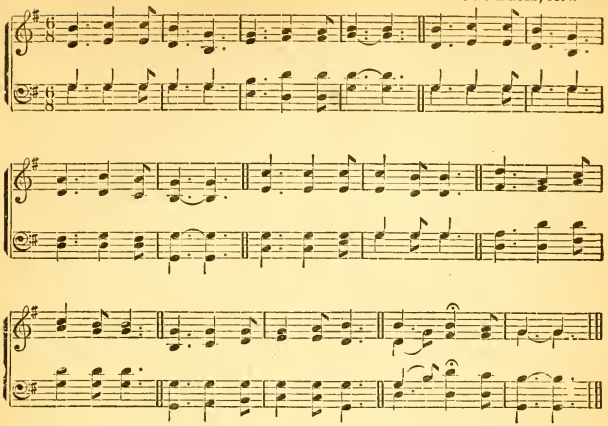
6, 8, 4.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

P. P. Bliss, 1870.



4 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With groves of living joys,
With streams of sacred bliss,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

T. Olivers.

P. M.

333 Almost Persuaded.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come today;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
"O wanderer, come."

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—but lost!"

P. P. Bliss.

My Home in Heaven. 11s.

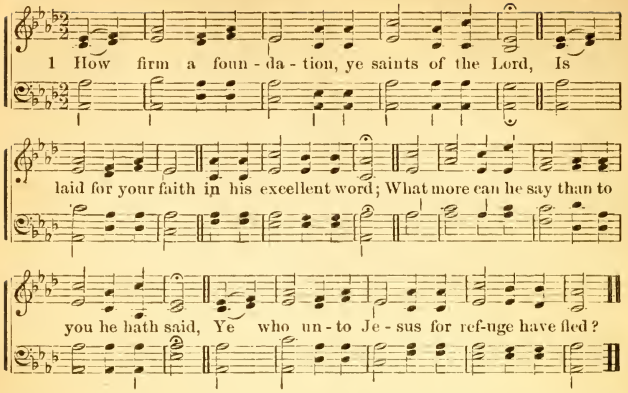
MY home is in Heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worse that can come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens thee home.

2 It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss,
And building thy hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

Lyte.

How Firm a Foundation.


1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
laid for your faith in his excellent word; What more can he say than to
you he hath said, Ye who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?

597 THE FIRM FOUNDATION. 11.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

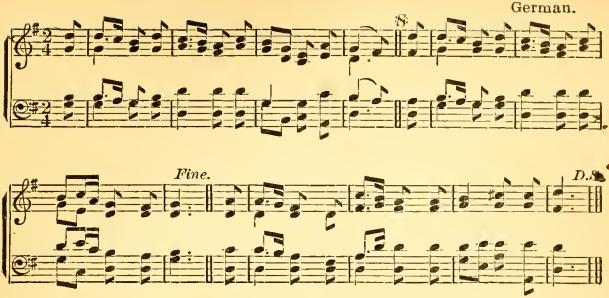
188 George Keith.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

TOO long, guilty wanderer, too long hast thou been,
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and deceived,
While my counsel thou'st spurned, and my Spirit hast grieved.

2 Though countless thy sins, and though crimson thy guilt,
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood freely spilt:
Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner, and see
The wounds that I bore when I suffered for thee.

Anon.

German.

308 DELAY NOT. 11.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

Thomas Hastings.

FAINT, BUT PURSUING. 11s.

THO' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint:
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home!

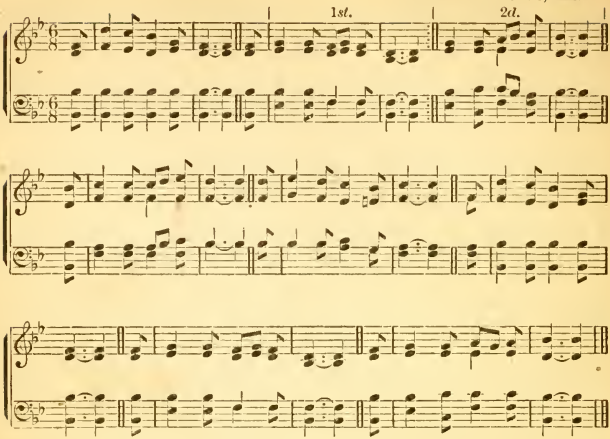
Anon.

O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look, look unto Jesus, and sorrow no more.
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

*Outside the Gate. 665, 665.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1866.



* Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1873, by PHILIP PHILLIPS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

1 I STOOD outside the gate,
A poor warfaring child:
Within my heart there beat,
A tempest loud and wild.
A fear opprest my soul,
That I might be too late;
And oh! I trembled sore,
And prayed outside the gate,
And prayed outside the gate.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried,
"O give me rest from sin;"
"I will," a voice replied,
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin,
She eased my weary soul,
And then she took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
A Saviour long abused,
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
O what a blest return
For ignorance and sin,
I prayed outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.

NOW I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND. 6s & 4s.

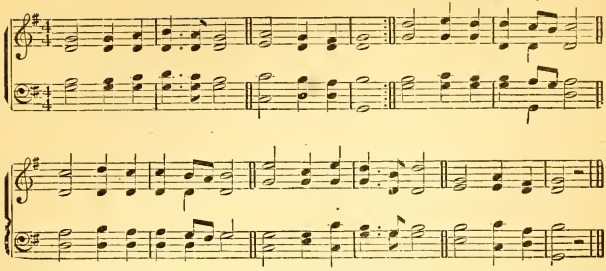
NOW I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine,
Whose love shall never end;
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine.
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing
Jesus is mine!

4 Father! thy name I bless;
Jesus is mine.
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

Pyle.

Dr. L. Mason, 18—.

I'M BUT A STRANGER.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
There too I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

690 6, 4, 6.

JESUS IS MINE.

FADE, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born for but one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

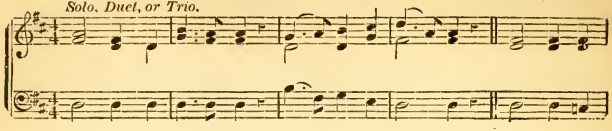
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning light
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

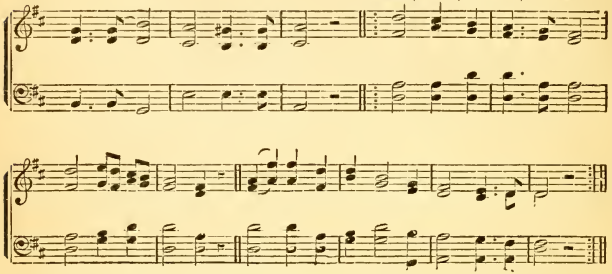
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar.

Come ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s.

S. WEBBE, 18—.

Solo, Duet, or Trio.

1st time, Duet; 2d time, Chorus.



328 HEAVEN CAN HEAL OUR SORROWS. 11, 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see the waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore.

COME UNTO ME. 11s & 10s.

Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

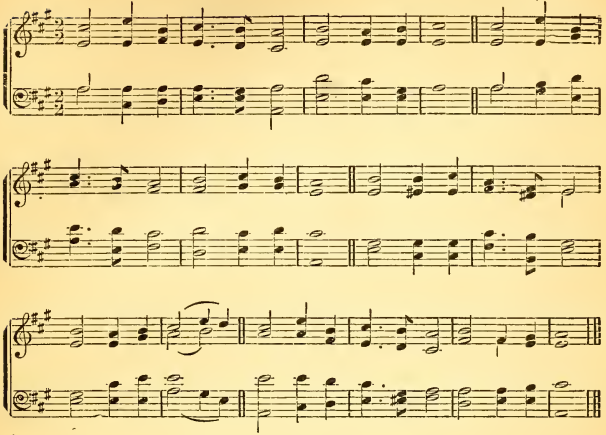
3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

ANON.

Cling to the Mighty One. 10, 10, 11, 10. 193

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1865.



CLING to the Mighty One, cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One, He gives relief.
Cling to the Gracious One, cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain.

2 Cling to the Loving One, cling in thy woe.
Cling to the Living One, through all below.
Cling to the Pardoning One, He speaketh peace.
Cling to the Healing One, anguish shall cease.

3 Cling to the Bleeding One, cling to his side;
Cling to the Risen One, in him abide.
Cling to the Coming One, hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One, joy lights thine eyes.

Philip Phillips.

537 EVENTIDE. 10s.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

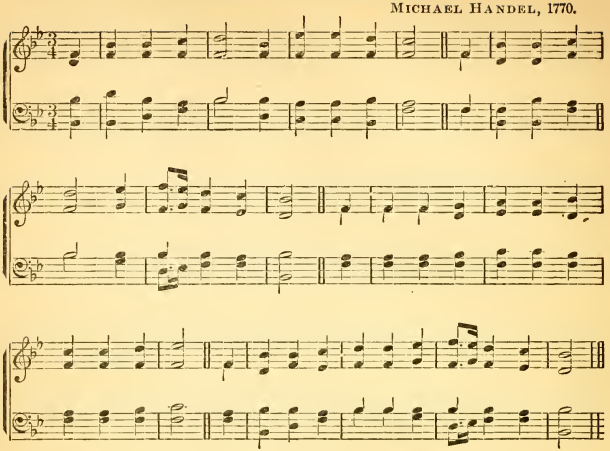
3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

W. H. MONK.

MICHAEL HANDEL, 1770.



409 10, 11.
THE PLENTEOUSNESS OF GRACE.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace:
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defense:
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence:
Since I have found favor, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

Charles Wesley.

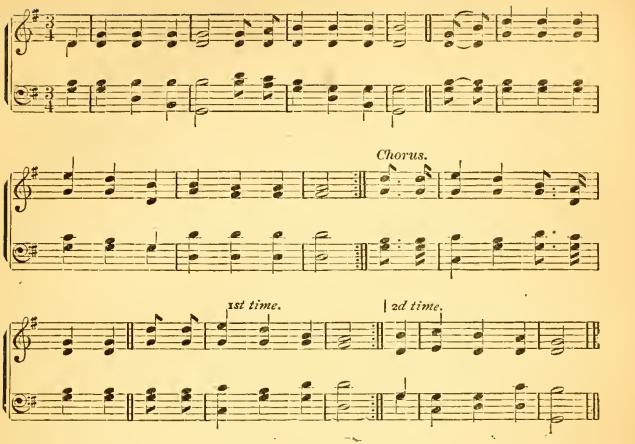
75 10, 11.
ADMIRATION FOR INFINITE LOVE.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim;
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh: his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne:"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

596 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 10, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we are weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

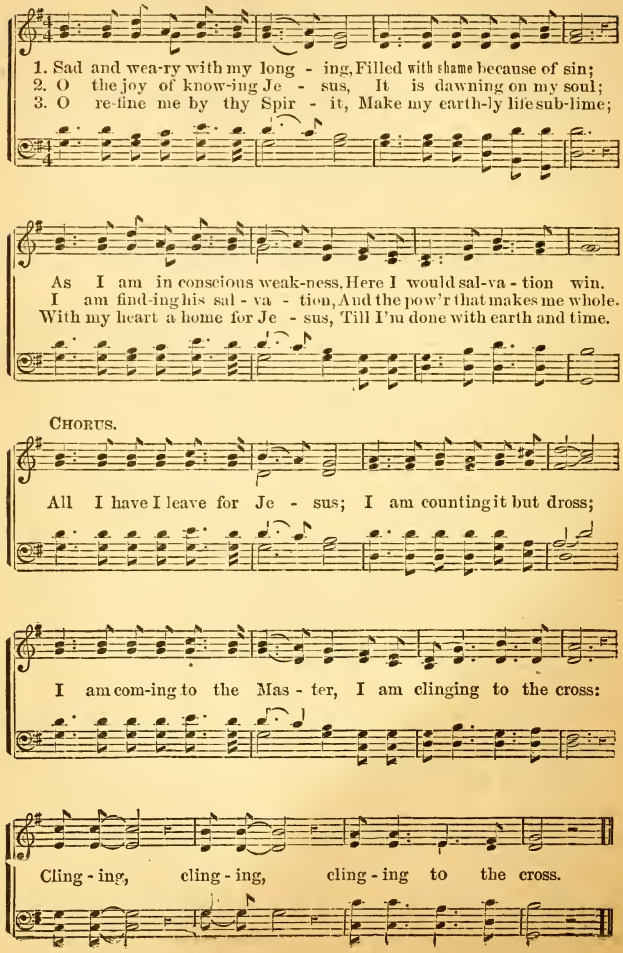
693 THE WAY PLAIN. 10, 11.

LET all men rejoice, By Jesus restored:
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall;
From all that oppress, He rescues us all.

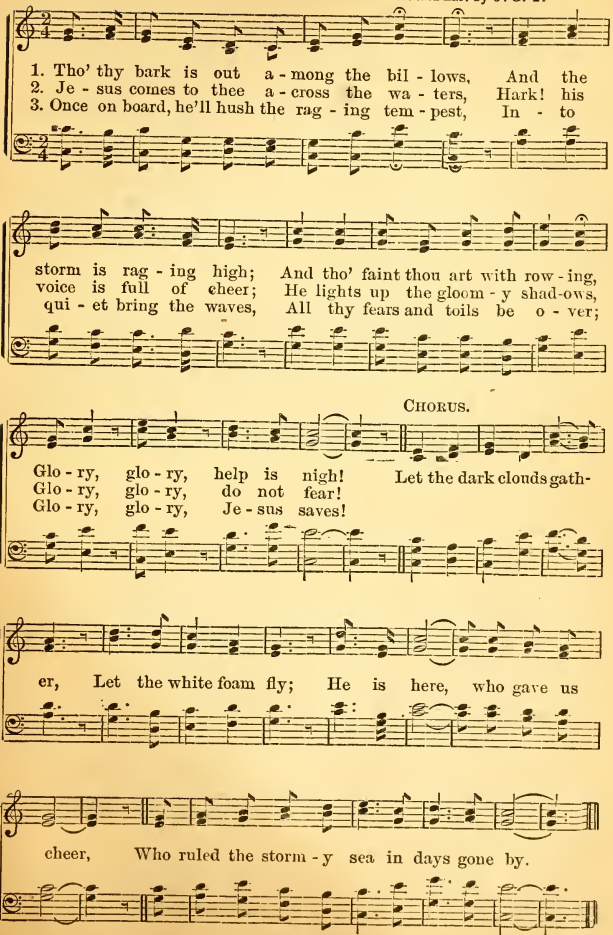
2 Him Prophet and King, And Priest we proclaim;
We triumph and sing Of Jesus's name:
The ransomed he teaches To show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom he
Takes into his school, And gives him to see:
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith,

Clinging to the Cross.

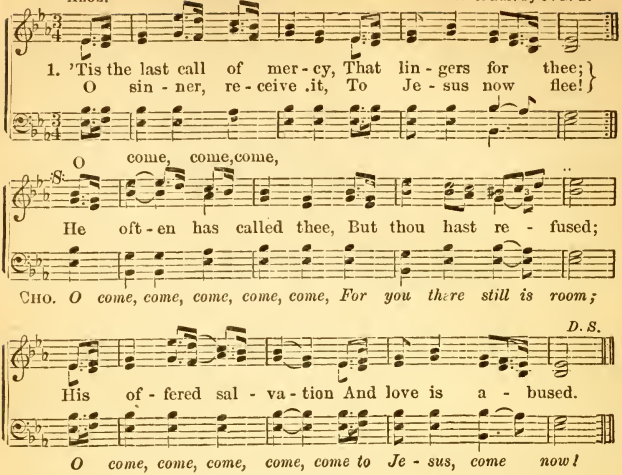
Rev. B. M. Adams. E. T. Coffin.

1. Sad and wea-ry with my long - ing, Filled with shame because of sin;
2. O the joy of know-ing Je - sus, It is dawning on my soul;
3. O re-fine me by thy Spir - it, Make my earth-ly life sub-lime;
As I am in conscious weak-ness, Here I would sal-va - tion win.
I am find-ing his sal - va - tion, And the pow'r that makes me whole.
With my heart a home for Je - sus, Till I'm done with earth and time.
Chorus.
All I have I leave for Je - sus; I am counting it but dross;
I am com-ing to the Mas - ter, I am clinging to the cross:
Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing to the cross.

J. G. T. Arr. and har. by J. G. T.


1. Tho' thy bark is out a - mong the bil - lows, And the
2. Je - sus comes to thee a - cross the wa - ters, Hark! his
3. Once on board, he'll hush the rag - ing tem - pest, In - to
storm is rag - ing high; And tho' faint thou art with row - ing,
voice is full of cheer; He lights up the gloom - y shad-ows,
qui - et bring the waves, All thy fears and toils be o - ver;
Chorus.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, help is nigh! Let the dark clouds gath-
Glo - ry, glo - ry, do not fear!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves!
er, Let the white foam fly; He is here, who gave us
cheer, Who ruled the storm - y sea in days gone by.

The Last Call.

Anon. Arr. & har. by J. G. T.


1. 'Tis the last call of mer - cy, That lin - gers for thee;
O sin - ner, re - ceive it, To Je - sus now flee!
O come, come, come,
He oft - en has called thee, But thou hast re - fused;
Cho. O come, come, come, come, come, For you there still is room;
D. S.
His of - fered sal - va - tion And love is a - bused.
O come, come, come, come, come to Je - sus, come now!

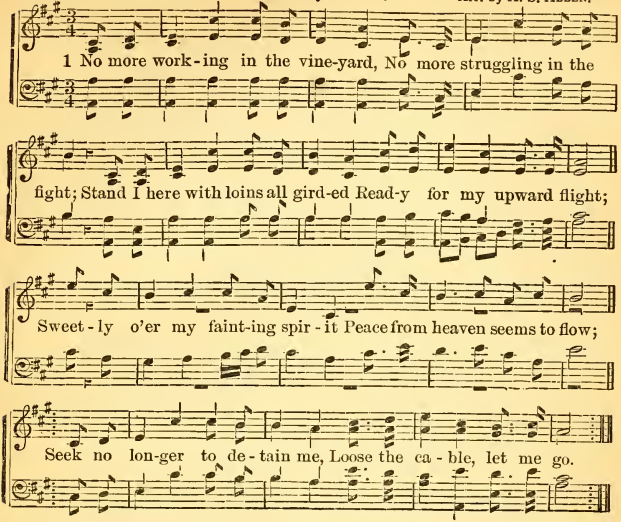
2 If thou slightest this warning,
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning,
"The harvest is past,
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon no more."

3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh, come to life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam!

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart!
The last note is sounding,
The judgment is nigh!
The Bridegroom is coming,
Obey lest ye die.

5 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Break away from thy bondage,
O sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner,
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended,"
And perish at last.

Melody by J. W. DADMUN. Words by CHISLON. Arr. by A. S. ALLEN.


1 No more work-ing in the vine-yard, No more struggling in the
fight; Stand I here with loins all gird-ed Read-y for my upward flight;
Sweet-ly o'er my faint-ing spir-it Peace from heaven seems to flow;
Seek no lon-ger to de-tain me, Loose the ca-ble, let me go.

Holy angels round me hover,
Their light forms I almost see;
Golden harp and crown immortal
They are holding out to me;
Endless joys, eternal pleasures,
Soon on me they will bestow;
From their presence do not keep me,
Loose the cable, let me go.

3 But a little season only,
Ere the hearts that here are one,
Shall forever be united
In the realm beyond the sun.
Love cannot be quenched by dying,
But will stronger, purer grow;
Wipe away the tears at parting,
Loose the cable, let me go.

4 When so near the Holy City,
Even at its pearly gate,
While its songs are wafted to me,
Would you have me longer wait?
O, the joy that fills this moment,
O, the happiness I know!
Seek no longer to detain me,
Loose the cable, let me go!

322 THE DYING CHRISTIAN. 8, 7.

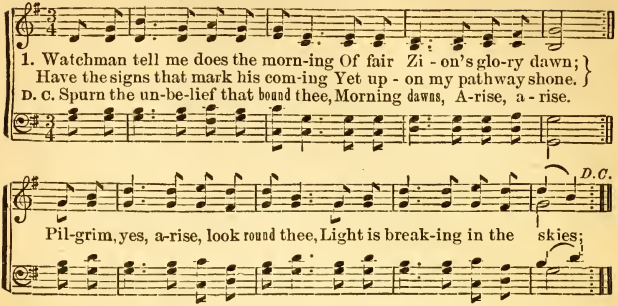
HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go,—the angel guards attending,—
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley.

Watchman. 8s & 7s.

From "New Golden Censer." Biglow & Main. *Fine.*


1. Watchman tell me does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo-ry dawn;
Have the signs that mark his com-ing Yet up - on my pathway shone.
D. C. Spurn the un-be-lief that bound thee, Morning dawns, A-rise, a - rise.
D.C.
Pil-grim, yes, a-rise, look round thee, Light is break-ing in the skies;

2 Sea the glorious light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near.
Watchman! yes; I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone.
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day.
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers;
On just yonder; O how cheering!
Bloom forever Eden bowers.
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions! hear their singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

Land of Beulah.

I AM dwelling on the mountain
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty,
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

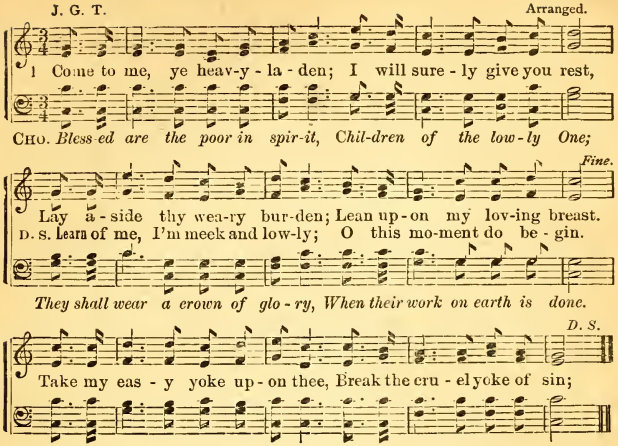
Cho.—O yes, this is the land of Beulah,
Blessed blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way;
But the Spirit led unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay;
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of burdens hard to bear;
For I find this great salvation,
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the Cross.

5 O! the Cross has wondrous glory,
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
I have trod this way before thee,"
And the glory lingers near.


J. G. T.
Arranged.
1 Come to me, ye heav-y - la - den; I will sure - ly give you rest,
Cho. Bless-ed are the poor in spir-it, Chil-dren of the low - ly One;
Fine.
Lay a - side thy wea-ry bur-den; Lean up - on my lov-ing breast.
D. S. Learn of me, I'm meek and low-ly; O this mo-ment do be - gin.
They shall wear a crown of glo - ry, When their work on earth is done.
D. S.
Take my eas - y yoke up - on thee, Break the cru - el yoke of sin;

2 Tho' my throne is in the Heavens;
And the earth beneath my feet,
Heaven and earth cannot contain me,
And no place is for me meet;
Yet my eyes are on the lowly,
In their hearts I choose a place;
They shall reign for ever with me;
They shall stand before my face.

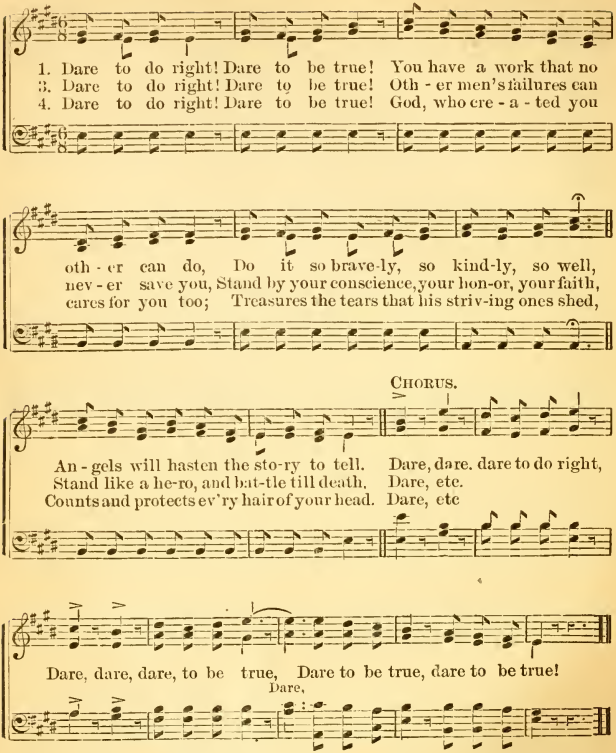
3 Like a little child come to me;
Listen to my every word;
Taking what I offer freely
Trusting me your only Lord.
I will give to you the kingdom,
Righteousness and peace and joy;
Honors, far above earth's brightest;
Wealth indeed without alloy.

4 Would'st thou bring to me an offering?
Pour oblations at my feet?
I will tell thee what is precious,
What to me I deem most sweet.
'Tis a broken, contrite spirit;
One that trembles at my word;
One that will obey me ever;
Trust me as its gracious Lord.

5 I am waiting to receive thee;
Open are my loving arms.
I have died that I might win thee;
Spread for thee my richest charms
O come quickly to your Saviour,
Ere he grieved shall turn away;
Close for you the door of mercy,
End for you the gospel day.

Dare to Do Right.

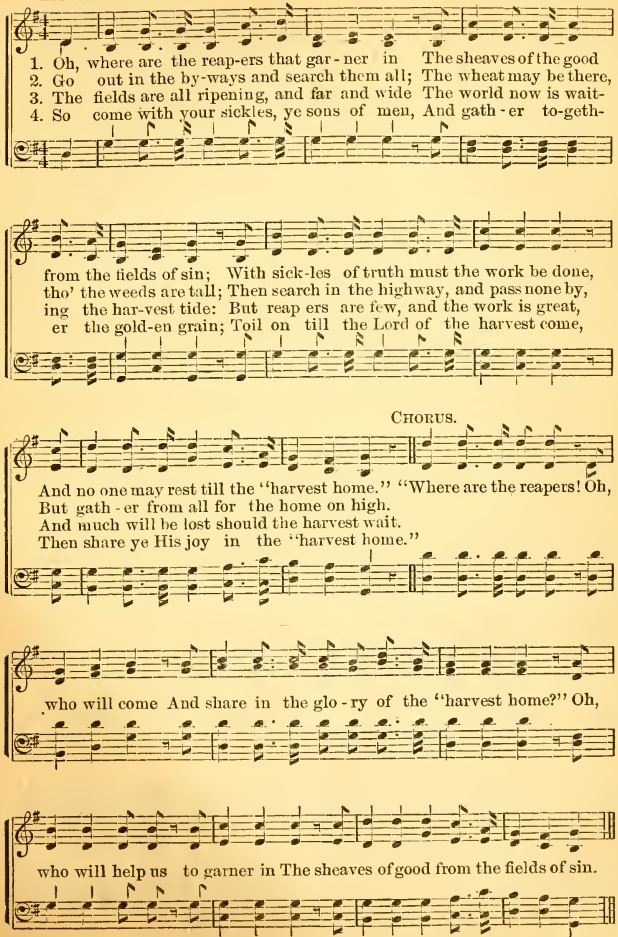
Rev. G. L. Taylor. W. B. Bradbury.


1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do, Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well,
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth - er men's failures can nev - er save you, Stand by your conscience, your hon-or, your faith,
4. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre - a - ted you cares for you too; Treasures the tears that his striv-ing ones shed,
Chorus.
An - gels will hasten the sto-ry to tell. Dare, dare, dare to do right,
Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle till death. Dare, etc.
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head. Dare, etc
Dare, dare, dare, to be true, Dare to be true, dare to be true!
Dare,

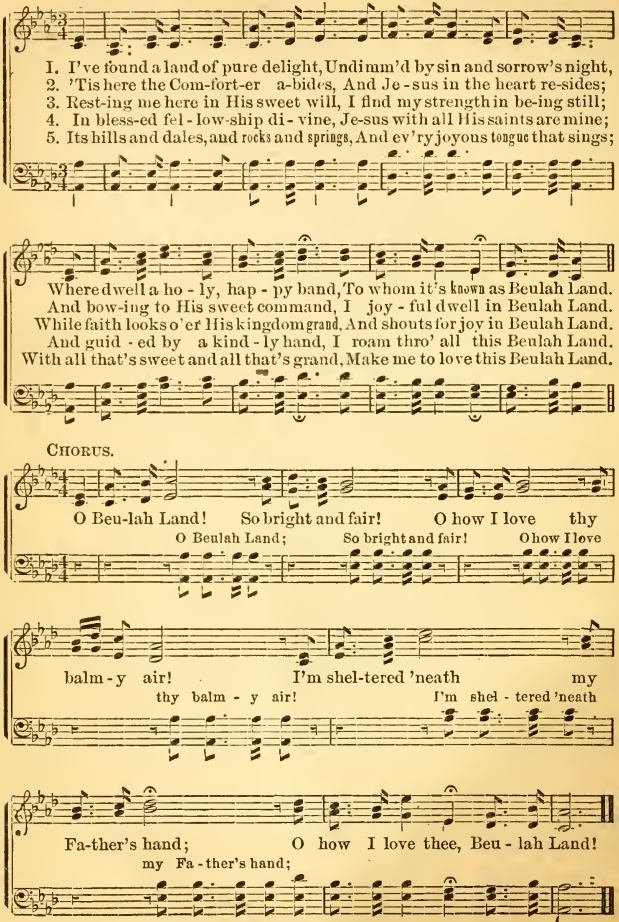
4 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels and men.
Dare, dare, etc.

5 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Jesus, your Savior, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare, dare, etc.

EERN E. REXFORD. *Moderato.* GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields are all ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-
from the fields of sin; With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
ing the har-vest tide: But reap ers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
CHORUS.
And no one may rest till the "harvest home." "Where are the reapers! Oh,
But gath-er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."
who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,
who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

New Beulah Land.

Rev. J. G. Terrill. Rev. F. A. Smith.

I. I've found a land of pure delight, Undimm'd by sin and sorrow's night,
2. 'Tis here the Com-fort-er a-bides, And Je-sus in the heart re-sides;
3. Rest-ing me here in His sweet will, I find my strength in be-ing still;
4. In bless-ed fel-low-ship di-vine, Je-sus with all His saints are mine;
5. Its hills and dales, and rocks and springs, And ev'ry joyous tongue that sings;
Where dwell a ho-ly, hap-py band, To whom it's known as Beulah Land.
And bow-ing to His sweet command, I joy-ful dwell in Beulah Land.
While faith looks o'er His kingdom grand, And shouts for joy in Beulah Land.
And guid-ed by a kind-ly hand, I roam thro' all this Beulah Land.
With all that's sweet and all that's grand, Make me to love this Beulah Land.
Chorus.
O Beu-lah Land! So bright and fair! O how I love thy
O Beulah Land; So bright and fair! O how I love
balm-y air! I'm shel-tered 'neath my
thy balm-y air! I'm shel-tered 'neath
Fa-ther's hand; O how I love thee, Beu-lah Land!
my Fa-ther's hand;

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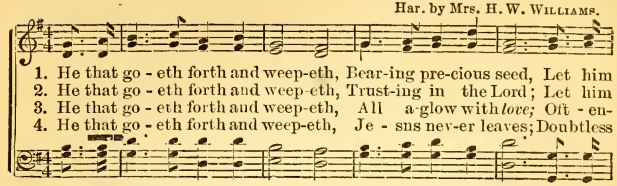
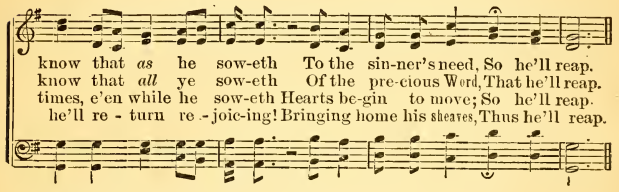
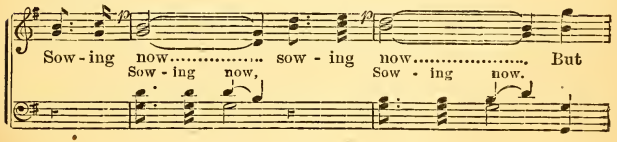
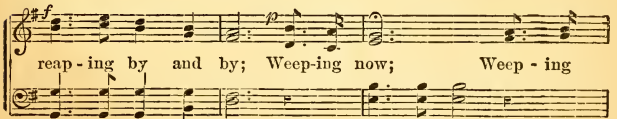
J. E. Hall. Rev. F. A. Smith.
Har. by Mrs. H. W. Williams.

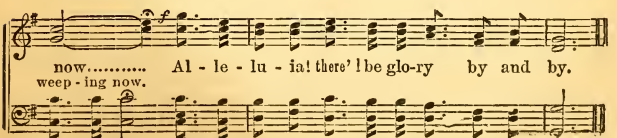

1. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, Bear-ing pre-cious seed, Let him
2. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, Trust-ing in the Lord; Let him
3. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, All a-glow with *love;* Oft - en-
4. He that go - eth forth and weep-eth, Je - sus nev-er leaves; Doubtless


know that *as* he sow-eth To the sin-ner's need, So he'll reap.
know that *all* ye sow-eth Of the pre-cious Word, That he'll reap.
times, e'en while he sow-eth Hearts be-gin to move; So he'll reap.
he'll re - turn re - joic-ing! Bringing home his sheaves, Thus he'll reap.

Chorus.







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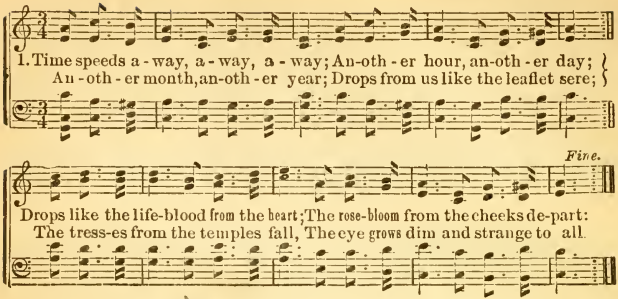
Time Speeds Away.

Arr. and Har. by J. G. T.


1. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way; An-oth - er hour, an-oth - er day;
An - oth - er month, an-oth - er year; Drops from us like the leaflet sere;
Fine.
Drops like the life-blood from the heart; The rose-bloom from the cheeks de-part:
The tress-es from the temples fall, The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrents in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and blasts the flower;
He tears from our distracted breasts
The friends we loved, the friends that blest,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away;
No eagle through the sky of day,
No winds along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he;
Like fiery steeds, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

4 Time speeds away, away, away;
O sinners, turn without delay.
With rapid strides you onward go,
Down through the tomb, to endless woe.
The door'll be shut; make haste, make haste;
In outer darkness you'll be cast;
Then what will be your dreadful state,
To hear pronounced, "Too late, too late!"

357 Desiring Conviction

L. M. 61.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds,
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look; my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

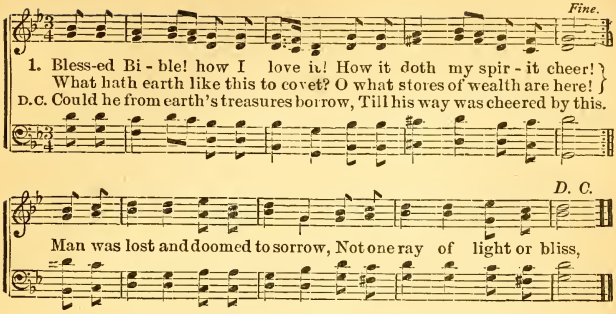
2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Foreseeing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call;
And, ere I speak, thou knowest them all.

3 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the poverty I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray.
My business this, my only care,
My life my every breath, be prayer.

C. Wesley.

Har. by J. G. T.


Fine.
1. Bless-ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my spir - it cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet? O what stores of wealth are here!
D.C. Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.
D. C.
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow, Not one ray of light or bliss,

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word! I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life will guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

Phœbe Palmer.

8s & 7s.

CHEER THEE, BROTHER.

CHEER thee, brother—art thou weary,
Toiling in a thirsty land?
Tho' the soil be rough and sterile,
Plant thy seed with bounteous hand.

CHO. Work and watch with every hour,
Thou shalt labor not in vain,
Sown in weakness, raised in power,
Thou shalt reap thy shock of grain.

2 Do thy warnings seem unheeded?
Words like drops of rain may fall,
And thy warnings, if repeated,
May an erring soul recall.

3 Brother, do not be discouraged;
Shouldst thou gather for the Lord
One bright sheaf to crown the harvest,
Would it not thy toil reward?

4 Dost thou pray in faith believing,
When a cloud is o'er thee cast?
God perhaps may stay the answer,
But 't will surely come at last.

Fannie Crosby.

CHRISTIAN WORK. 8s & 7s.

GOD, who gave us each a talent,
To employ it gave command;
If we hide it in a napkin,
He will claim it at our hand.

CHOR. Let us then be up and doing,
Keeping still this truth in view
Tho' our path be e'er so humble,
We have all a work to do.

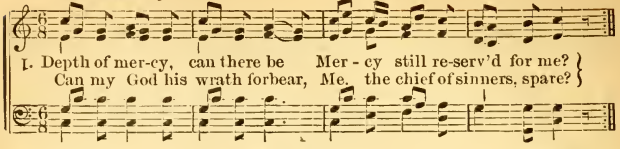
2 With the heralds of the Gospel,
If we can not bear a part,
We can drop a word of kindness
That may reach some careless heart.

3 We may touch a chord of feeling
Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep;
To the blessed fold of Jesus
We may bring some wand'ring sheep.

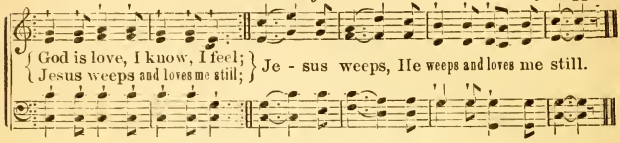
Anon

Depth of Mercy. 7s.

Moderato Legato. W. H. Roberts.

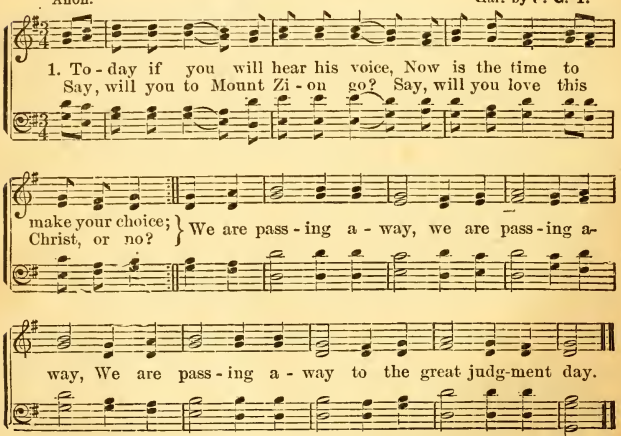


Chorus. *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp.*



Passing Away.

Anon. Har. by F. C. T.


1. To - day if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to
Say, will you to Mount Zi - on go? Say, will you love this
make your choice;
Christ, or no?
We are pass - ing a - way, we are pass - ing a-
way, We are pass - ing a - way to the great judg-ment day.

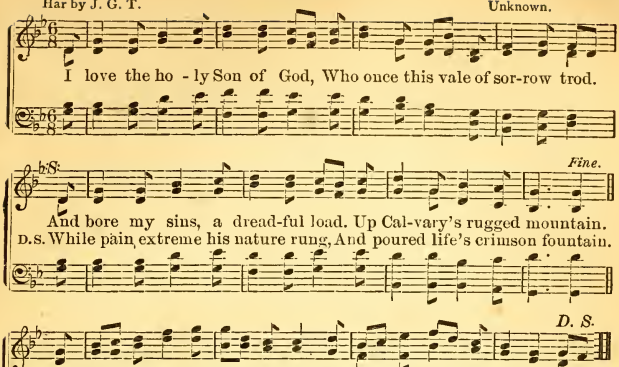
2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you with Christ forever rest?

3 Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

4 Your sports, and all your glittering toys
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

Abel.

Har by J. G. T. — Unknown.


I love the ho - ly Son of God, Who once this vale of sor-row trod.
Fine.
And bore my sins, a dread-ful load. Up Cal-vary's rugged mountain.
D.S. While pain extreme his nature rung, And poured life's crimson fountain.
D. S.
There on the cross he mournful hung, The sport of many an impious tongue.

602 Resting in Jesus. 88, 86.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thy arm thou biddest me lean
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to rest in thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine,
E'en as the branches in the vine
My soul shall rest in thee.

3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here has she found her place of rest;
An exile still, though not unblessed,
While she can rest in thee.

4 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss,
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to rest in thee.

5 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that rests on thee.

6 They fear not Satan, nor the grave,
They feel thee near and strong to save;
Nor dread to cross e'en death's cold wave,
Because they rest in thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

68 Love to Christ Crucified. 8, 7.

I LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
And bore our sins, a dreadful load,
On Calvary's sacred mountain;
There on the cross he mournful hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pains immense his nature wrung,
And streamed life's crimson fountain.

2 Ne'er was, nor shall be such distress,
Nor such amazing proof as this,
Of mercy, love and tenderness,
That our Redeemer's given;
Not one, among the hosts above,
Can comprehend the matchless love
Which did within his bosom move
And bring him down from heaven.

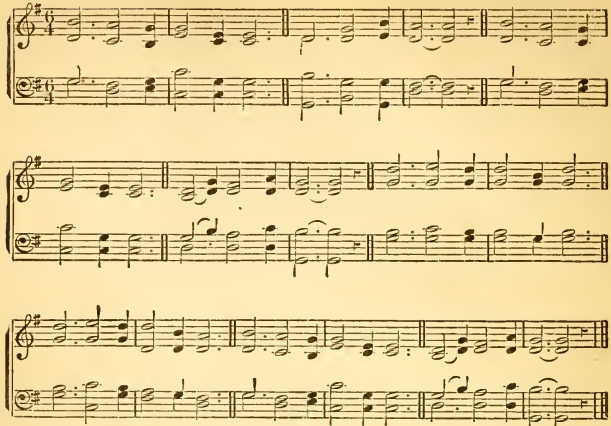
3 How ardent ought my love to be
For him who's done so much for me;
My service constant, faithful, free,
And all my powers employing;
I ought his cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glory there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

4 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath himself in me revealed;
For all my sins a pardon sealed;
I feel his blessed favor:
In him I do and will rejoice,
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In heaven above forever.

Rev. Asa Abel.

Bethany. 6464, 6664.

Dr. L. MASON.



528 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6, 4 6.

NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

6 Thou by whose cross I rise,
Saviour benign!
Help me to grasp the prize,
That life divine:
May I thy glory see,
And be eternally
Nearer to thee!

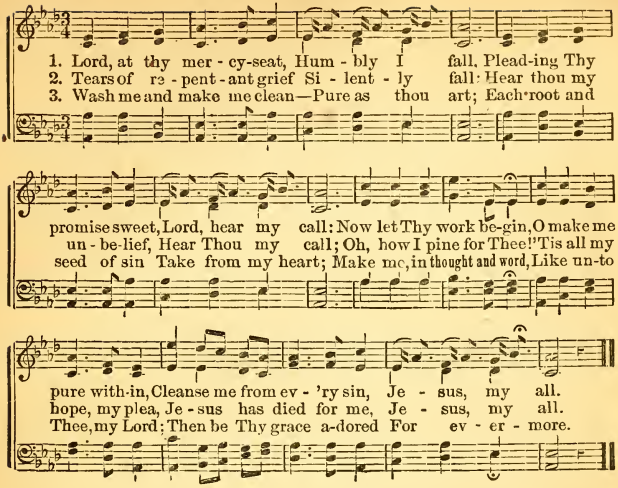
Sarah F. Adams, & A. B. Garrett.

FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT DIVINE. 6s & 4s.

FOUNTAIN of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

2 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

Hastings


1. Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum - bly I fall, Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall: Hear thou my
3. Wash me and make me clean—Pure as thou art; Each root and
promise sweet, Lord, hear my call: Now let Thy work be-gin, O make me
un - be-lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee! 'Tis all my
seed of sin Take from my heart; Make me, in thought and word, Like un-to
pure with-in, Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
hope, my plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
Thee, my Lord: Then be Thy grace a-dored For ev - er - more.

JESUS, MY LORD. 6s & 4s.

JESUS, thy name I love,
Jesus, my Lord!
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou blessed Son of God,
Jesus, my Lord!
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Jesus, my Lord!
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
Jesus, my Lord!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then ever more with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

IS JESUS THINE? 6s & 4s.

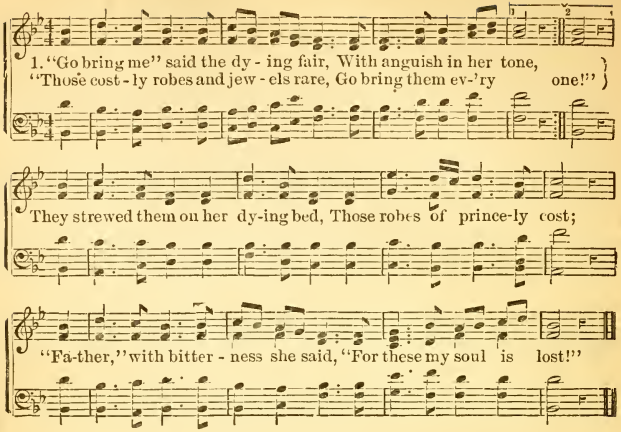
SAY, hast thou found a friend?
Is Jesus thine?
His love shall never end—
Is Jesus thine?
Earth's pleasures may decrease,
All human friendship cease,
Wouldst thou have lasting peace?
Take Jesus thine.

2 He is a friend indeed—
Is Jesus thine?
He'll be the friend you need—
Is Jesus thine?
He's knocking—let him in!
There's no other friend like him,
He'll cleanse your soul from sin;
Take Jesus thine.

Allandale. C. M.

Har. by J. G. T.

Unknown.


1. "Go bring me" said the dy - ing fair, With anguish in her tone,
"Those cost - ly robes and jew - els rare, Go bring them ev-'ry one!"
They strewed them on her dy-ing bed, Those robes of prince-ly cost;
"Fa-ther," with bitter - ness she said, "For these my soul is lost!"

2 With glorious hopes I once was blest
Nor feared the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my breast
I looked for heaven to come.
I heard a Saviour's pardoning voice,
My soul was filled with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys;
I bartered heaven for these.

3 Take them, they are the price of blood
For them I lost my soul;
For them must bear the wrath of God,
While ceaseless ages roll:
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom;
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

4 "Go bear them from my sight and touch,
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care,—they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear—"
She said, and sunk away.

Anon.

Poor Pilgrims.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHORUS:

I'd rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

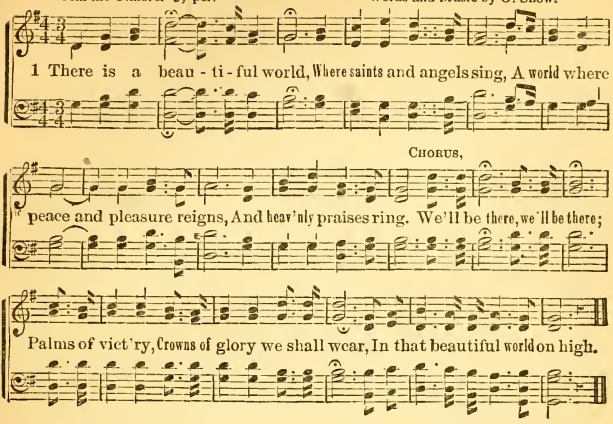
2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King—
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love to keep his ways.

5 Unknown of men they walk with God;
His name their foreheads bear;
And homeward to their blest abode,
They press by faith and prayer.

From the Timbrel by per. Words and Music by O. Snow.


1 There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and angels sing, A world where
CHORUS,
peace and pleasure reigns, And hear'nly praises ring. We'll be there, we'll be there;
Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glory we shall wear, In that beautiful world on high.

2 There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.

3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there:
That home is fair and bright.

4 There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
Oh! may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.

PRODIGAL'S ARRIVAL.

Tune Allandale. Page 212.

OH! I have spent my all in sin,
My fears begin to rise,
All wretchedness and dark within,
I dare not lift my eyes.
O my injured Jesus,
Lamb for sinners slain, [home,
Though I have wandered from my
I would come back again.

2 These wretched husks I cannot bear,
While Father's house is full;
I see my distant home afar,
But Oh! my spirit fails.
Oh! my injured Jesus,
Lamb for sinners slain, [home,
Though I have wandered from my
I am coming back again.

3 These tattered robes, how bad they look
What will my Father say?
Oh! can he take his lost one back?
Oh! will he hear me pray?
O my Redeemer!
Saviour crucified!
All foul and guilty as I am,
I am coming to thy side.

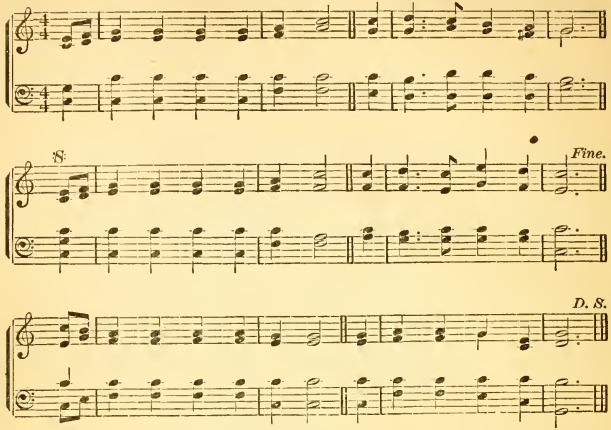
4 Yes I will take my journey back,
Unto my Father's home;
I'll say I've sinned in thy sight,
And lo! I am undone.
O friend of pilgrims,
Lamb for sinners slain.
I'm on my way to Father's home,
I am coming back again.

5 If I could see my Father's face,
And pledge my humble vows,
I'd only ask a servant's place
Within my Father's house
Alle., Alle., Allelujah
My Saviour's reconciled.
He sees me coming from afar,
And runs to meet his child.

6 My Father clasps me to his breast,
He owns me in my rags;
He kills for me the fatted calf,
And clothes, me with his robe.
Alle., Alle., Allelujah.
My Father's reconciled!
For me the house will now rejoice,
My Father owns his child.

Consecration. 7s & 6s.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, 1864.



848 ENTIRE CONSECRATION. C. M.

O WHO'LL stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?
And raise the blood-stained banner
Amid the hosts of sin?

CHORUS.

The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail! reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink and falter
Who'll glory in his NAME?

3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storms may blow,—
Though friends may go forever,
I will with Jesus go.

4 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice;
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

5 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

L. Hartsough.

EARNESTLY SEEKING.

TUNE:—Lischer. Page 125.

COME, my fond fluttering heart;
Come, you must now be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My weeping passions owns 'tis just,
Yet cling still closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets forbear,
Ye dearest idols fall:
My love you cannot share,
For Jesus must have all.
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But oh! you must consent, my heart.

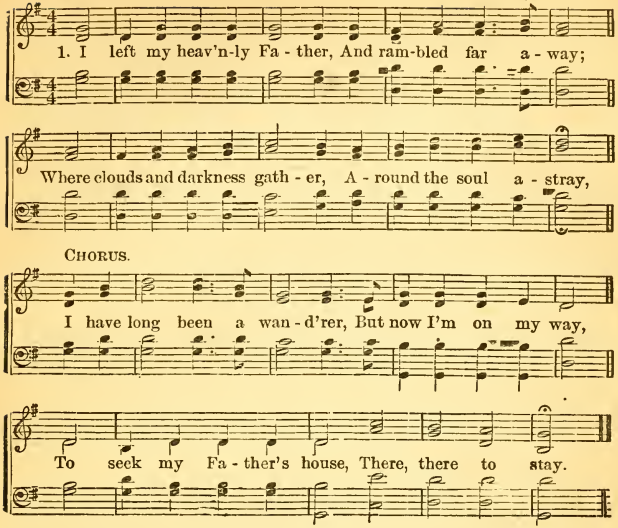
3 Ye fair enchanting throng;
Ye golden dreams, farewell;
Earth has prevailed too long;
Now I must break the spell.
Go, cherished joys of early years;
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 Welcome, thou bleeding cross;
Thou only way to God:
My former gains were loss;
My path was folly's road;
At last my heart is undeceived,
The world is given and God received.

Anon.

The Wanderer.

W. Hunter. Har. by J. G. T.


1. I left my heav'n-ly Fa - ther, And ram-bled far a - way;
Where clouds and darkness gath - er, A - round the soul a - stray,
Chorus.
I have long been a wan - d'rer, But now I'm on my way,
To seek my Fa - ther's house, There, there to stay.

2 My heart His counsel spurning
On folly madly bent—
Far from His presence turning,
Sad years of sin I spent.

3 Reduced to want and sorrow,
My patrimony fled,
I could not beg nor borrow
A single crumb of bread;

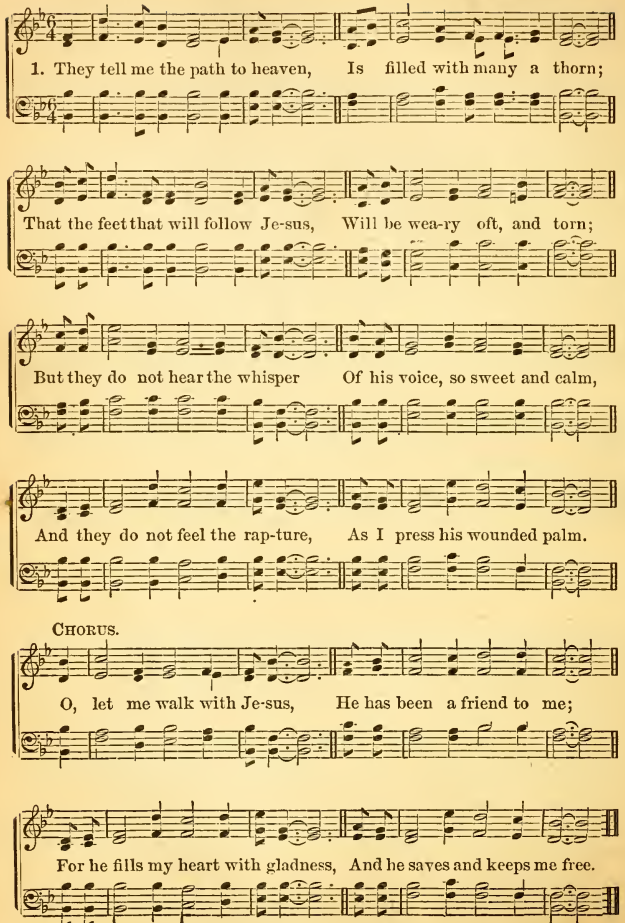
4 My sins had nigh undone me—
I cried, Where shall I flee?
My Father may disown me,
But I will go and see.

5 To Him my sins confessing,
Relying on His grace,
I'll ask a lowly blessing—
An humble servant's place.

6 There I will stay my hunger,
His gates are almost seen;
My faith is getting stronger,
That he will let me in.

7 Once safe within His portals,
My sorrows will be o'er;
The happiest of mortals,
I'll wander never more.

My Friend.

F. A. M. Rev. F. A. Miller.

1. They tell me the path to heaven, Is filled with many a thorn;
That the feet that will follow Je-sus, Will be wea-ry oft, and torn;
But they do not hear the whisper Of his voice, so sweet and calm,
And they do not feel the rap-ture, As I press his wounded palm.
Chorus.
O, let me walk with Je-sus, He has been a friend to me;
For he fills my heart with gladness, And he saves and keeps me free.

Copyright, 1886, by T. B. Arnold.

2 They say there are heavy crosses,
And burdens many to bear:
That the way is too straight and narrow,
And the sun shines seldom there;
But around the cross there's glory,
And his strong arm bears my load,
And his loving smile is sunshine,
And he gives me naught but good.

3 They tell me the way is threatened
With clouds and many a storm;
But I hide in the "Rock of Ages,"
Until all without is calm.
If my cup is sometimes bitter,
'Tis because "He knows" its best;
He but lets my feet grow weary,
That I may have sweeter rest. CHO.

(Slower.)

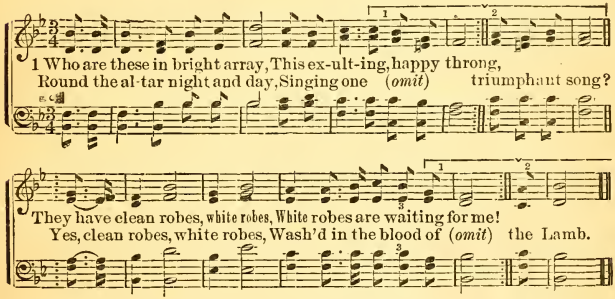
4 Oh, hearts that are crushed with sorrow,
Whose eyes with weeping are dim;
Weep not, for the Master calleth;
Bring your load of grief to him:
For he soothes the brow of sorrow,
And he calms the heaving breast,
And he heals the broken-hearted,
And he gives the weary rest.

(Last Chorus.)

O come and walk with Jesus,
He will be a friend to thee;
He will fill thy heart with gladness,
He will save and keep thee free.

White Robes. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.


1 Who are these in bright array, This ex-ult-ing, happy throng,
Round the al-tar night and day, Singing one (omit) triumphant song?
They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me!
Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of (omit) the Lamb.

2 These thro' fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.

529 FOR REVIVING GRACE. 7

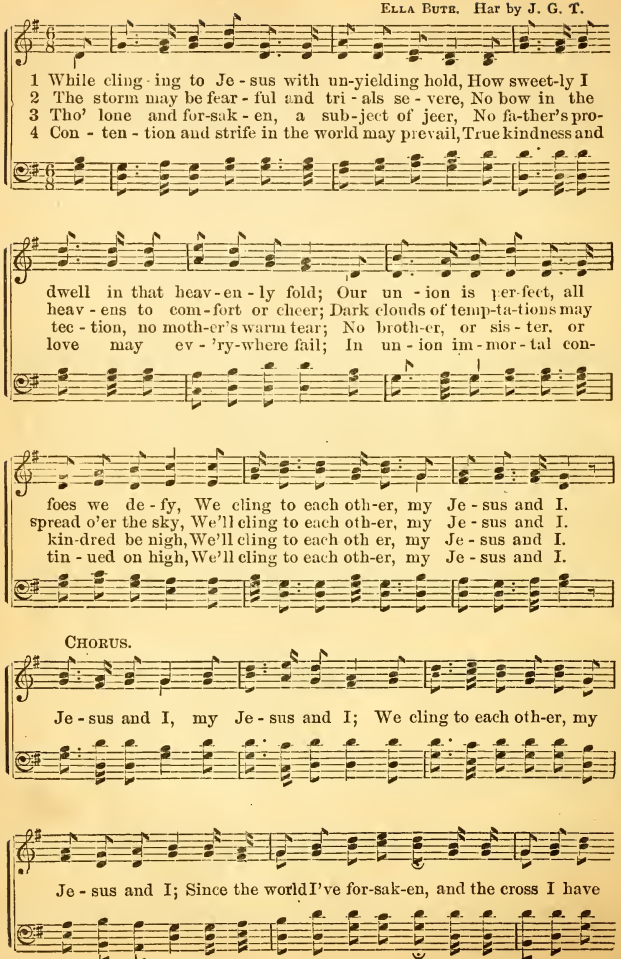
LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer:
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

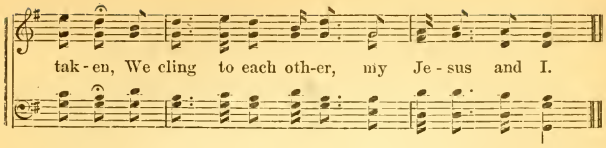
2 Come in this accepted hour:
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. Wesley.

Jesus and I.

ELLA BUTE. Har by J. G. T.

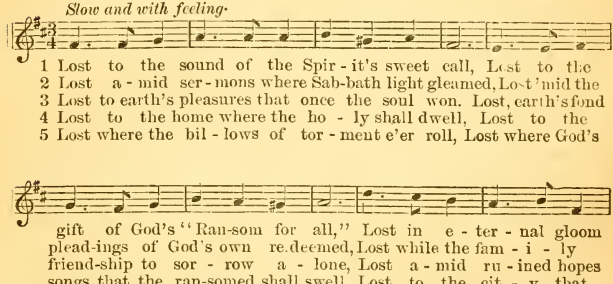

1 While cling - ing to Je - sus with un-yielding hold, How sweet-ly I
2 The storm may be fear - ful and tri - als se - vere, No bow in the
3 Tho' lone and for-sak - en, a sub-ject of jeer, No fa-ther's pro-
4 Con - ten - tion and strife in the world may prevail, True kindness and
dwell in that heav-en - ly fold; Our un - ion is per-fect, all
heav - ens to com-fort or cheer; Dark clouds of temp-ta-tions may
tec - tion, no moth-er's warm tear; No broth-er, or sis - ter, or
love may ev - 'ry-where fail; In un - ion im-mor - tal con-
foes we de - fy, We cling to each oth-er, my Je - sus and I.
spread o'er the sky, We'll cling to each oth-er, my Je - sus and I.
kin-dred be nigh, We'll cling to each oth er, my Je - sus and I.
tin - ued on high, We'll cling to each oth-er, my Je - sus and I.
CHORUS.
Je - sus and I, my Je - sus and I; We cling to each oth-er, my
Je - sus and I; Since the world I've for-sak-en, and the cross I have

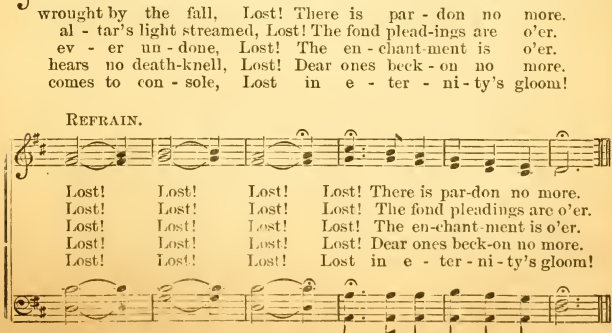


Lost!

F. A. M. *"The Harvest is past."*—Bible. F. A. MILLER.

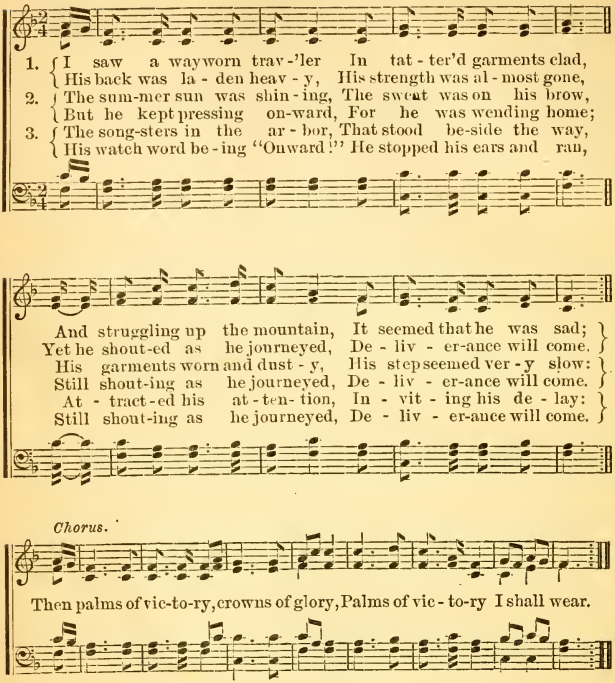
Slow and with feeling.


1 Lost to the sound of the Spir - it's sweet call, Lost to the
2 Lost a - mid ser - mons where Sab-bath light gleamed, Lost 'mid the
3 Lost to earth's pleasures that once the soul won. Lost, earth's fond
4 Lost to the home where the ho - ly shall dwell, Lost to the
5 Lost where the bil - lows of tor - ment e'er roll, Lost where God's
gift of God's "Ran-som for all," Lost in e - ter - nal gloom
plead-ings of God's own re-deemed, Lost while the fam - i - ly
friend-ship to sor - row a - lone, Lost a - mid ru - ined hopes
songs that the ran-somed shall swell, Lost to the cit - y that
wrath-flame en - vel - opes the soul, Lost where no gleam of hope
wrought by the fall, Lost! There is par - don no more.
al - tar's light streamed, Lost! The fond plead-ings are o'er.
ev - er un - done, Lost! The en - chant-ment is o'er.
hears no death-knell, Lost! Dear ones beck - on no more.
comes to con - sole, Lost in e - ter - ni - ty's gloom!

REFRAIN.

Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! There is par-don no more.
Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! The fond pleadings are o'er.
Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! The en-chant-ment is o'er.
Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Dear ones beck-on no more.
Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost in e - ter - ni - ty's gloom!

Deliverance will Come.

J. B. M. Rev. J. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.


1. I saw a way-worn trav-'ler In tat-ter'd garments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept pressing on-ward, For he was wending home;
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,
His watch word be-ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,
And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His garments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Chorus.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glory, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

721 THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM. 7, 6.

1 I'M going to Mount Zion,
The city of my God;
To join the ransomed millions,
Within that blest abode.
Enrobed in spotless garments,
Washed white in Jesus' blood,
They bear the palms of victory,
In the city of my God.

2 I'm going to see Jesus,
In the city of my God;
And view him in his glory
Without a dimming cloud;
To take the crown and kingdom
He purchased with his blood;
And reign with him forever,
In the city of my God.

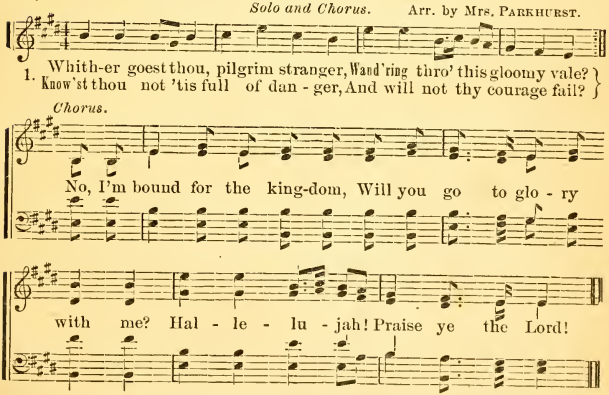
3 Thou breakest on my vision,
O city of my God;
Thy groves of life unfading,
Along the crystal flood;
Thy golden streets transparent,
By shining millions trod,
And all thy mystic wonders,
O city of my God.

4 I hear thy triumphs ringing,
Thou city of my God;
The voice of countless myriads,
As mighty thunders loud;
Which rolls the eternal anthem
Throughout thy high abode;
Shaking thy fixed splendors,
O city of my God.

J. McCreery.

Pilgrim Stranger. 8s & 7s.

Solo and Chorus. Arr. by MRS. PARKHURST.


1. Whith-er goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of dan - ger, And will not thy courage fail?
Chorus.
No, I'm bound for the king-dom, Will you go to glo - ry
with me? Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through the waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blest with such a guide.

3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

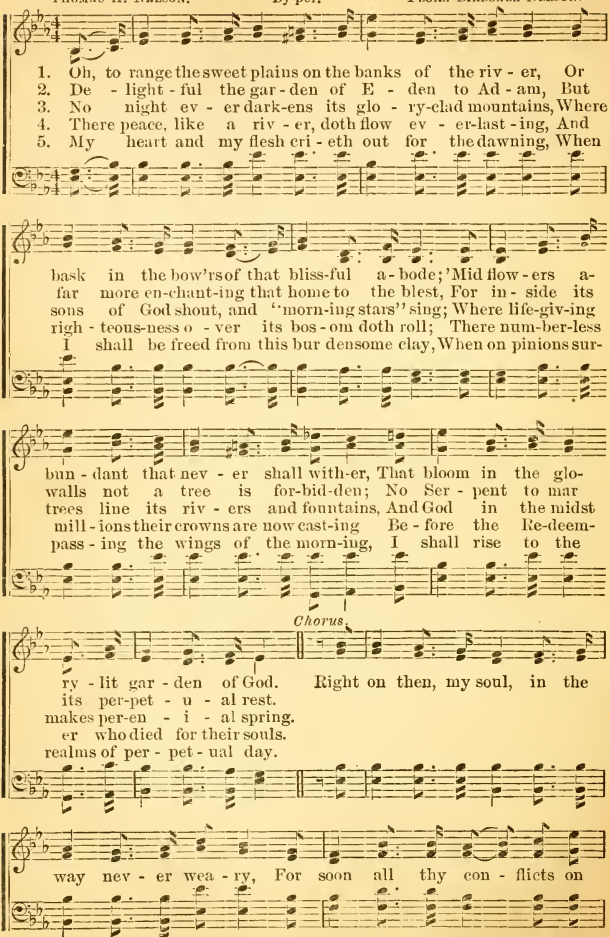
4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end,

The Paradise of God.

THOMAS H. NELSON. By per. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.


1. Oh, to range the sweet plains on the banks of the riv - er, Or bask in the bow'rs of that bliss-ful a - bode; 'Mid flow - ers a-
2. De - light - ful the gar - den of E - den to Ad - am, But far more en-chant-ing that home to the blest, For in - side its
3. No night ev - er dark-ens its glo - ry-clad mountains, Where sons of God shout, and "morn-ing stars" sing; Where life-giv-ing
4. There peace, like a riv - er, doth flow ev - er-last - ing, And righ - teous-ness o - ver its bos - om doth roll; There num-ber-less
5. My heart and my flesh cri - eth out for the dawning, When I shall be freed from this bur densome clay, When on pinions sur-
bun - dant that nev - er shall with-er, That bloom in the glo-
walls not a tree is for-bid-den; No Ser - pent to mar
trees line its riv - ers and fountains, And God in the midst
mill - ions their crowns are now cast-ing Be - fore the Re-deem-
pass - ing the wings of the morn-ing, I shall rise to the
Chorus.
ry - lit gar - den of God. Right on then, my soul, in the
its per-pet - u - al rest.
makes per-en - i - al spring.
er who died for their souls.
realms of per - pet - ual day.
way nev - er wea - ry, For soon all thy con - flicts on

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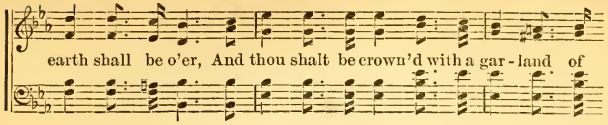
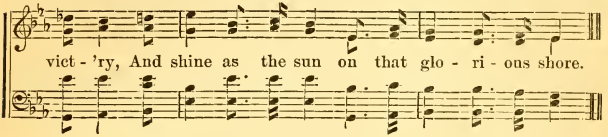
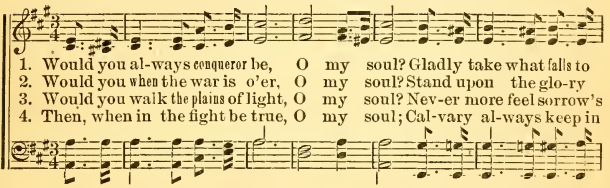
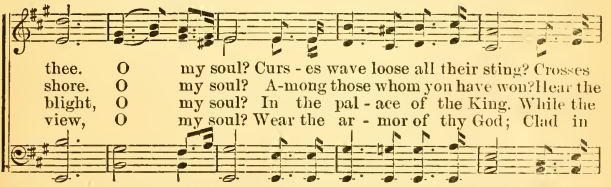
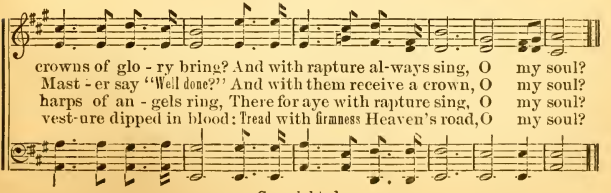


O My Soul.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.

1. Would you al-ways conqueror be, O my soul? Gladly take what falls to
2. Would you when the war is o'er, O my soul? Stand upon the glo-ry
3. Would you walk the plains of light, O my soul? Nev-er more feel sorrow's
4. Then, when in the fight be true, O my soul; Cal-vary al-ways keep in


thee. O my soul? Curs - es wave loose all their sting? Crosses
shore. O my soul? A-mong those whom you have won? Hear the
blight, O my soul? In the pal - ace of the King. While the
view, O my soul? Wear the ar - mor of thy God; Clad in


crowns of glo - ry bring? And with rapture al-ways sing, O my soul?
Mast - er say "Well done?" And with them receive a crown, O my soul?
harps of an - gels ring, There for aye with rapture sing, O my soul?
vest-ure dipped in blood: Tread with firmness Heaven's road, O my soul?

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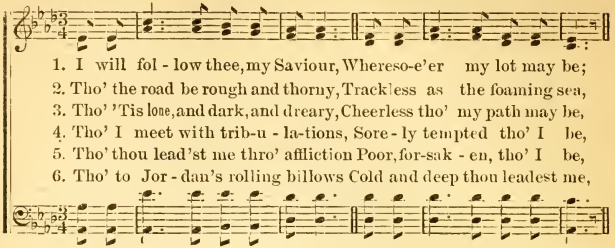
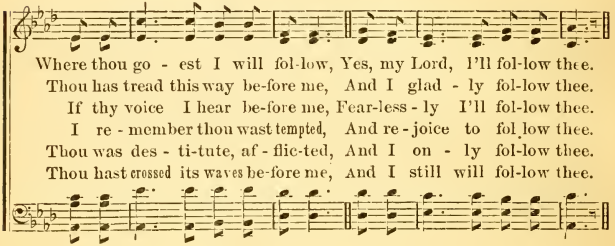
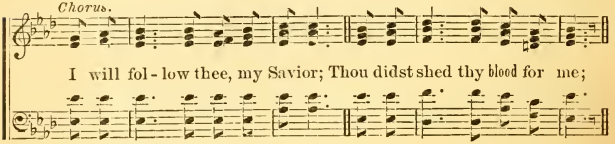
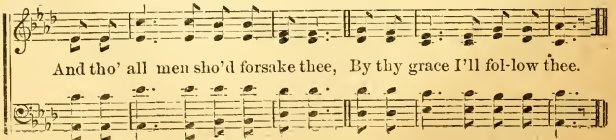
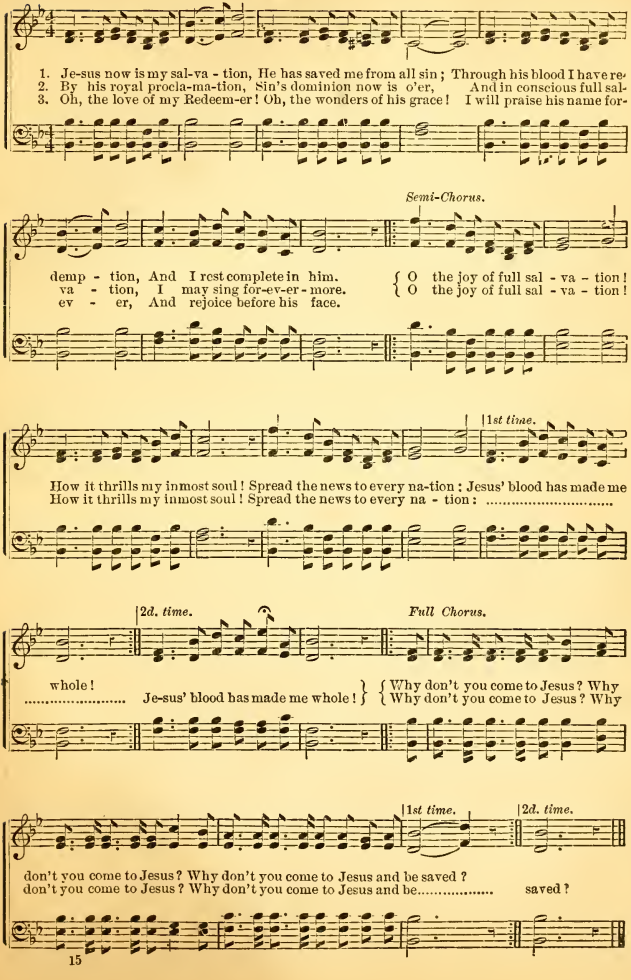
I Will Follow Thee.

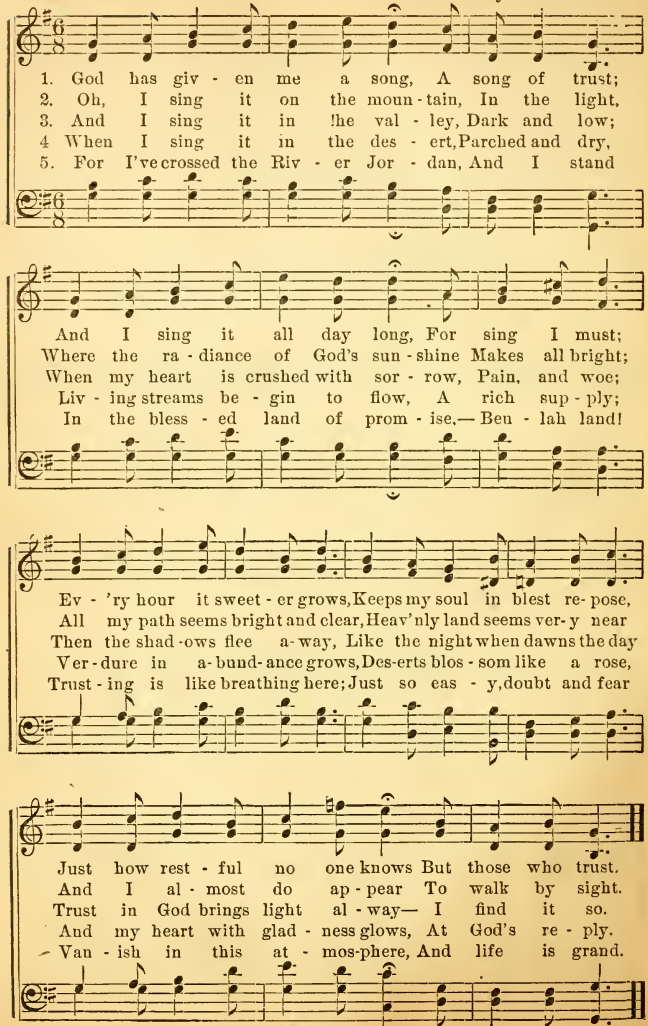
Guide to Holiness. Words and Music by JAS. L., Elginburg, C. W.


1. I will fol - low thee, my Saviour, Whereso-e'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' 'Tis lone, and dark, and dreary, Cheerless tho' my path may be,
4. Tho' I meet with trib-u - la-tions, Sore - ly tempted tho' I be,
5. Tho' thou lead'st me thro' affliction Poor, for-sak - en, tho' I be,
6. Tho' to Jor - dan's rolling billows Cold and deep thou leadest me,


Where thou go - est I will fol-low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
Thou has tread this way be-fore me, And I glad - ly fol-low thee.
If thy voice I hear be-fore me, Fear-less - ly I'll fol-low thee.
I re - member thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol low thee.
Thou was des - ti-tute, af - flic-ted, And I on - ly fol-low thee.
Thou hast crossed its waves be-fore me, And I still will fol-low thee.



C. R. DUNBAR, by per.

1. Je-sus now is my sal-va - tion, He has saved me from all sin; Through his blood I have re-
2. By his royal procla-ma-tion, Sin's dominion now is o'er, And in conscious full sal-
3. Oh, the love of my Redeem-er! Oh, the wonders of his grace! I will praise his name for-
Semi-Chorus.
demp - tion, And I rest complete in him.
va - tion, I may sing for-ev-er-more.
ev - er, And rejoice before his face.
O the joy of full sal - va - tion!
O the joy of full sal - va - tion!
1st time.
How it thrills my inmost soul! Spread the news to every na-tion: Jesus' blood has made me
How it thrills my inmost soul! Spread the news to every na - tion: .....
2d. time.
Full Chorus.
whole!
..... Je-sus' blood has made me whole!
Why don't you come to Jesus? Why
Why don't you come to Jesus? Why
1st time.
2d. time.
don't you come to Jesus? Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved?
don't you come to Jesus? Why don't you come to Jesus and be..... saved?

God hath Given Me a Song.

Anon. Arr. by D. S. Arnold.

1. God has giv - en me a song, A song of trust;
2. Oh, I sing it on the moun - tain, In the light,
3. And I sing it in the val - ley, Dark and low;
4 When I sing it in the des - ert, Parched and dry,
5. For I've crossed the Riv - er Jor - dan, And I stand
And I sing it all day long, For sing I must;
Where the ra - diance of God's sun - shine Makes all bright;
When my heart is crushed with sor - row, Pain, and woe;
Liv - ing streams be - gin to flow, A rich sup - ply;
In the bless - ed land of prom - ise.— Ben - lah land!
Ev - 'ry hour it sweet - er grows, Keeps my soul in blest re - pose,
All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly land seems ver - y near
Then the shad - ows flee a - way, Like the night when dawns the day
Ver - dure in a - bund - ance grows, Des - erts blos - som like a rose,
Trust - ing is like breathing here; Just so eas - y, doubt and fear
Just how rest - ful no one knows But those who trust.
And I al - most do ap - pear To walk by sight.
Trust in God brings light al - way— I find it so.
And my heart with glad - ness glows, At God's re - ply.
Van - ish in this at - mos - phere, And life is grand.

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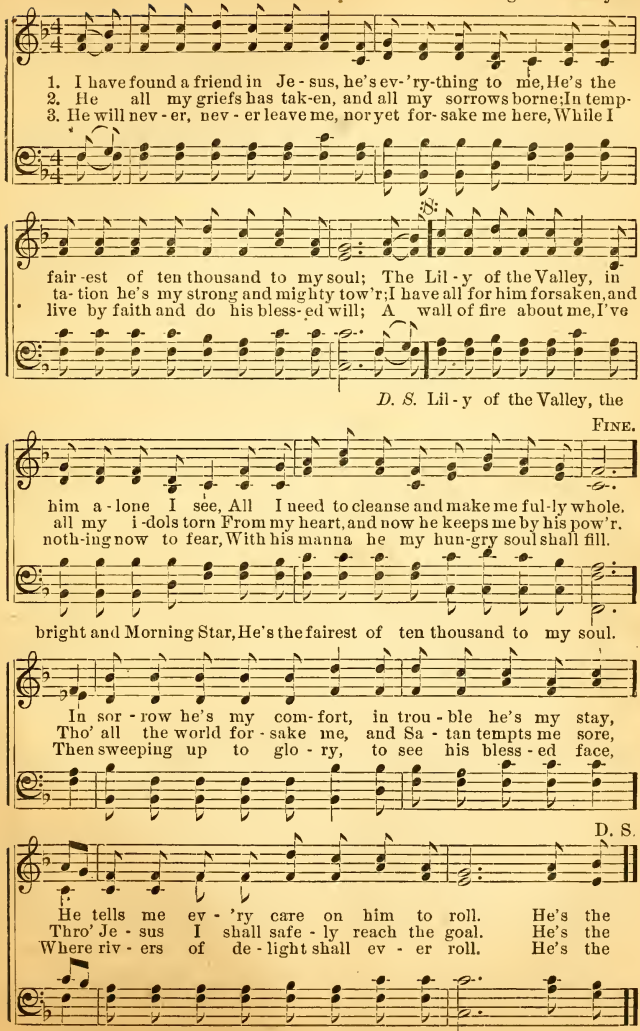
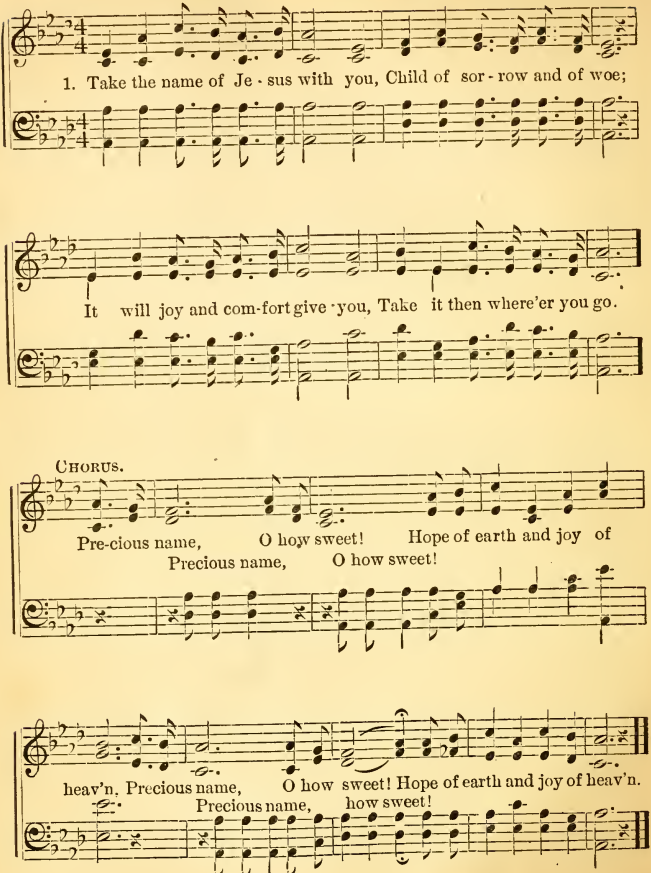
The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I
fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Valley, in
ta-tion he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for him forsaken, and
live by faith and do his bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've
D. S. Lil - y of the Valley, the
FINE.
him a-lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
noth-ing now to fear, With his manna he my hun-gry soul shall fill.
bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
In sor - row he's my com-fort, in trou - ble he's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, to see his bless - ed face,
D. S.
He tells me ev - 'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

The Precious Name. 8s & 7s.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
Chorus.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of
Precious name, O how sweet!
heav'n. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

2 Take the name of Jesus with you,
On your journey here below,
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

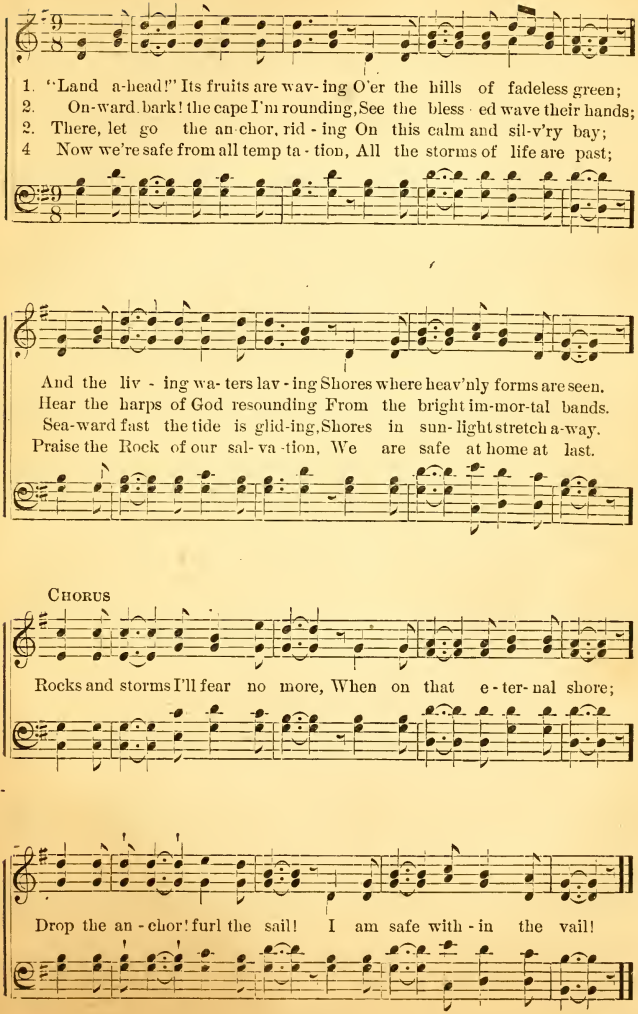
3 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

4 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

5 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

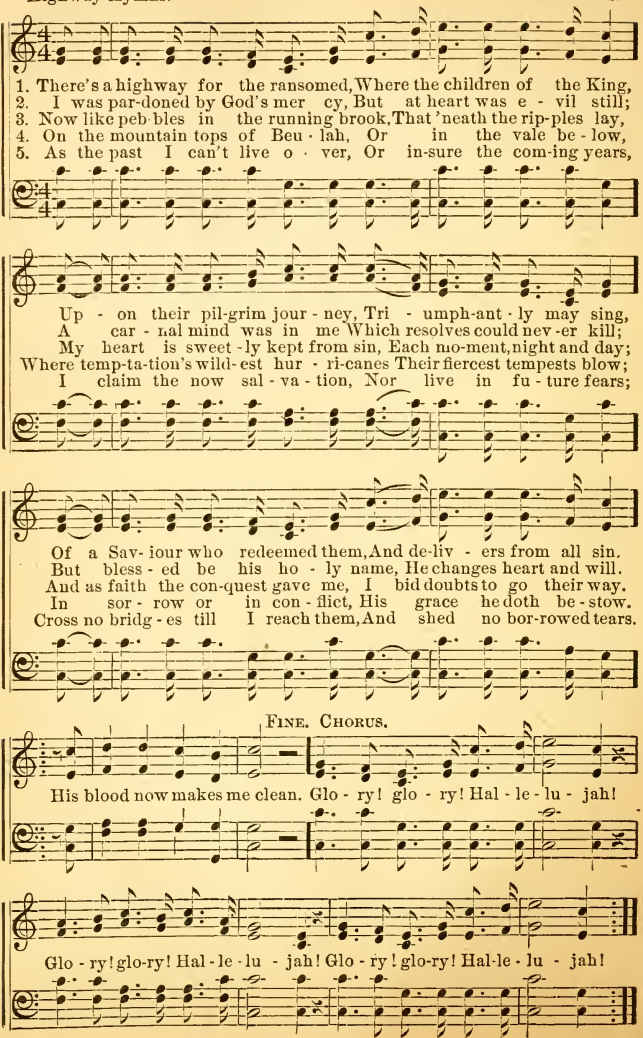
Safe Within the Vail.

J. M. Evans.


1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are wav- ing O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. On-ward bark! the cape I'm rounding, See the bless - ed wave their hands;
2. There, let go the an-chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil-v'ry bay;
4 Now we're safe from all temp ta - tion, All the storms of life are past;
And the liv - ing wa- ters lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
Sea-ward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun- light stretch a-way.
Praise the Rock of our sal- va -tion, We are safe at home at last.
Chorus
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter- nal shore;
Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the vail!

Glory Hallelujah!

Highway Hymns. Rev. D. Williams.


1. There's a highway for the ransomed, Where the children of the King,
2. I was par-doned by God's mer cy, But at heart was e - vil still;
3. Now like peb-bles in the running brook, That 'neath the rip-ples lay,
4. On the mountain tops of Beu-lah, Or in the vale be-low,
5. As the past I can't live o - ver, Or in-sure the com-ing years,
Up - on their pil-grim jour - ney, Tri - umph-ant-ly may sing,
A car - nal mind was in me Which resolves could nev-er kill;
My heart is sweet-ly kept from sin, Each mo-ment, night and day;
Where temp-ta-tion's wild-est hur - ri-canes Their fiercest tempests blow;
I claim the now sal - va - tion, Nor live in fu - ture fears;
Of a Sav-iour who redeemed them, And de-liv - ers from all sin.
But bless-ed be his ho - ly name, He changes heart and will.
And as faith the con-quest gave me, I bid doubts to go their way.
In sor - row or in con - flict, His grace he doth be-stow.
Cross no bridg-es till I reach them, And shed no bor-rowed tears.
Fine. Chorus.
His blood now makes me clean. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal-le - lu - jah!

769

IN the love that knows no waning, in the blessedness of peace,
The white-winged dove of mercy spreads her pinions o'er the seas,
And dauntless hope advancing throws her banner to the breeze;
For God is marching on.

2 Oh! by the widows' groaning and the orphans' bitter tear,
And the tide of desolation that blighteth everywhere,
In the name of God we stand as one, a mighty league of prayer;
For God is marching on.

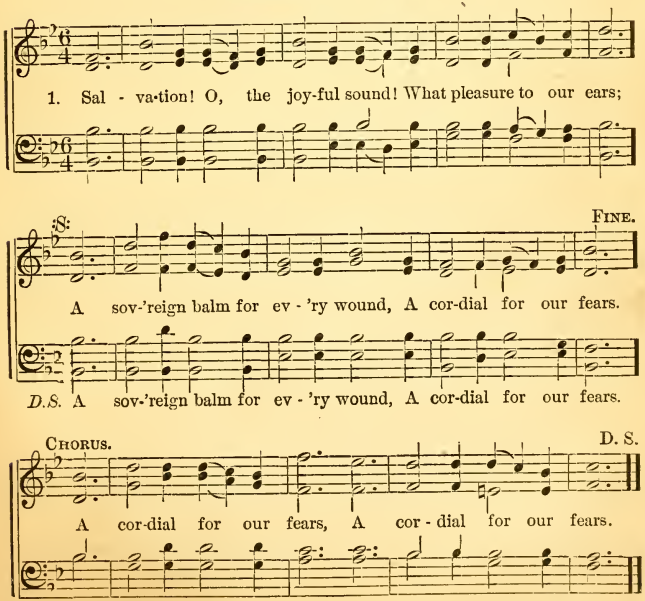
3 We bring no hatred in our souls, no fetters in our hands,
But in the all-resistless power that only love commands,
We lift our eyes and wait to see what faith in God demands;
For God is marching on.

4 In vain the spoiler hand in hand in proud defiance calls
We answer back his hate with peace and march around his walls,
Till at the trumpet blast of God the mighty fortress falls;
For God is marching on.

5 Then shout the tidings glorious—a glad and tireless band,
A league of faith to sweep away intemperance from the land,
As the thunders of our legions roll back from strand to strand;
For God is marching on.

F. Bottome.

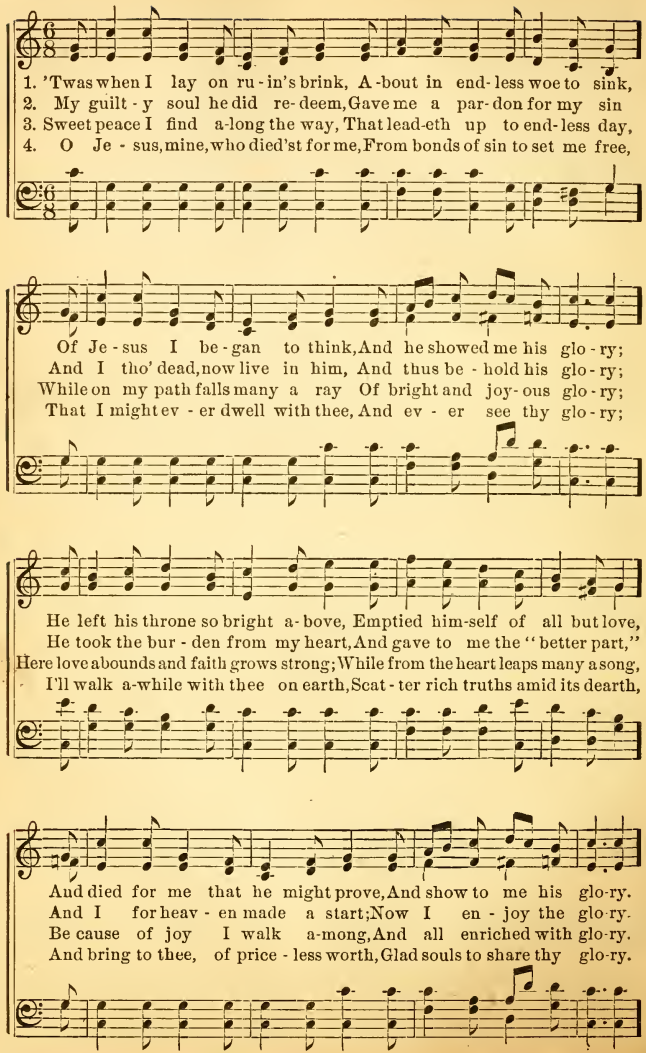
Salvation. C. M.

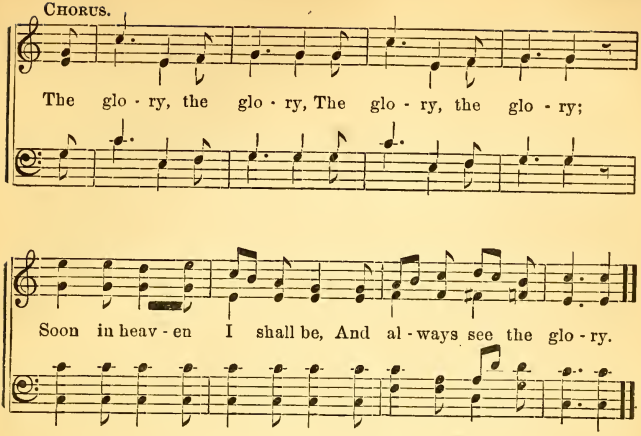

1. Sal - va-tion! O, the joy-ful sound! What pleasure to our ears;
A sov-'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
FINE.
D.S. A sov-'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
CHORUS.
D. S.
A cor-dial for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.

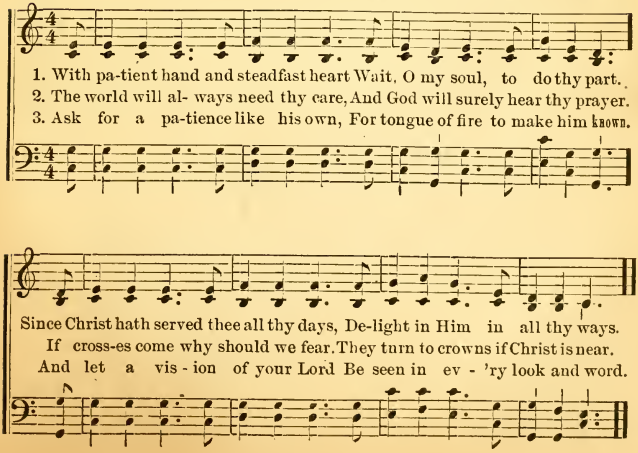
J. G. T. J. G. T.


1. 'Twas when I lay on ru - in's brink, A - bout in end - less woe to sink,
Of Je - sus I be - gan to think, And he showed me his glo - ry;
He left his throne so bright a - bove, Emptied him-self of all but love,
And died for me that he might prove, And show to me his glo - ry.
2. My guilt - y soul he did re - deem, Gave me a par - don for my sin
And I tho' dead, now live in him, And thus be - hold his glo - ry;
He took the bur - den from my heart, And gave to me the "better part,"
And I for heav - en made a start; Now I en - joy the glo - ry.
3. Sweet peace I find a - long the way, That lead - eth up to end - less day,
While on my path falls many a ray Of bright and joy - ous glo - ry;
Here love abounds and faith grows strong; While from the heart leaps many a song,
Be cause of joy I walk a - mong, And all enriched with glo - ry.
4. O Je - sus, mine, who died'st for me, From bonds of sin to set me free,
That I might ev - er dwell with thee, And ev - er see thy glo - ry;
I'll walk a - while with thee on earth, Scat - ter rich truths amid its dearth,
And bring to thee, of price - less worth, Glad souls to share thy glo - ry.

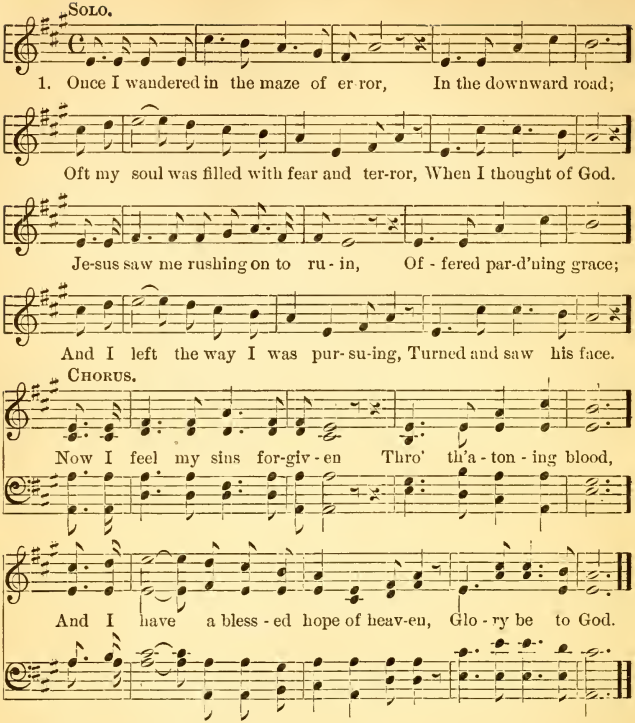


Service.

Words and Music by J. D. Wyckoff. 1882.


1. With pa-tient hand and steadfast heart Wait, O my soul, to do thy part.
2. The world will al- ways need thy care, And God will surely hear thy prayer.
3. Ask for a pa-tience like his own, For tongue of fire to make him known.
Since Christ hath served thee all thy days, De-light in Him in all thy ways.
If cross-es come why should we fear, They turn to crowns if Christ is near.
And let a vis - ion of your Lord Be seen in ev - 'ry look and word.

Unknown.


Solo.
1. Once I wandered in the maze of er ror, In the downward road;
Oft my soul was filled with fear and ter-ror, When I thought of God.
Je-sus saw me rushing on to ru - in, Of - fered par-d'ning grace;
And I left the way I was pur-su-ing, Turned and saw his face.
Chorus.
Now I feel my sins for-giv - en Thro' th'a - ton - ing blood,
And I have a bless - ed hope of heav-en, Glo - ry be to God.

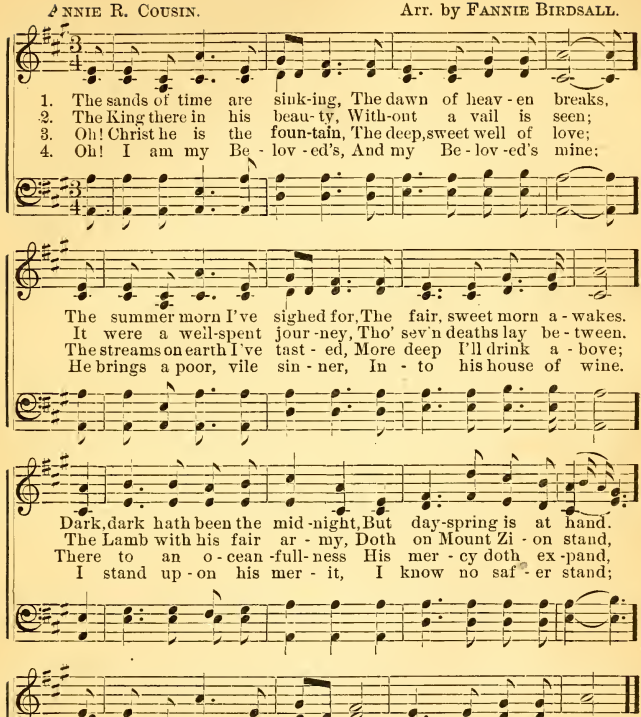
2 I am glad I ever found the Saviour,
Now I am fully blest;
There are pleasures in his pardoning favor,
Joy, and peace, and rest.
I'm standing on the holy mountain,
Near salvation's pool,
And the waters from the bursting fountain,
Cheer my thirsty soul.

3 I've left earth's vain and fleeting pleasures,
Bade them all adieu;
And I'm seeking now for heavenly treasures,
Lasting, pure and true.
Glittering toys of time, farewell forever;
To you I'll not bow;
I will leave my blessed Jesus never
He's my portion now.

4 Though by worldly friends I am forsaken,
Though they oft may sneer,
Yet through grace I will remain unshaken;
God is always near.
I can calmly bear this world's reviling,
While near God I dwell;
If my Saviour looks upon me smiling,
All is going well.

5 I will tell salvation's pleasing story,
While I live below,
And I'll try to spread my Saviour's glory,
Everywhere I go.
When the word is from the Master given,
"Child, from toiling cease,"
I expect to find a home in heaven,
Home of endless peace.

On the last words of Rutherford.

ANNIE R. COUSIN. Arr. by FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks,
2. The King there in his beau-ty, With-out a vail is seen;
3. Oh! Christ he is the foun-tain, The deep, sweet well of love;
4. Oh! I am my Be-lov-ed's, And my Be-lov-ed's mine;
The summer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a-wakes.
It were a well-spent jour-ney, Tho' sev'n deaths lay be-tween.
The streams on earth I've tast-ed, More deep I'll drink a-bove;
He brings a poor, vile sin-ner, In-to his house of wine.
Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand.
The Lamb with his fair ar-my, Doth on Mount Zi-on stand,
There to an o-cean-full-ness His mer-cy doth ex-pand,
I stand up-on his mer-it, I know no saf-er stand;
And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.
And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.
And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.
Not e'en where glo-ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.

5 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now like a weary traveler,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

6 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp,
Now these all lie behind me,
Oh, for a well tuned harp!
Oh, to join the hallelujah!
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

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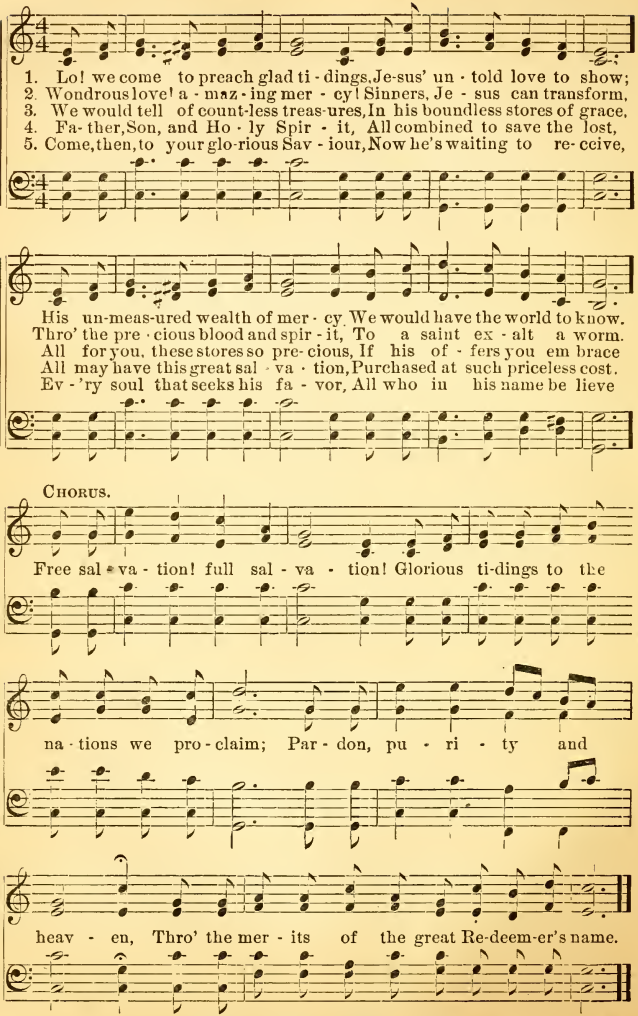
Lo! We Come.

MARY D. JAMES. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. Lo! we come to preach glad ti - dings, Je-sus' un - told love to show;
2. Wondrous love! a - maz - ing mer - cy! Sinners, Je - sus can transform,
3. We would tell of count-less treas-ures, In his boundless stores of grace.
4. Fa- ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, All combined to save the lost,
5. Come, then, to your glo-rious Sav - iour, Now he's waiting to re- ceive,
His un-meas-ured wealth of mer - cy We would have the world to know.
Thro' the pre - cious blood and spir - it, To a saint ex - alt a worm.
All for you, these stores so pre- cious, If his of - fers you em brace
All may have this great sal - va - tion, Purchased at such priceless cost.
Ev - 'ry soul that seeks his fa - vor, All who in his name be lieve
CHORUS.
Free sal - va - tion! full sal - va - tion! Glorious ti-dings to the
na - tions we pro - claim; Par - don, pu - ri - ty and
heav - en, Thro' the mer - its of the great Re-deem-er's name.

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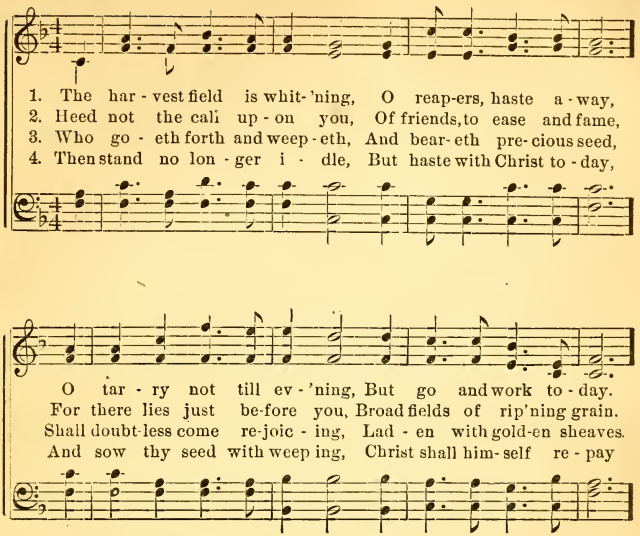
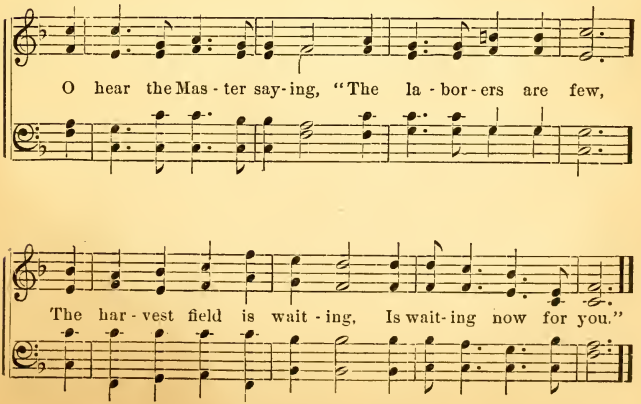
F. B. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. The har - vest field is whit-'ning, O reap-ers, haste a - way,
2. Heed not the call up - on you, Of friends, to ease and fame,
3. Who go - eth forth and weep - eth, And bear - eth pre - cious seed,
4. Then stand no lon - ger i - dle, But haste with Christ to - day,
O tar - ry not till ev - 'ning, But go and work to - day.
For there lies just be-fore you, Broad fields of rip'ning grain.
Shall doubt-less come re-joic - ing, Lad - en with gold-en sheaves.
And sow thy seed with weep ing, Christ shall him-self re - pay

CHORUS.



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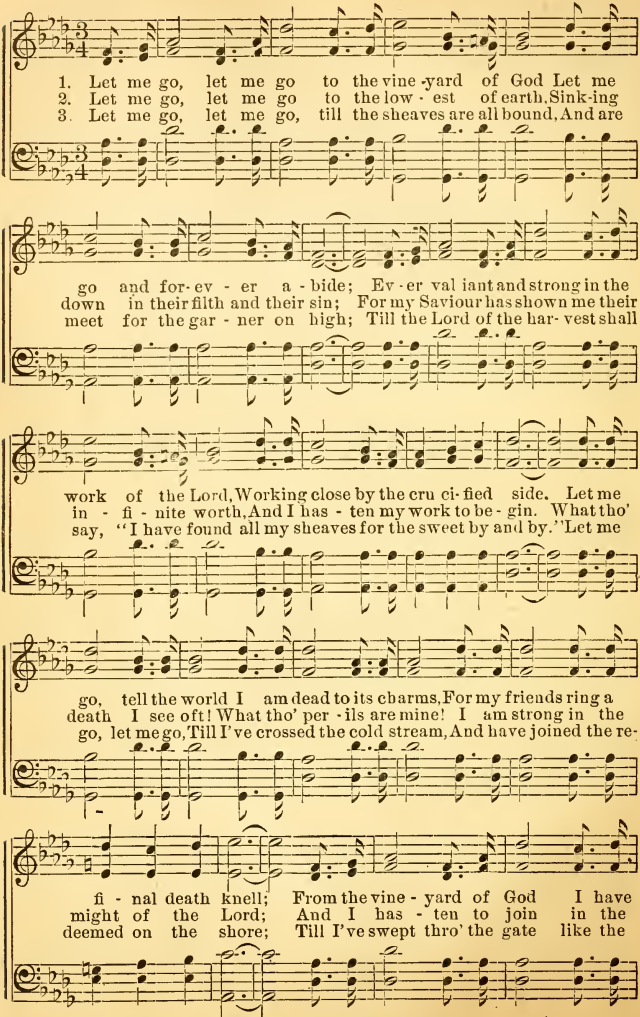
Let Me go to the Vineyard of God.

V. A. Dake. Ida M. Dake.


1. Let me go, let me go to the vine-yard of God Let me go and for-ev-er a-bide; Ev-er val iant and strong in the work of the Lord, Working close by the cru ci-fied side. Let me go, tell the world I am dead to its charms, For my friends ring a fi-nal death knell; From the vine-yard of God I have
2. Let me go, let me go to the low-est of earth, Sink-ing down in their filth and their sin; For my Saviour has shown me their in-fi-nite worth, And I has-ten my work to be-gin. What tho' death I see oft! What tho' per-ils are mine! I am strong in the might of the Lord; And I has-ten to join in the
3. Let me go, let me go, till the sheaves are all bound, And are meet for the gar-ner on high; Till the Lord of the har-vest shall say, "I have found all my sheaves for the sweet by and by." Let me go, let me go, Till I've crossed the cold stream, And have joined the re- deemed on the shore; Till I've swept thro' the gate like the

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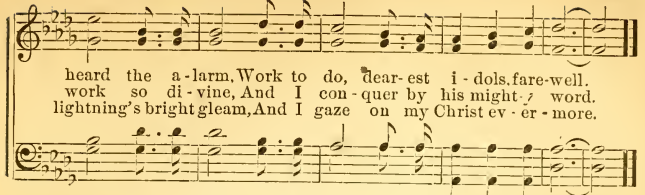
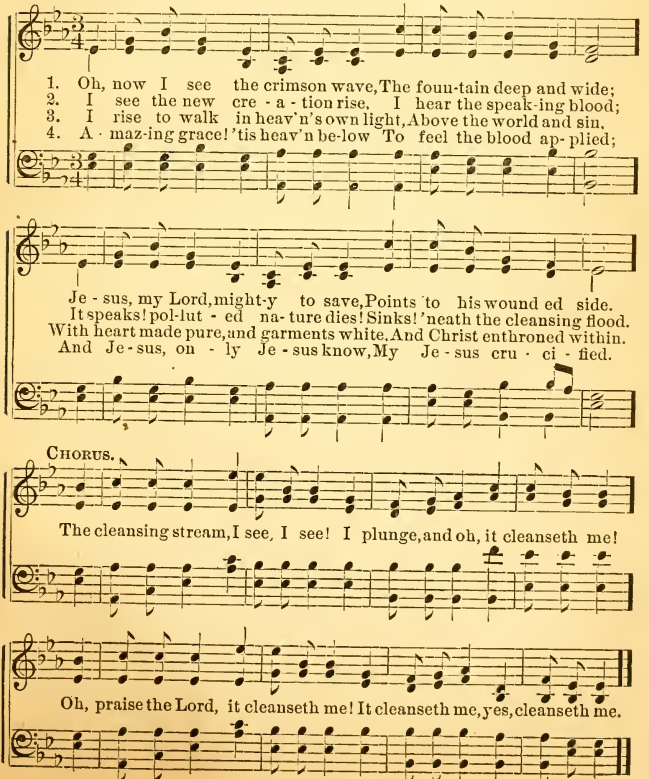
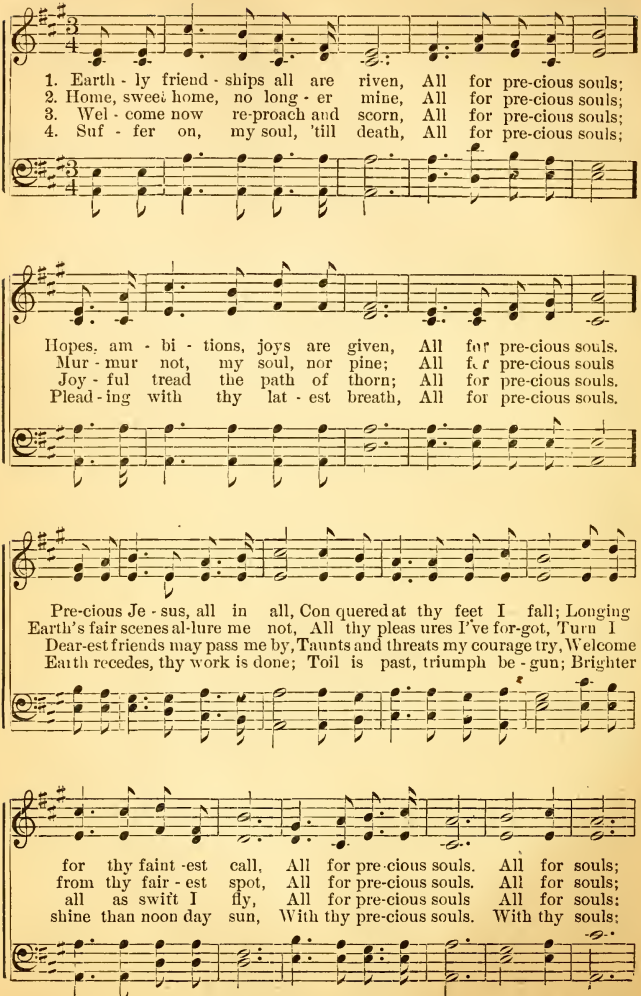

heard the a-larm, Work to do, dear-est i-dols, fare-well.
work so di-vine, And I con-quer by his might-y word.
lightning's bright gleam, And I gaze on my Christ ev-er-more.

The Cleansing Wave.

From the "Guide to Holiness."

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The foun-tain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin,
4. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap-plied;
Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to his wound ed side.
It speaks! pol-lut-ed na-ture dies! Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.
CHORUS.
The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

All for Precious Souls.

V. A. D. V. A. Dakē.

1. Earth - ly friend - ships all are riven, All for pre-cious souls;
2. Home, sweet home, no long - er mine, All for pre-cious souls;
3. Wel - come now re-proach and scorn, All for pre-cious souls;
4. Suf - fer on, my soul, 'till death, All for pre-cious souls;
Hopes, am - bi - tions, joys are given, All for pre-cious souls.
Mur - mur not, my soul, nor pine; All for pre-cious souls
Joy - ful tread the path of thorn; All for pre-cious souls.
Plead - ing with thy lat - est breath, All for pre-cious souls.
Pre-cious Je - sus, all in all, Con quered at thy feet I fall; Longing
Earth's fair scenes al-lure me not, All thy pleas ures I've for-got, Turn I
Dear-est friends may pass me by, Taunts and threats my courage try, Welcome
Earth recedes, thy work is done; Toil is past, triumph be - gun; Brighter
for thy faint -est call, All for pre-cious souls. All for souls;
from thy fair - est spot, All for pre-cious souls. All for souls;
all as swift I fly, All for pre-cious souls All for souls;
shine than noon day sun, With thy pre-cious souls. With thy souls;

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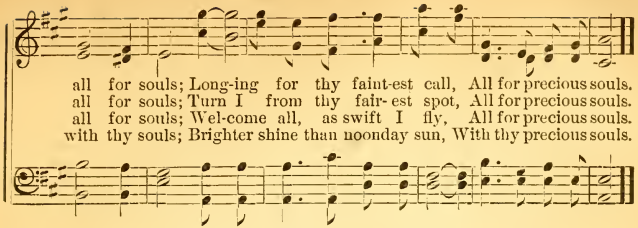
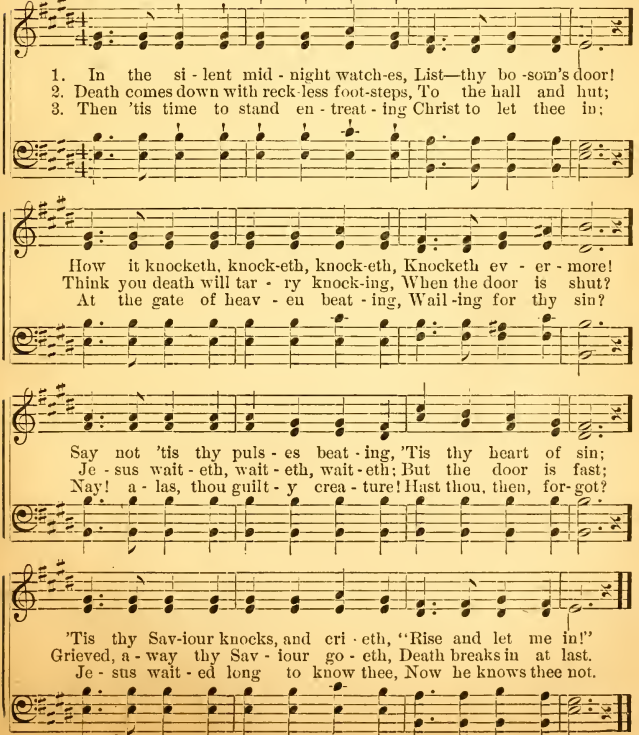

all for souls; Long-ing for thy faint-est call, All for precious souls.
all for souls; Turn I from thy fair-est spot, All for precious souls.
all for souls; Wel-come all, as swift I fly, All for precious souls.
with thy souls; Brighter shine than noonday sun, With thy precious souls.

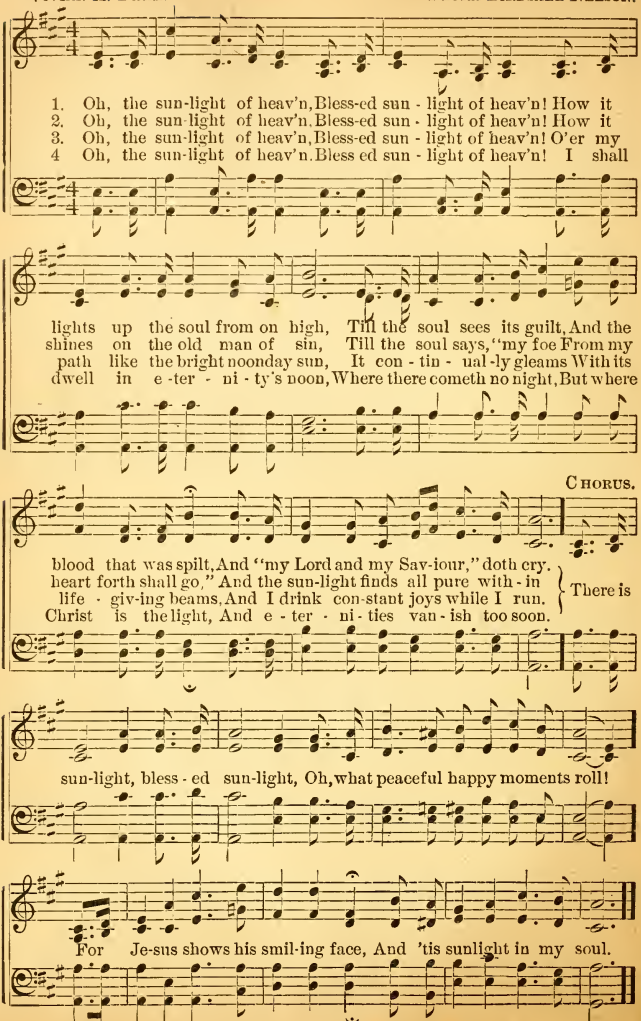
In the Silent Midnight Watches.

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D. Geo. F. Root.

Piano e Marcato.

1. In the si - lent mid - night watch-es, List—thy bo -som's door!
2. Death comes down with reck-less foot-steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat - ing Christ to let thee in;
How it knocketh, knock-eth, knock-eth, Knocketh ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wail-ing for thy sin?
Say not 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for- got?
'Tis thy Sav-iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise and let me in!"
Grieved, a - way thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not.

Blessed Sunlight.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.


1. Oh, the sun-light of heav'n, Bless-ed sun - light of heav'n! How it
2. Oh, the sun-light of heav'n, Bless-ed sun - light of heav'n! How it
3. Oh, the sun-light of heav'n, Bless-ed sun - light of heav'n! O'er my
4 Oh, the sun-light of heav'n, Bless ed sun - light of heav'n! I shall
lights up the soul from on high, Till the soul sees its guilt, And the
shines on the old man of sin, Till the soul says, "my foe From my
path like the bright noonday sun, It con - tin - ual - ly gleams With its
dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's noon, Where there cometh no night, But where
CHORUS.
blood that was spilt, And "my Lord and my Sav-iour," doth cry.
heart forth shall go," And the sun-light finds all pure with - in
life - giv-ing beams, And I drink con-stant joys while I run.
Christ is the light, And e - ter - ni - ties van - ish too soon.
There is
sun-light, bless - ed sun-light, Oh, what peaceful happy moments roll!
For Je-sus shows his smil-ing face, And 'tis sunlight in my soul.

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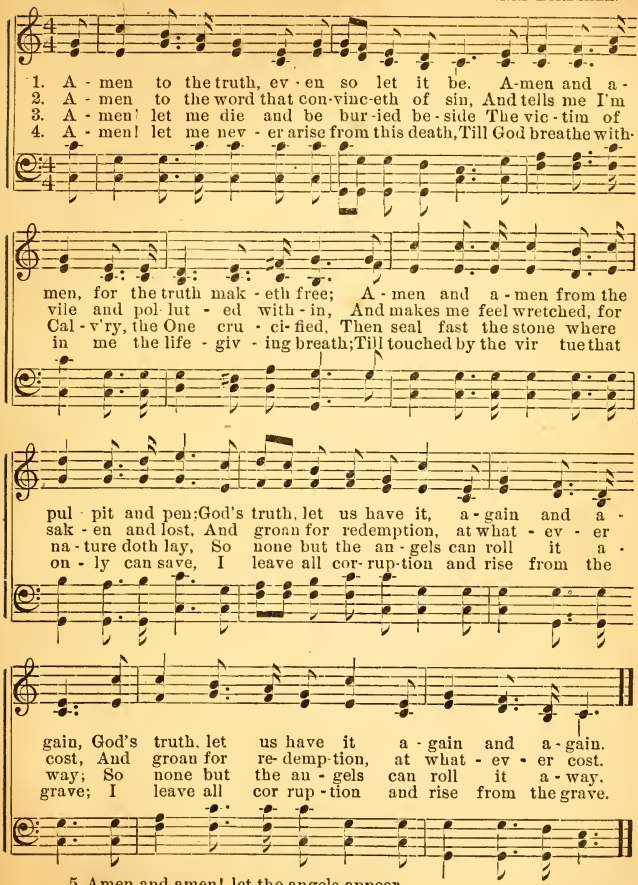
Amen to the Truth.

W. W. Dixon. Fannie Birdsall.


1. A - men to the truth, ev - en so let it be. A-men and a -
2. A - men to the word that con-vinc-eth of sin, And tells me I'm
3. A - men! let me die and be bur-ied be-side The vic-tim of
4. A - men! let me nev - er arise from this death, Till God breathe with-
men, for the truth mak - eth free; A - men and a - men from the
vile and pol-lut - ed with - in, And makes me feel wretched, for
Cal - v'ry, the One cru - ci-fied, Then seal fast the stone where
in me the life - giv - ing breath; Till touched by the vir tue that
pul - pit and pen; God's truth, let us have it, a - gain and a -
sak - en and lost, And groan for redemption, at what - ev - er
na - ture doth lay, So none but the an - gels can roll it a -
on - ly can save, I leave all cor-rup-tion and rise from the
gain, God's truth, let us have it a - gain and a - gain.
cost, And groan for re-demp-tion, at what - ev - er cost.
way; So none but the an - gels can roll it a - way.
grave; I leave all cor rup - tion and rise from the grave.

5 Amen and amen! let the angels appear,
The stone roll away and my Saviour draw near;
Deliver my soul from the night of the grave,
‖: And prove himself mighty, almighty to save. ‖

6 Amen! hallelujah! my soul is now free,
The world, sin and Satan, have no place in me;
I'm dead to the world, but alive unto him,
‖. Whose blood now redeems me and keeps me from sin. :‖

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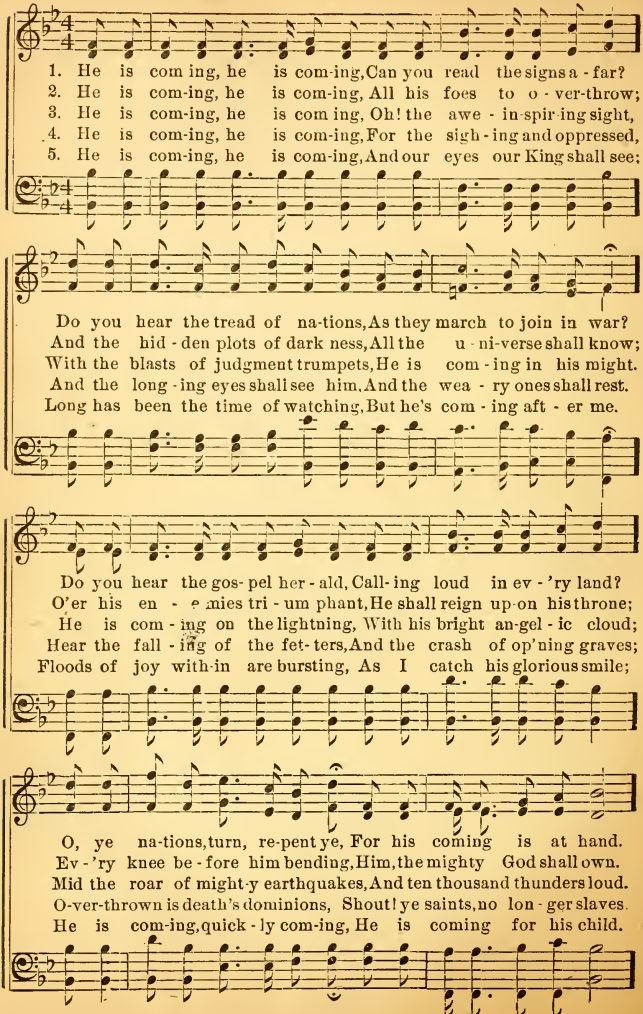
He is Coming.

V. A. D. V. A. Dake.


1. He is com ing, he is com-ing, Can you read the signs a - far?
2. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, All his foes to o - ver-throw;
3. He is com-ing, he is com ing, Oh! the awe - in-spir ing sight,
4. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, For the sigh - ing and oppressed,
5. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, And our eyes our King shall see;
Do you hear the tread of na-tions, As they march to join in war?
And the hid - den plots of dark ness, All the u - ni-verse shall know;
With the blasts of judgment trumpets, He is com - ing in his might.
And the long - ing eyes shall see him, And the wea - ry ones shall rest.
Long has been the time of watching, But he's com - ing aft - er me.
Do you hear the gos- pel her - ald, Call- ing loud in ev - 'ry land?
O'er his en - e mies tri - um phant, He shall reign up-on his throne;
He is com - ing on the lightning, With his bright an-gel - ic cloud;
Hear the fall - ing of the fet- ters, And the crash of op'ning graves;
Floods of joy with-in are bursting, As I catch his glorious smile;
O, ye na-tions, turn, re-pent ye, For his coming is at hand.
Ev - 'ry knee be - fore him bending, Him, the mighty God shall own.
Mid the roar of might-y earthquakes, And ten thousand thunders loud.
O-ver-thrown is death's dominions, Shout! ye saints, no lon - ger slaves.
He is com-ing, quick - ly com-ing, He is coming for his child.

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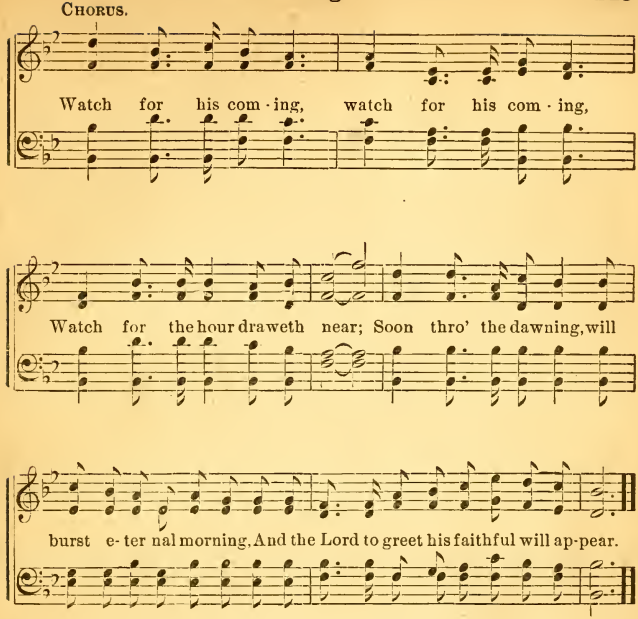

Chorus.
Watch for his com-ing, watch for his com-ing,
Watch for the hour draweth near; Soon thro' the dawning, will
burst e-ter nal morning, And the Lord to greet his faithful will ap-pear.

Live It Down.

See Page 226.

1 Has your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down;
Think about a bright tomorrow,
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze
On the grave of golden days;
Live it down.

2 Has your life a secret trouble?
Live it down;
Useless grief will make it double,
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears,
Do not feed it with your fears,
Do not nurse it through the years;
Live it down.

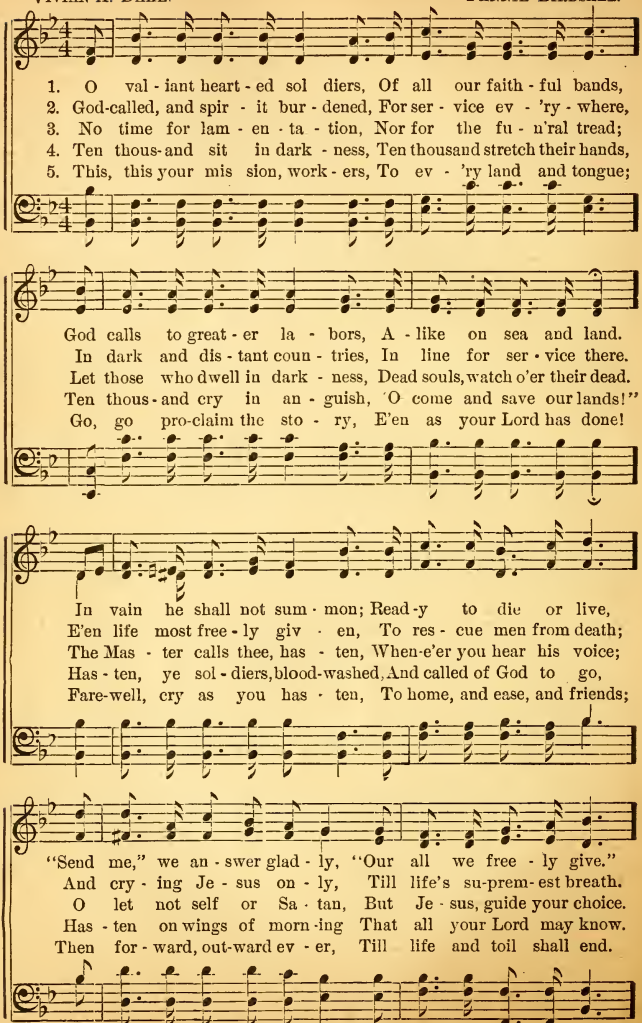
3 Have you made an awful error?
Live it down;
Do not hide your face in terror,
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes,
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

4 Help will Jesus bear the burden?
Live it down·
By him win a brave heart's guerdon,
Live it down.
He will free your life from blame,
Till the luster of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Give thee a crown.

Alt. Anon.

Valiant Hearted Soldiers.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. O val - iant heart - ed sol diers, Of all our faith - ful bands,
2. God-called, and spir - it bur - dened, For ser - vice ev - 'ry - where,
3. No time for lam - en - ta - tion, Nor for the fu - n'ral tread;
4. Ten thous-and sit in dark - ness, Ten thousand stretch their hands,
5. This, this your mis sion, work - ers, To ev - 'ry land and tongue;
God calls to great - er la - bors, A - like on sea and land.
In dark and dis - tant coun - tries, In line for ser - vice there.
Let those who dwell in dark - ness, Dead souls, watch o'er their dead.
Ten thous - and cry in an - guish, 'O come and save our lands!"
Go, go pro-claim the sto - ry, E'en as your Lord has done!
In vain he shall not sum - mon; Read - y to die or live,
E'en life most free - ly giv - en, To res - cue men from death;
The Mas - ter calls thee, has - ten, When-e'er you hear his voice;
Has - ten, ye sol - diers, blood-washed, And called of God to go,
Fare-well, cry as you has - ten, To home, and ease, and friends;
"Send me," we an - swer glad - ly, "Our all we free - ly give."
And cry - ing Je - sus on - ly, Till life's su-prem-est breath.
O let not self or Sa - tan, But Je - sus, guide your choice.
Has - ten on wings of morn - ing That all your Lord may know.
Then for - ward, out-ward ev - er, Till life and toil shall end.

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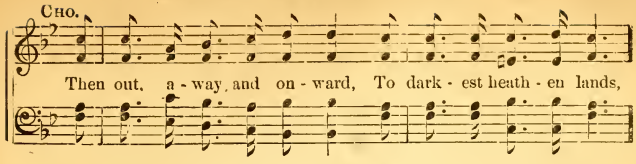
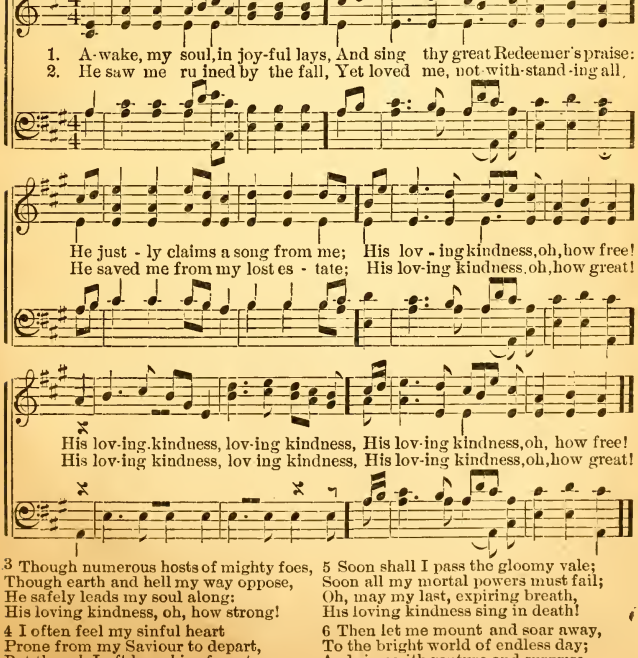


Loving Kindness. L. M.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
2. He saw me ru ined by the fall, Yet loved me, not with-stand-ing all,
He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great!
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free!
His lov-ing kindness, lov ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great!

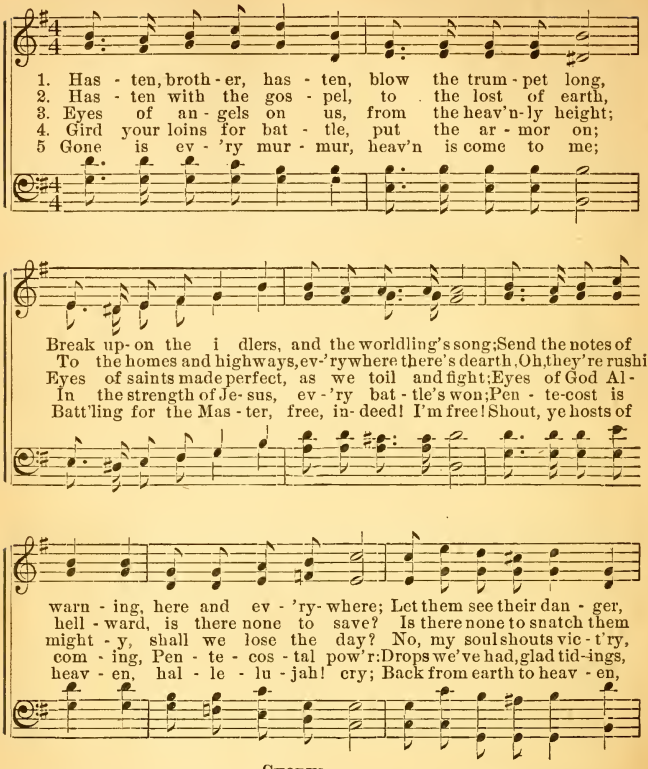
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death!

6 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

Hasten, Brother. Hasten.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.

1. Has - ten, broth - er, has - ten, blow the trum - pet long,
2. Has - ten with the gos - pel, to the lost of earth,
3. Eyes of an - gels on us, from the heav'n-ly height;
4. Gird your loins for bat - tle, put the ar - mor on;
5 Gone is ev - 'ry mur - mur, heav'n is come to me;
Break up- on the i dlers, and the worldling's song; Send the notes of
To the homes and highways, ev-'ry where there's dearth, Oh, they're rushing
Eyes of saints made perfect, as we toil and fight; Eyes of God Al-
In the strength of Je- sus, ev - 'ry bat - tle's won; Pen - te-cost is
Batt'ling for the Mas - ter, free, in- deed! I'm free! Shout, ye hosts of
warn - ing, here and ev - 'ry- where; Let them see their dan - ger,
hell - ward, is there none to save? Is there none to snatch them
might - y, shall we lose the day? No, my soul shouts vic - t'ry,
com - ing, Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r: Drops we've had, glad tid-ings,
heav - en, hal - le - lu - jah! cry; Back from earth to heav - en,
CHORUS.
all their sins' weight bear.
from a gap-ing grave.
ea - ger for the fray.
we shall have the show'r?
hal - le - lu- jahs fly.
Are you ready, brother? hear the bat-tle cry!

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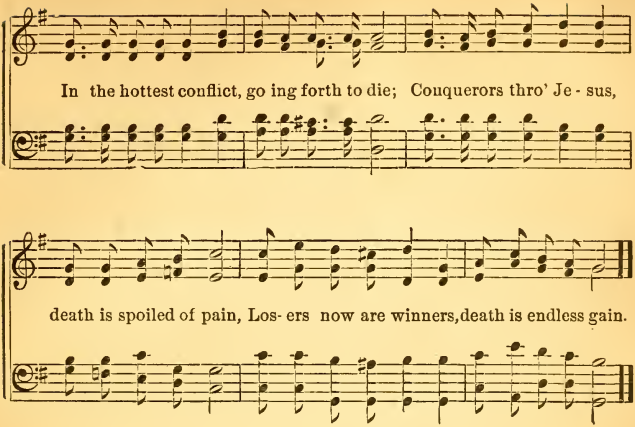
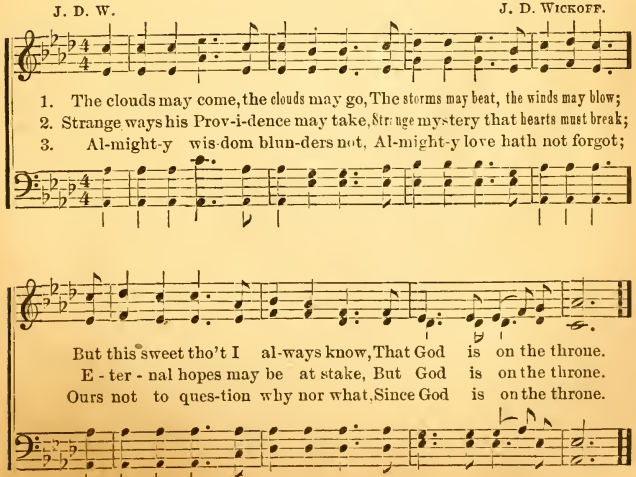

In the hottest conflict, go ing forth to die; Conquerors thro' Je - sus,
death is spoiled of pain, Los- ers now are winners, death is endless gain.

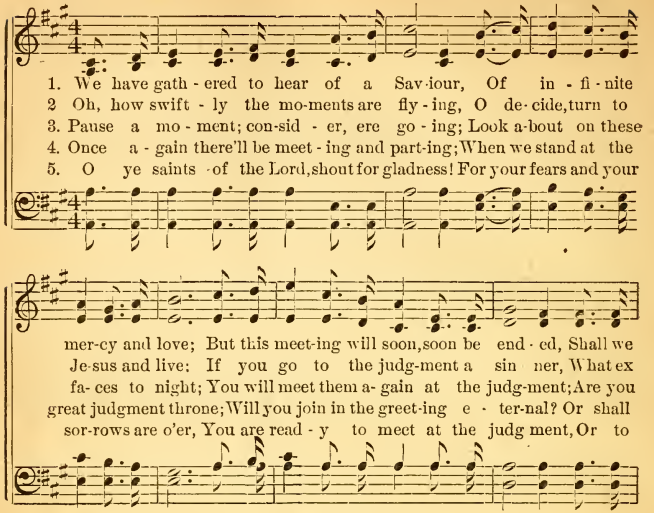
Sunshine.

J. D. W. J. D. WICKOFF.


1. The clouds may come, the clouds may go, The storms may beat, the winds may blow;
2. Strange ways his Prov-i-dence may take, Strange mystery that hearts must break;
3. Al-might-y wis-dom blun-ders not, Al-might-y love hath not forgot;
But this sweet tho't I al-ways know, That God is on the throne.
E - ter - nal hopes may be at stake, But God is on the throne.
Ours not to ques-tion why nor what, Since God is on the throne.

Gathered to Hear of the Saviour.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. Arr. by FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. We have gath - ered to hear of a Sav-iour, Of in - fi - nite
2 Oh, how swift - ly the mo-ments are fly - ing, O de-cide, turn to
3. Pause a mo - ment; con-sid - er, ere go - ing; Look a-bout on these
4. Once a - gain there'll be meet - ing and part-ing; When we stand at the
5. O ye saints of the Lord, shout for gladness! For your fears and your
mer-cy and love; But this meet-ing will soon, soon be end - ed, Shall we
Je-sus and live: If you go to the judg-ment a sin ner, What ex
fa-ces to night; You will meet them a- gain at the judg-ment; Are you
great judgment throne; Will you join in the greet-ing e - ter-nal? Or shall
sor-rows are o'er, You are read - y to meet at the judg ment, Or to
CHORUS
meet that dear Saviour a bove? Parting to meet again at the judgment!
cuse to your Lord can you give?
read - y to meet judgment light?
Je - sus for - ev - er dis - own? 2d Chorus.
meet here be - low nev - er - more. Ready to meet again at the judgment!
Part-ing to meet no more here be - low; Oh, how sad the thought to
Read y to meet no more here be - low; Oh, how glad the thought to

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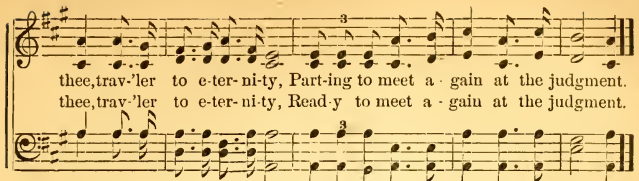
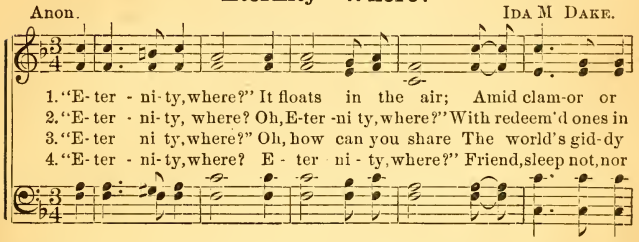
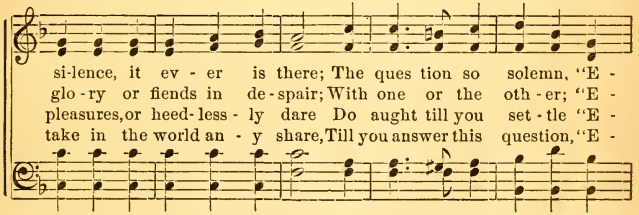

thee, trav-'ler to e-ter-ni-ty, Part-ing to meet a-gain at the judgment.
thee, trav-'ler to e-ter-ni-ty, Read-y to meet a-gain at the judgment.

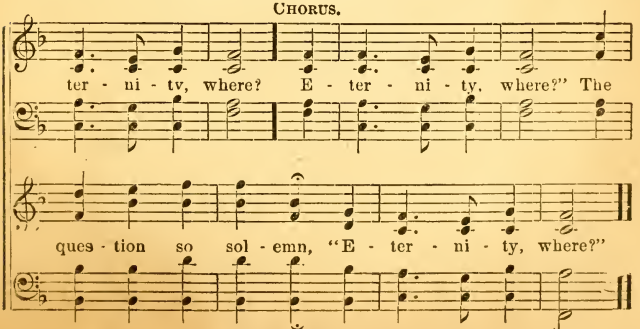
Eternity—Where?

Anon. IDA M DAKE.


1. "E-ter-ni-ty, where?" It floats in the air; Amid clam-or or
2. "E-ter-ni-ty, where? Oh, E-ter-ni ty, where?" With redeem'd ones in
3. "E-ter ni ty, where?" Oh, how can you share The world's gid-dy
4. "E-ter-ni-ty, where? E-ter ni-ty, where?" Friend, sleep not, nor


si-lence, it ev-er is there; The ques tion so solemn, "E-
glo-ry or fiends in de-spair; With one or the oth-er; "E-
pleasures, or heed-less-ly dare Do aught till you set-tle "E-
take in the world an-y share, Till you answer this question, "E-

CHORUS.



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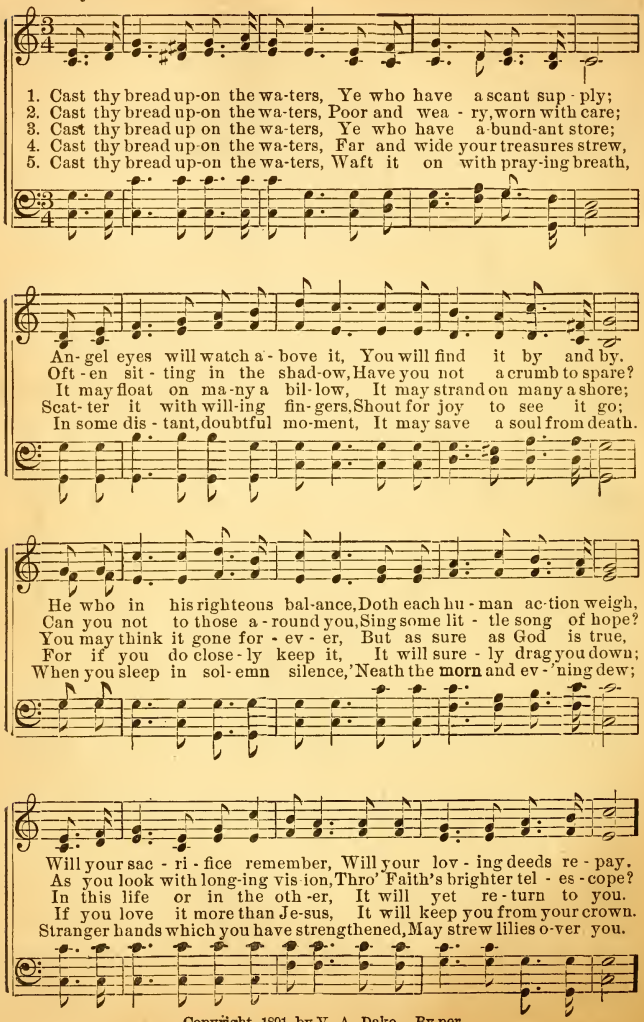
Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Arr. by F. B. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a scant sup-ply;
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care;
3. Cast thy bread up on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bund-ant store;
4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,
An-gel eyes will watch a-bove it, You will find it by and by.
Oft-en sit-ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on ma-ny a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat-ter it with will-ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go;
In some dis-tant, doubtful mo-ment, It may save a soul from death.
He who in his righteous bal-ance, Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh,
Can you not to those a-round you, Sing some lit-tle song of hope?
You may think it gone for-ev-er, But as sure as God is true,
For if you do close-ly keep it, It will sure-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol-emn silence, 'Neath the morn and ev-'ning dew;
Will your sac-ri-fice remember, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
As you look with long-ing vis-ion, Thro' Faith's brighter tel-es-cope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o-ver you.

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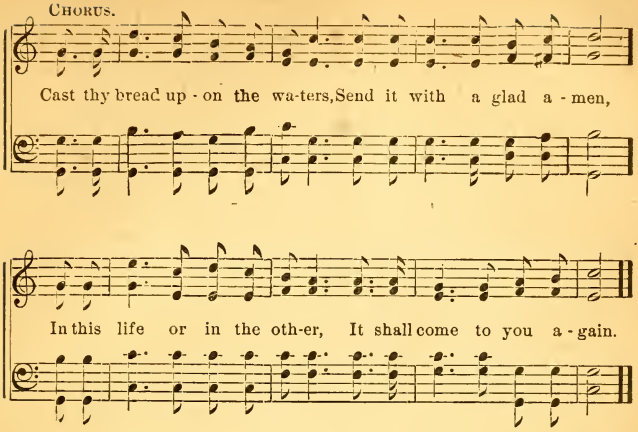


Let Me Die.

O GOD, my heart doth long for thee;
Let me die!
Now set my soul at liberty;
Let me die!
Die to the trifling things of earth,
They're now to me of little worth;
My Saviour calls—I'm going forth;
Let me die!—

2 Thy slaying power in me display;
Let me die!
I must be dead from day to day!
Let me die!
Dead to the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
Let me die!

3 My friends may say I'll ruined be,
If I die,
If I leave all and follow thee—
But I'll die!
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment-day;
Help me to cast them all away—
Let me die!

4 O, I must die to scoffs and sneers;
Let me die!
I must be freed from slavish fears;
Let me die!
So dead that no desire will rise,
To appear good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes;
Let me die!

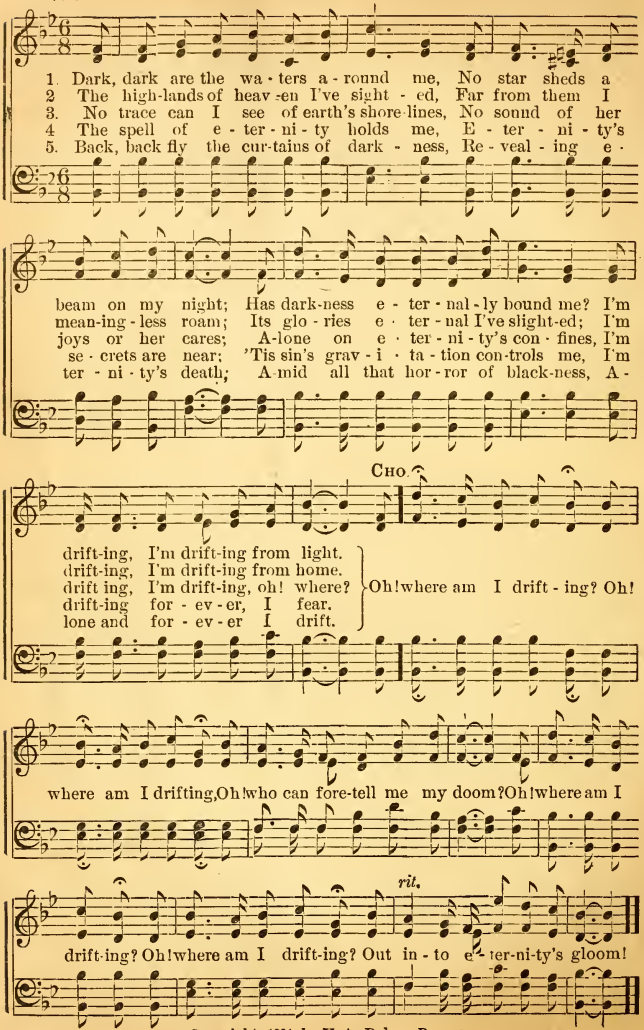
5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die;
Like him I crucified must be;
I must die.
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
But this the way, and this alone—
I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails;—
Let me die!
O, suffer not my heart to fail,
Let me die!
Jesus, I look to thee for power,
T' enable me t' endure the hour,
When crucified my sovereign power,
I shall die.

7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to thee
I will live.
My time, my strength, my all to thee,
Will I give.
I'll work with thee, my blessed Lord,
I'll be obedient to thy word;
I'll wield with power the gospel sword,
While I live.

—*Mrs. Jeanette Parmiter.*

Where Am I Drifting?

V. A. D. V. A. Dake.

1. Dark, dark are the wa - ters a - round me, No star sheds a
2 The high-lands of heav -en I've sight - ed, Far from them I
3. No trace can I see of earth's shore-lines, No sound of her
4 The spell of e - ter - ni - ty holds me, E - ter - ni - ty's
5. Back, back fly the cur-tains of dark - ness, Re - veal - ing e -
beam on my night; Has dark-ness e - ter - nal - ly bound me? I'm
mean-ing - less roam; Its glo - ries e - ter - nal I've slight-ed; I'm
joys or her cares; A-lone on e - ter - ni - ty's con - fines, I'm
se - crets are near; 'Tis sin's grav - i - ta - tion con-trols me, I'm
ter - ni - ty's death; A-mid all that hor - ror of black-ness, A -
Cho.
drift-ing, I'm drift-ing from light.
drift-ing, I'm drift-ing from home.
drift ing, I'm drift-ing, oh! where?
drift-ing for - ev - er, I fear.
lone and for - ev - er I drift.
Oh! where am I drift - ing? Oh!
where am I drifting, Oh! who can fore-tell me my doom? Oh! where am I
ril.
drift-ing? Oh! where am I drift-ing? Out in - to e - ter-ni-ty's gloom!

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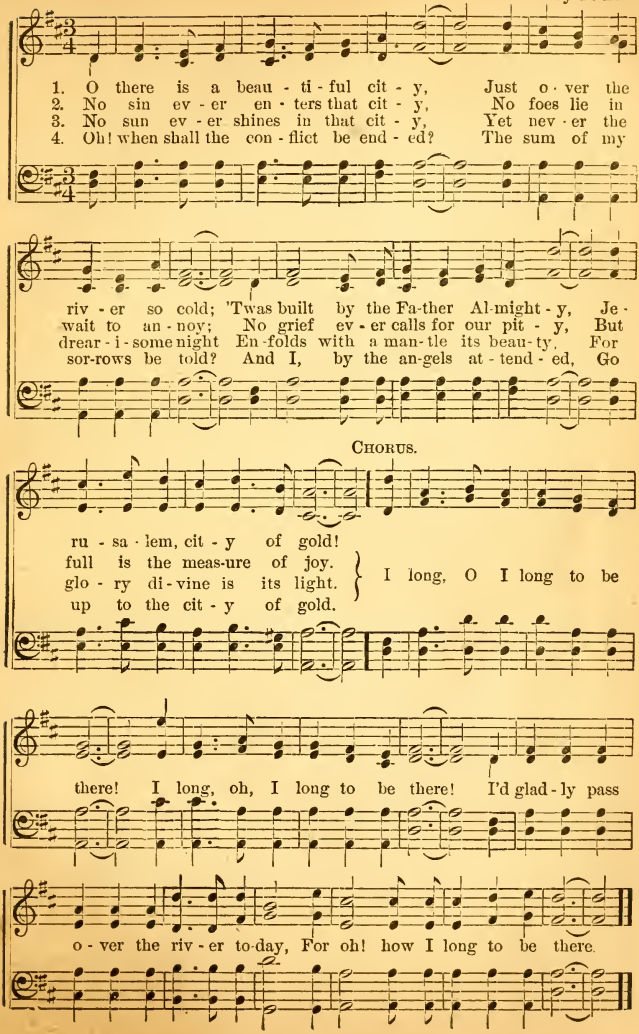
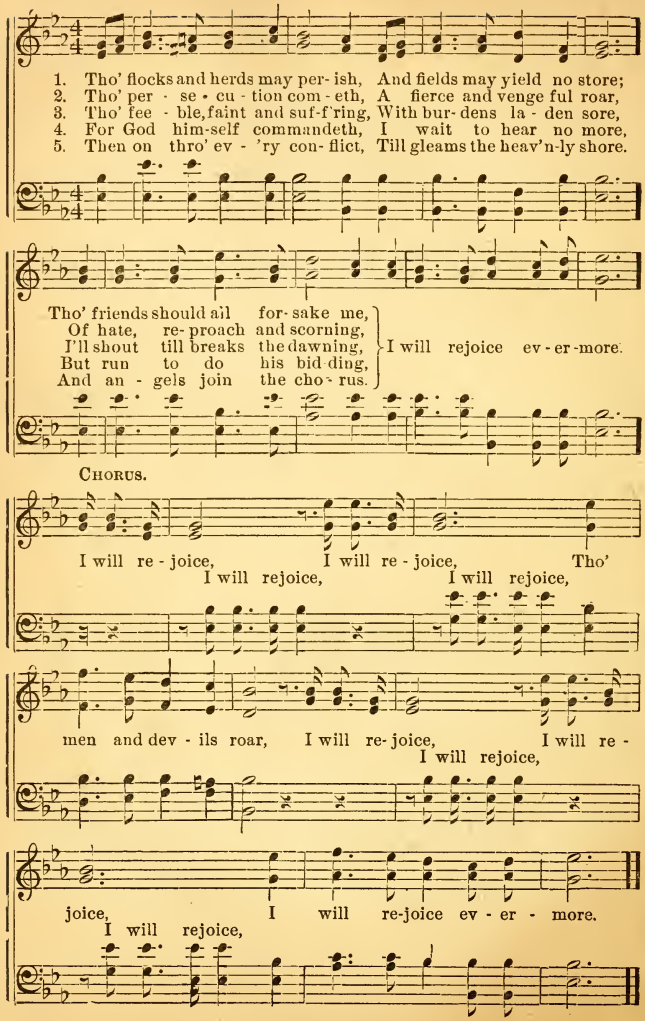
Arr. by F. B.

1. O there is a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Just o - ver the
2. No sin ev - er en - ters that cit - y, No foes lie in
3. No sun ev - er shines in that cit - y, Yet nev - er the
4. Oh! when shall the con - flict be end - ed? The sum of my
riv - er so cold; 'Twas built by the Fa-ther Al-might - y, Je -
wait to an - noy; No grief ev - er calls for our pit - y, But
drear - i - some night En-folds with a man-tle its beau-ty. For
sor-rows be told? And I, by the an-gels at - tend - ed, Go
Chorus.
ru - sa - lem, cit - y of gold!
full is the meas-ure of joy.
glo - ry di - vine is its light.
up to the cit - y of gold.
I long, O I long to be
there! I long, oh, I long to be there! I'd glad - ly pass
o - ver the riv - er to-day, For oh! how I long to be there.

I Will Rejoice.

V. A. Dake. Ida M. Dake.

1. Tho' flocks and herds may per- ish, And fields may yield no store;
2. Tho' per - se - cu - tion com - eth, A fierce and venge ful roar,
3. Tho' fee - ble, faint and suf-f'ring, With bur- dens la - den sore,
4. For God him-self commandeth, I wait to hear no more,
5. Then on thro' ev - 'ry con- flict, Till gleams the heav'n-ly shore.
Tho' friends should ail for- sake me,
Of hate, re- proach and scorning,
I'll shout till breaks the dawning,
But run to do his bid-ding,
And an - gels join the cho - rus.
I will rejoice ev - er-more.
Chorus.
I will re - joice, I will re - joice, Tho'
I will rejoice, I will rejoice,
men and dev - ils roar, I will re- joice, I will re -
I will rejoice,
joice, I will re-joice ev - er - more.
I will rejoice,

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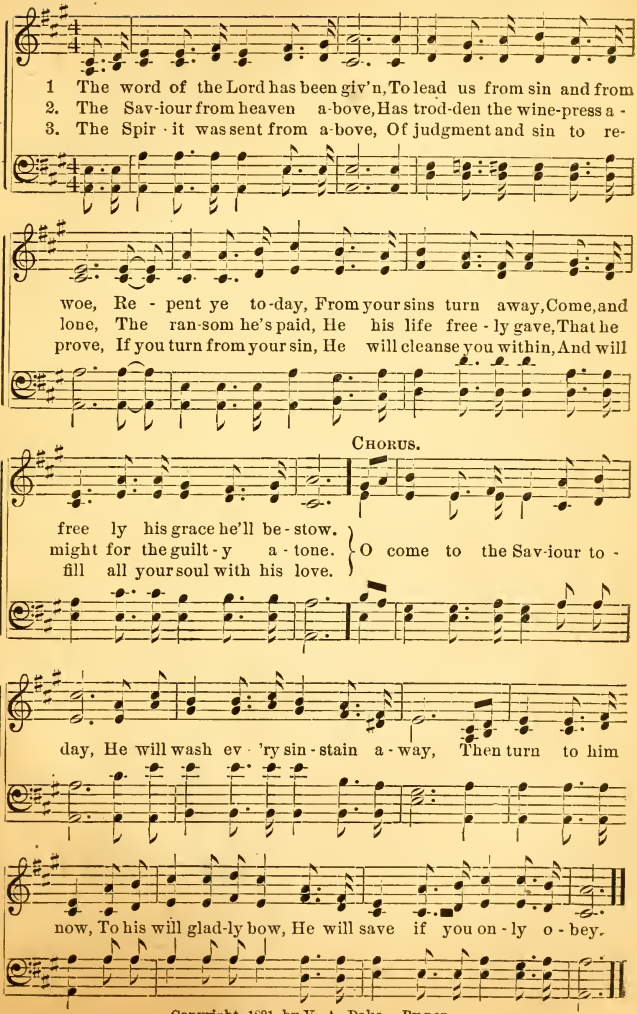
F B. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1 The word of the Lord has been giv'n, To lead us from sin and from
2. The Sav-iour from heaven a-bove, Has trod-den the wine-press a-
3. The Spir-it was sent from a-bove, Of judgment and sin to re-
woe, Re-pent ye to-day, From your sins turn away, Come, and
lone, The ran-som he's paid, He his life free-ly gave, That he
prove, If you turn from your sin, He will cleanse you within, And will
CHORUS.
free ly his grace he'll be-stow.
might for the guilt-y a-tone.
fill all your soul with his love.
O come to the Sav-iour to-
day, He will wash ev-'ry sin-stain a-way, Then turn to him
now, To his will glad-ly bow, He will save if you on-ly o-bey.

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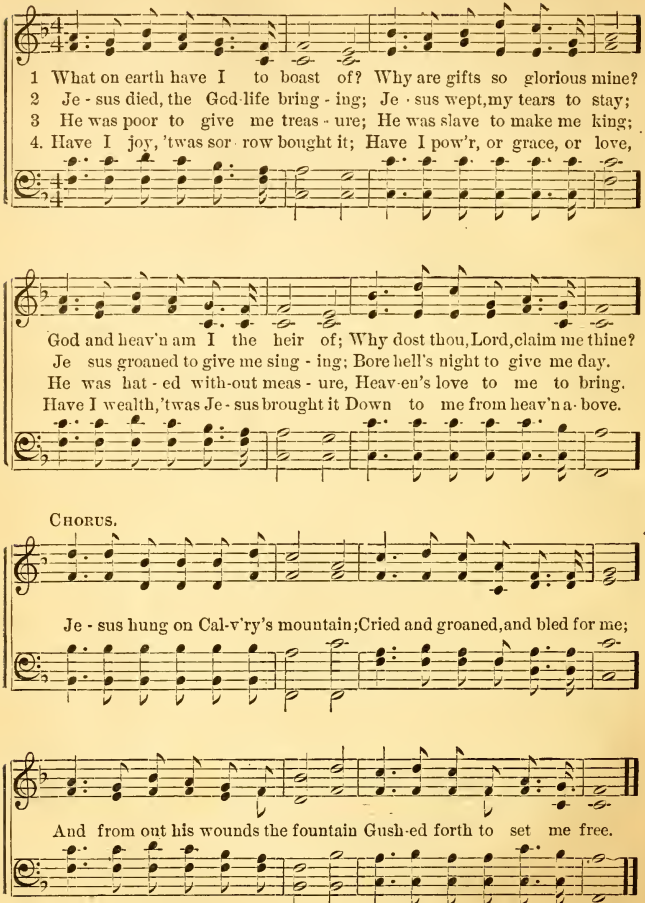
What Have I to Boast of?

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1 What on earth have I to boast of? Why are gifts so glorious mine?
2 Je - sus died, the God-life bring - ing; Je - sus wept, my tears to stay;
3 He was poor to give me treas - ure; He was slave to make me king;
4. Have I joy, 'twas sor - row bought it; Have I pow'r, or grace, or love,
God and heav'n am I the heir of; Why dost thou, Lord, claim me thine?
Je sus groaned to give me sing - ing; Bore hell's night to give me day.
He was hat - ed with-out meas - ure, Heav-en's love to me to bring.
Have I wealth, 'twas Je - sus brought it Down to me from heav'n a - bove.
CHORUS.
Je - sus hung on Cal-v'ry's mountain; Cried and groaned, and bled for me;
And from out his wounds the fountain Gush-ed forth to set me free.

5 Hark! I hear 'mid every pleasure,
Sounds of Calvary's mournful night,
And behold by every treasure,
Calvary's cross appears in sight.

6 Where, then, where is room for boasting,
In the sight of Calvary's cross;
In the blood alone I'm trusting,
Counting other gains but loss.

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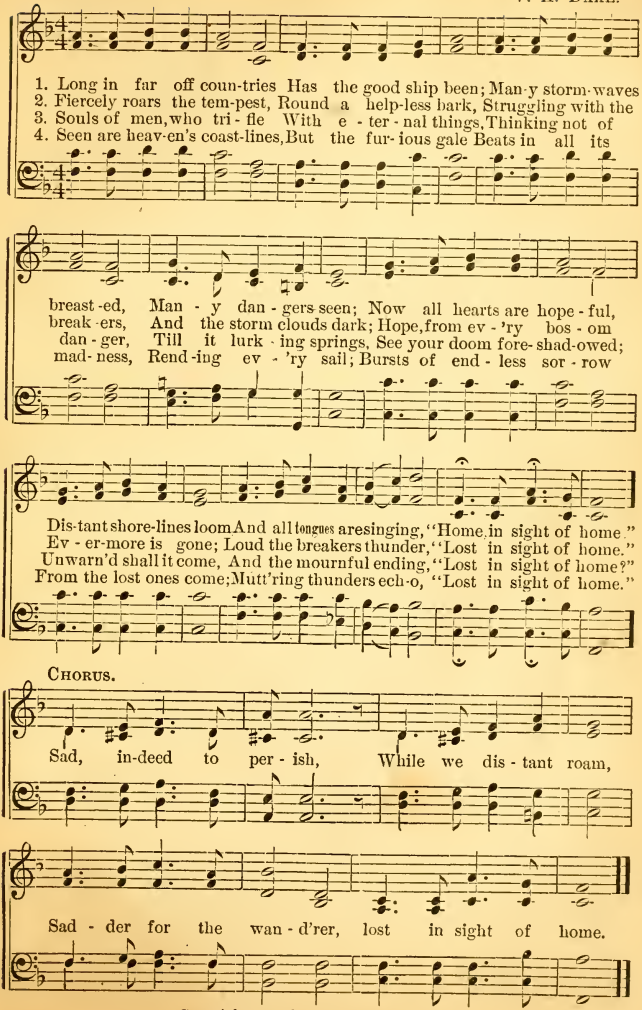
Lost in sight of Home.

V. A. D. V. A. Dake.


1. Long in far off coun-tries Has the good ship been; Man-y storm-waves
2. Fiercely roars the tem-pest, Round a help-less bark, Struggling with the
3. Souls of men, who tri-fle With e-ter-nal things, Thinking not of
4. Seen are heav-en's coast-lines, But the fur-ious gale Beats in all its
breast-ed, Man-y dan-gers seen; Now all hearts are hope-ful,
break-ers, And the storm clouds dark; Hope, from ev-'ry bos-om
dan-ger, Till it lurk-ing springs, See your doom fore-shad-owed;
mad-ness, Rend-ing ev-'ry sail; Bursts of end-less sor-row
Dis-tant shore-lines loom And all tongues are singing, "Home in sight of home."
Ev-er-more is gone; Loud the breakers thunder, "Lost in sight of home."
Unwarn'd shall it come, And the mournful ending, "Lost in sight of home?"
From the lost ones come; Mutt'ring thunders ech-o, "Lost in sight of home."
Chorus.
Sad, in-deed to per-ish, While we dis-tant roam,
Sad-der for the wan-d'rer, lost in sight of home.

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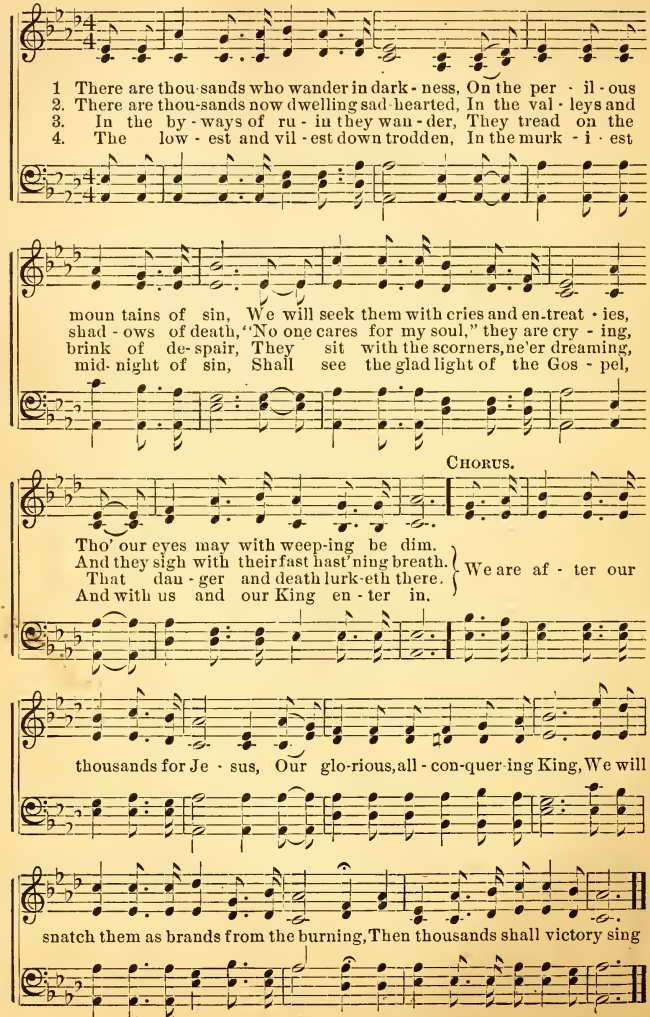
Thousands for Jesus.

VIVIAN A DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1 There are thou-sands who wander in dark-ness, On the per-il-ous
2. There are thou-sands now dwelling sad-hearted, In the val-leys and
3. In the by-ways of ru-in they wan-der, They tread on the
4. The low-est and vil-est down trodden, In the murk-i-est
moun tains of sin, We will seek them with cries and en-treat-ies,
shad-ows of death, "No one cares for my soul," they are cry-ing,
brink of de-spair, They sit with the scorners, ne'er dreaming,
mid-night of sin, Shall see the glad light of the Gos-pel,
CHORUS.
Tho' our eyes may with weep-ing be dim.
And they sigh with their fast hast'ning breath.
That dan-ger and death lurk-eth there.
And with us and our King en-ter in.
We are af-ter our
thousands for Je-sus, Our glo-rious, all-con-quer-ing King, We will
snatch them as brands from the burning, Then thousands shall victory sing

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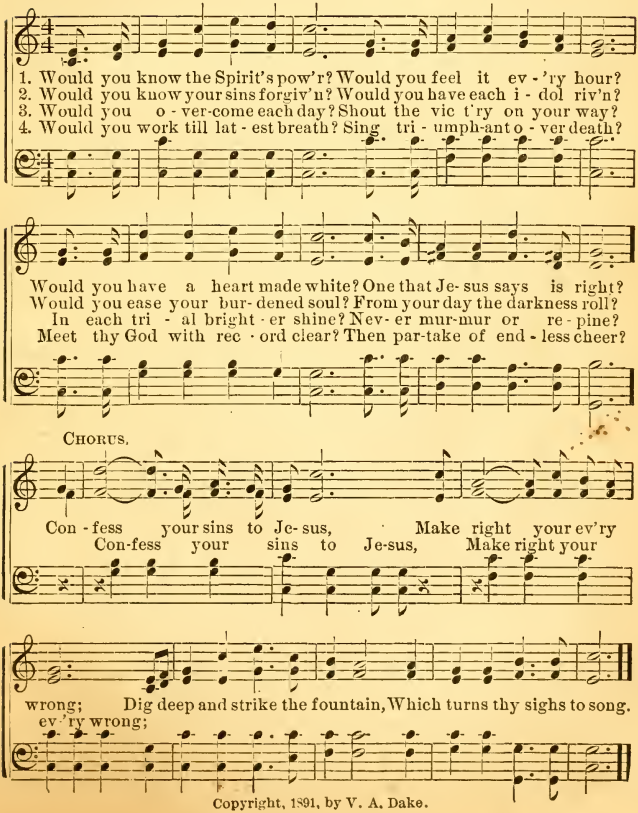
5 To the cross of the uplifted Saviour,
Our thousands are coming with haste,
From the mountain, the woodland, the prairie,
The city and desolate waste.

6 Yes, thousands are coming; salvation
Shall sweep like the waves of the sea;
And the songs and the shouts of rejoicing,
Shall foretell of the glad jubilee.

Confess Your Sins.

V. A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. Would you know the Spirit's pow'r? Would you feel it ev - 'ry hour?
2. Would you know your sins forgiv'n? Would you have each i - dol riv'n?
3. Would you o - ver-come each day? Shout the vic t'ry on your way?
4. Would you work till lat - est breath? Sing tri - umph-ant o - ver death?
Would you have a heart made white? One that Je- sus says is right?
Would you ease your bur- dened soul? From your day the darkness roll?
In each tri - al bright - er shine? Nev- er mur-mur or re - pine?
Meet thy God with rec - ord clear? Then par-take of end - less cheer?
CHORUS.
Con - fess your sins to Je- sus, Make right your ev'ry
Con-fess your sins to Je-sus, Make right your
wrong; Dig deep and strike the fountain, Which turns thy sighs to song.
ev 'ry wrong;

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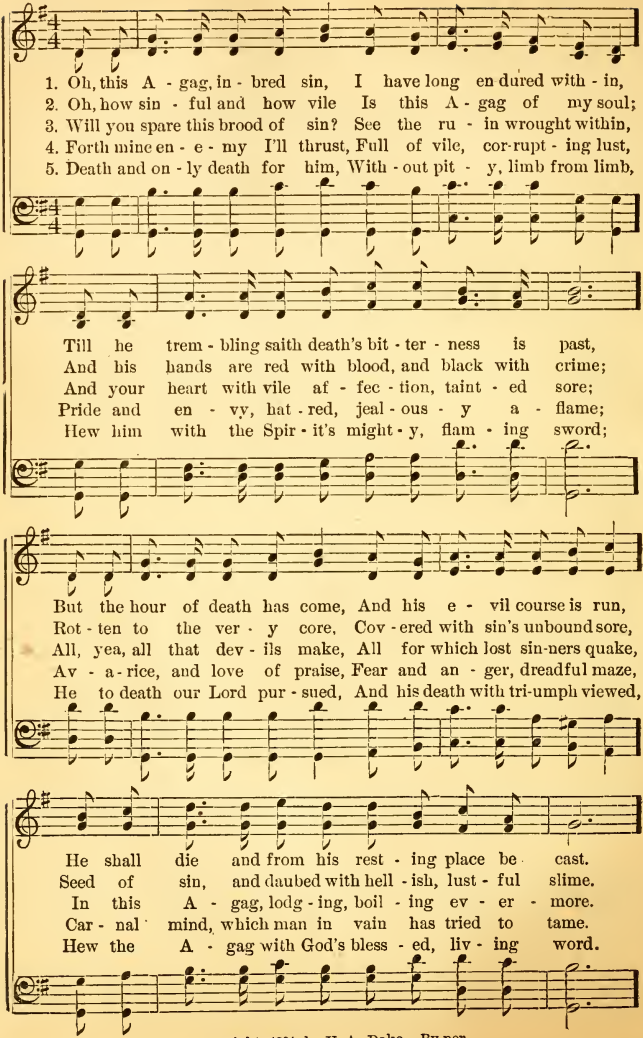
Hew the Agag.

V. A. D. V. A. DAKE.


1. Oh, this A - gag, in - bred sin, I have long en dured with - in,
2. Oh, how sin - ful and how vile Is this A - gag of my soul;
3. Will you spare this brood of sin? See the ru - in wrought within,
4. Forth mine en - e - my I'll thrust, Full of vile, cor-rupt - ing lust,
5. Death and on - ly death for him, With - out pit - y, limb from limb,
Till he trem - bling saith death's bit - ter - ness is past,
And his hands are red with blood, and black with crime;
And your heart with vile af - fec - tion, taint - ed sore;
Pride and en - vy, hat - red, jeal - ous - y a - flame;
Hew him with the Spir - it's might - y, flam - ing sword;
But the hour of death has come, And his e - vil course is run,
Rot - ten to the ver - y core, Cov - ered with sin's unbound sore,
All, yea, all that dev - ils make, All for which lost sin-ners quake,
Av - a - rice, and love of praise, Fear and an - ger, dreadful maze,
He to death our Lord pur - sued, And his death with tri-umph viewed,
He shall die and from his rest - ing place be cast.
Seed of sin, and daubed with hell - ish, lust - ful slime.
In this A - gag, lodg - ing, boil - ing ev - er - more.
Car - nal mind, which man in vain has tried to tame.
Hew the A - gag with God's bless - ed, liv - ing word.

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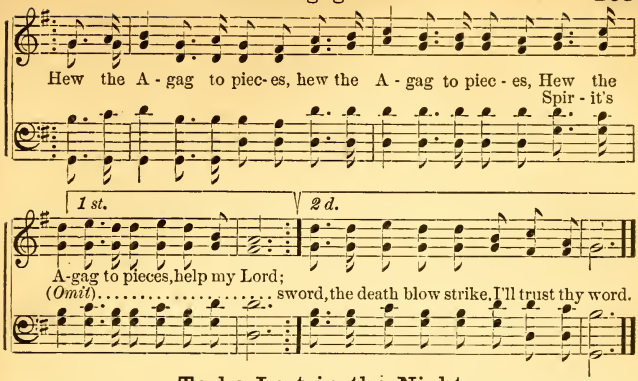
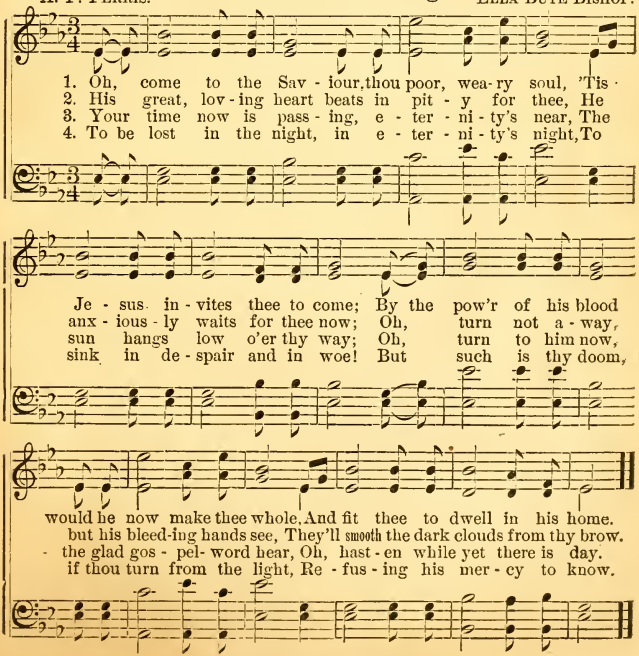

Hew the A - gag to piec-es, hew the A - gag to piec - es, Hew the
Spir - it's
1 st.
2 d.
A-gag to pieces, help my Lord;
(Omit)..... sword, the death blow strike, I'll trust thy word.

A. F. FERRIS. **To be Lost in the Night.** ELLA BUTE BISHOP.

1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, thou poor, wea-ry soul, 'Tis
2. His great, lov-ing heart beats in pit - y for thee, He
3. Your time now is pass - ing, e - ter - ni - ty's near, The
4. To be lost in the night, in e - ter - ni - ty's night, To
Je - sus in - vites thee to come; By the pow'r of his blood
anx - ious - ly waits for thee now; Oh, turn not a - way,
sun hangs low o'er thy way; Oh, turn to him now,
sink in de - spair and in woe! But such is thy doom,
would he now make thee whole, And fit thee to dwell in his home.
but his bleed-ing hands see, They'll smooth the dark clouds from thy brow.
the glad gos - pel-word hear, Oh, hast-en while yet there is day.
if thou turn from the light, Re - fus - ing his mer - cy to know.

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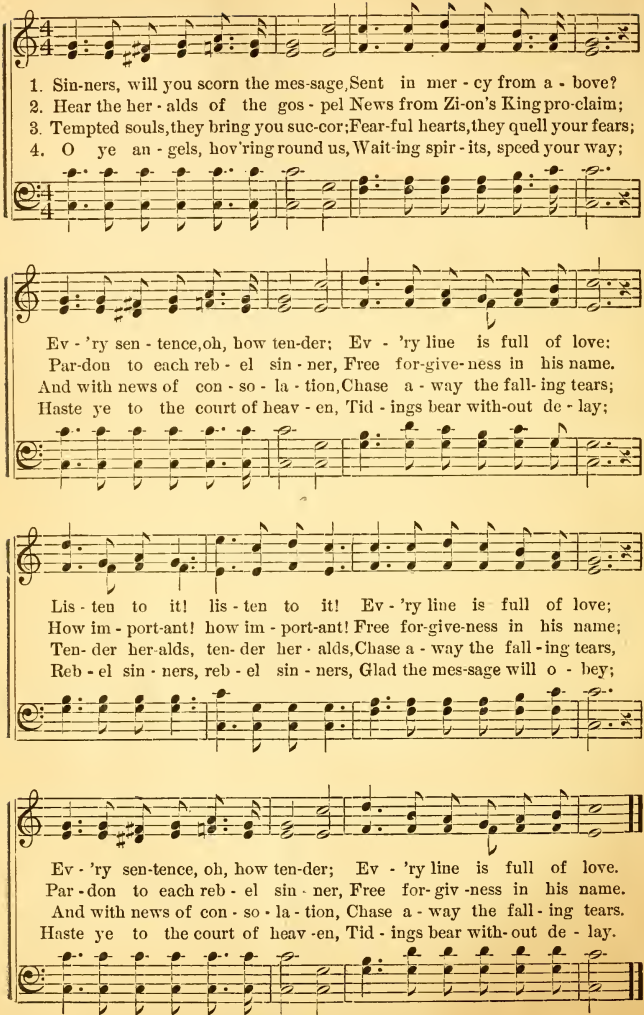
Hear and Live.

JONATHAN ALLEN. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. Sin-ners, will you scorn the mes-sage, Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
2. Hear the her - alds of the gos - pel News from Zi-on's King pro-claim;
3. Tempted souls, they bring you suc-cor; Fear-ful hearts, they quell your fears;
4. O ye an - gels, hov'ring round us, Wait-ing spir - its, speed your way;
Ev - 'ry sen - tence, oh, how ten-der; Ev - 'ry line is full of love:
Par-don to each reb - el sin - ner, Free for-give-ness in his name.
And with news of con - so - la - tion, Chase a - way the fall-ing tears;
Haste ye to the court of heav - en, Tid - ings bear with-out de - lay;
Lis - ten to it! lis - ten to it! Ev - 'ry line is full of love;
How im - port-ant! how im - port-ant! Free for-give-ness in his name;
Ten-der her-alds, ten-der her - alds, Chase a - way the fall - ing tears,
Reb - el sin - ners, reb - el sin - ners, Glad the mes-sage will o - bey;
Ev - 'ry sen-tence, oh, how ten-der; Ev - 'ry line is full of love.
Par-don to each reb - el sin - ner, Free for-giv-ness in his name.
And with news of con - so - la - tion, Chase a - way the fall - ing tears.
Haste ye to the court of heav-en, Tid - ings bear with-out de - lay.

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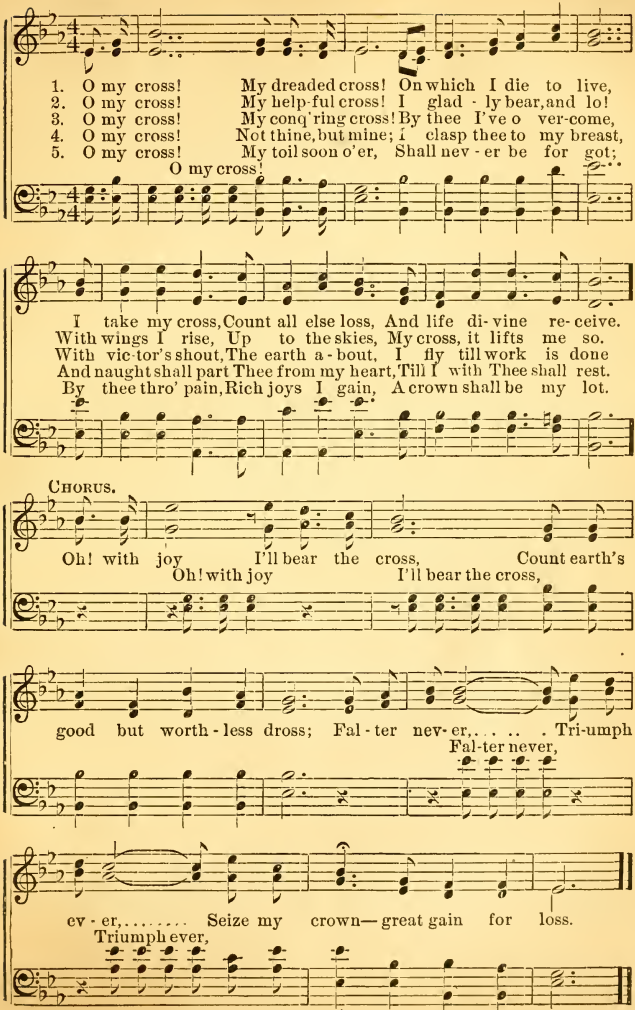
VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. O my cross! My dreaded cross! On which I die to live,
2. O my cross! My help-ful cross! I glad - ly bear, and lo!
3. O my cross! My conq'ring cross! By thee I've o ver-come,
4. O my cross! Not thine, but mine; I clasp thee to my breast,
5. O my cross! My toil soon o'er, Shall nev - er be for got;
O my cross!
I take my cross, Count all else loss, And life di- vine re- ceive.
With wings I rise, Up to the skies, My cross, it lifts me so.
With vic-tor's shout, The earth a - bout, I fly till work is done
And naught shall part Thee from my heart, Till I with Thee shall rest.
By thee thro' pain, Rich joys I gain, A crown shall be my lot.
CHORUS.
Oh! with joy I'll bear the cross, Count earth's
Oh! with joy I'll bear the cross,
good but worth - less dross; Fal - ter nev- er, ... Tri-umph
Fal-ter never,
ev - er, ... Seize my crown—great gain for loss.
Triumph ever,

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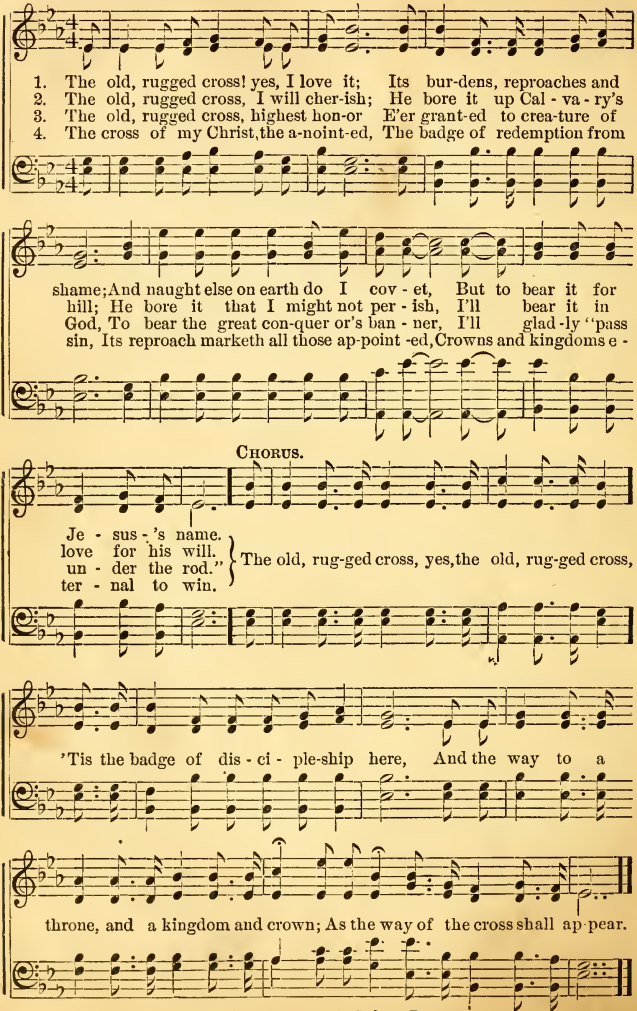
The Old, Rugged Cross.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. The old, rugged cross! yes, I love it; Its bur-dens, reproaches and
2. The old, rugged cross, I will cher-ish; He bore it up Cal - va - ry's
3. The old, rugged cross, highest hon-or E'er grant-ed to crea-ture of
4. The cross of my Christ, the a-noint-ed, The badge of redemption from
shame; And naught else on earth do I cov - et, But to bear it for
hill; He bore it that I might not per - ish, I'll bear it in
God, To bear the great con-quer or's ban - ner, I'll glad -ly "pass
sin, Its reproach marketh all those ap-point -ed, Crowns and kingdoms e -
CHORUS.
Je - sus - 's name.
love for his will.
un - der the rod."
ter - nal to win.
The old, rug-ged cross, yes, the old, rug-ged cross,
'Tis the badge of dis - ci - ple-ship here, And the way to a
throne, and a kingdom and crown; As the way of the cross shall ap-pear.

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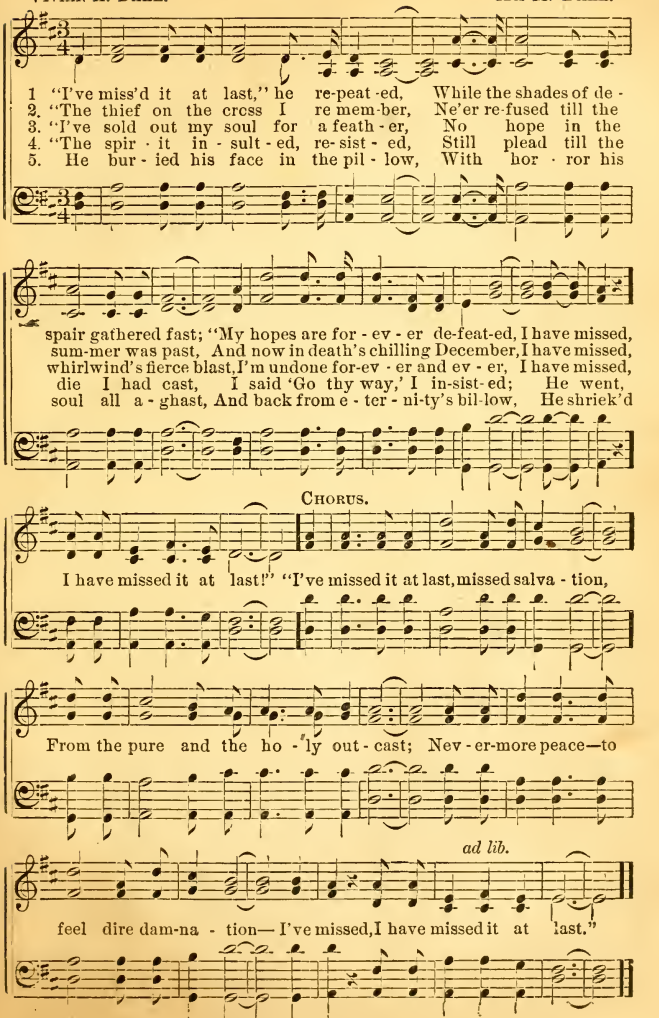
VIVIAN A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1 "I've miss'd it at last," he re-peat-ed, While the shades of de-
2. "The thief on the cross I re mem-ber, Ne'er re-fused till the
3. "I've sold out my soul for a feath-er, No hope in the
4. "The spir-it in-sult-ed, re-sist-ed, Still plead till the
5. He bur-ied his face in the pil-low, With hor-ror his
spair gathered fast; "My hopes are for-ev-er de-feat-ed, I have missed,
sum-mer was past, And now in death's chilling December, I have missed,
whirlwind's fierce blast, I'm undone for-ev-er and ev-er, I have missed,
die I had cast, I said 'Go thy way,' I in-sist-ed; He went,
soul all a-ghast, And back from e-ter-ni-ty's bil-low, He shriek'd
CHORUS.
I have missed it at last!" "I've missed it at last, missed salva-tion,
From the pure and the ho-ly out-cast; Nev-er-more peace—to
ad lib.
feel dire dam-na-tion— I've missed, I have missed it at last."

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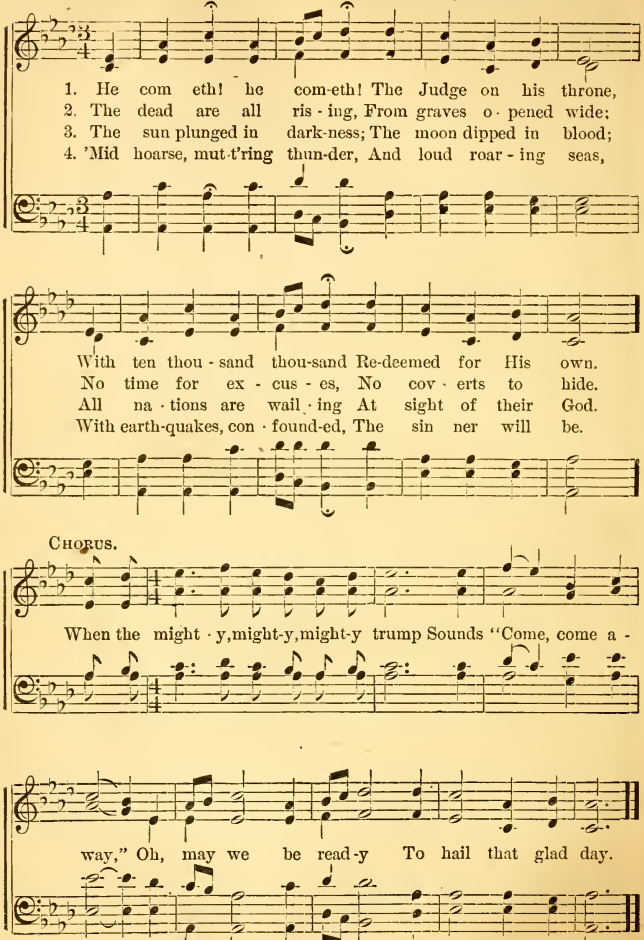
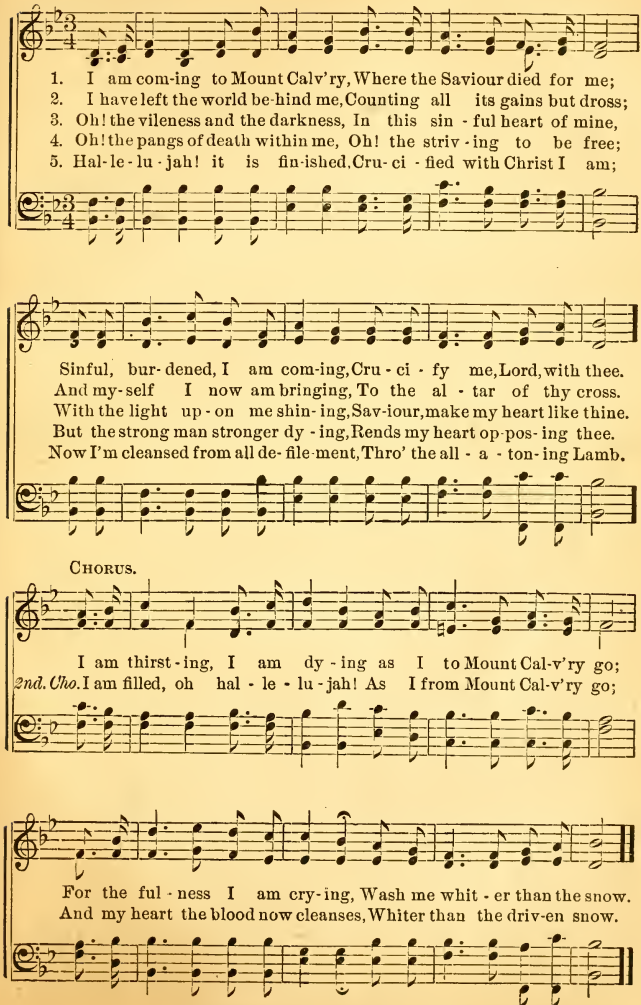
Mighty Trump.

Arr. by VIVIAN A. DAKE. Arr. by FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. He com eth! he com-eth! The Judge on his throne,
2. The dead are all ris - ing, From graves o - pened wide;
3. The sun plunged in dark-ness; The moon dipped in blood;
4. 'Mid hoarse, mut-t'ring thun-der, And loud roar - ing seas,
With ten thou - sand thou-sand Re-deemed for His own.
No time for ex - cus - es, No cov - erts to hide.
All na - tions are wail - ing At sight of their God.
With earth-quakes, con - found-ed, The sin ner will be.
CHORUS.
When the might - y,might-y,might-y trump Sounds "Come, come a -
way," Oh, may we be read-y To hail that glad day.

5 To saints and to angels
His welcome is smiled,
"Come, blessed of my Father,
Thro' blood reconciled."

6 When soundeth the trumpet,
And breaks judgment light,
Oh, I shall be ready,
With garments washed white.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. I am com-ing to Mount Calv'ry, Where the Saviour died for me;
2. I have left the world be-hind me, Counting all its gains but dross;
3. Oh! the vileness and the darkness, In this sin - ful heart of mine,
4. Oh! the pangs of death within me, Oh! the striv - ing to be free;
5. Hal-le - lu - jah! it is fin-ished, Cru - ci - fied with Christ I am;
Sinful, bur-dened, I am com-ing, Cru - ci - fy me, Lord, with thee.
And my-self I now am bringing, To the al - tar of thy cross.
With the light up - on me shin- ing, Sav-iour, make my heart like thine.
But the strong man stronger dy - ing, Rends my heart op-pos- ing thee.
Now I'm cleansed from all de- file-ment, Thro' the all - a - ton- ing Lamb.
CHORUS.
I am thirst - ing, I am dy - ing as I to Mount Cal-v'ry go;
2nd. Cho. I am filled, oh hal - le - lu - jah! As I from Mount Cal-v'ry go;
For the ful - ness I am cry - ing, Wash me whit - er than the snow.
And my heart the blood now cleanses, Whiter than the driv-en snow.

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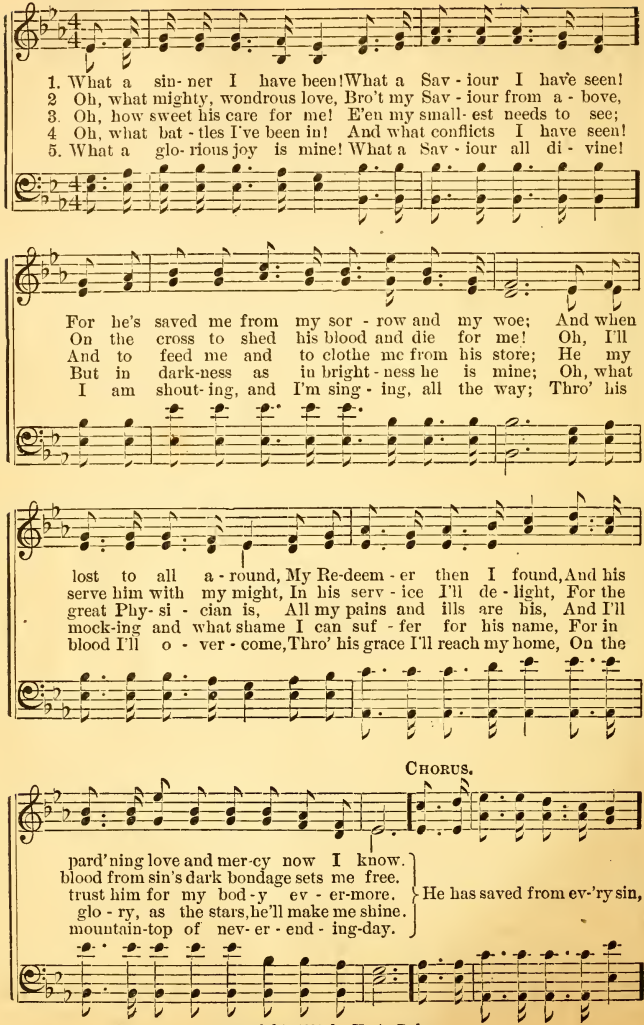
What a Sinner I Have Been!

Arranged. V. A. D.

1. What a sin- ner I have been! What a Sav - iour I have seen!
2 Oh, what mighty, wondrous love, Bro't my Sav - iour from a - bove,
3. Oh, how sweet his care for me! E'en my small- est needs to see;
4 Oh, what bat - tles I've been in! And what conflicts I have seen!
5. What a glo- rious joy is mine! What a Sav - iour all di - vine!
For he's saved me from my sor - row and my woe; And when
On the cross to shed his blood and die for me! Oh, I'll
And to feed me and to clothe me from his store; He my
But in dark-ness as in bright - ness he is mine; Oh, what
I am shout- ing, and I'm sing - ing, all the way; Thro' his
lost to all a - round, My Re-deem - er then I found, And his
serve him with my might, In his serv - ice I'll de - light, For the
great Phy- si - cian is, All my pains and ills are his, And I'll
mock-ing and what shame I can suf - fer for his name, For in
blood I'll o - ver - come, Thro' his grace I'll reach my home, On the
CHORUS.
pard'ning love and mer-cy now I know.
blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.
trust him for my bod - y ev - er-more.
glo - ry, as the stars, he'll make me shine.
mountain-top of nev- er - end - ing-day.
He has saved from ev-'ry sin,

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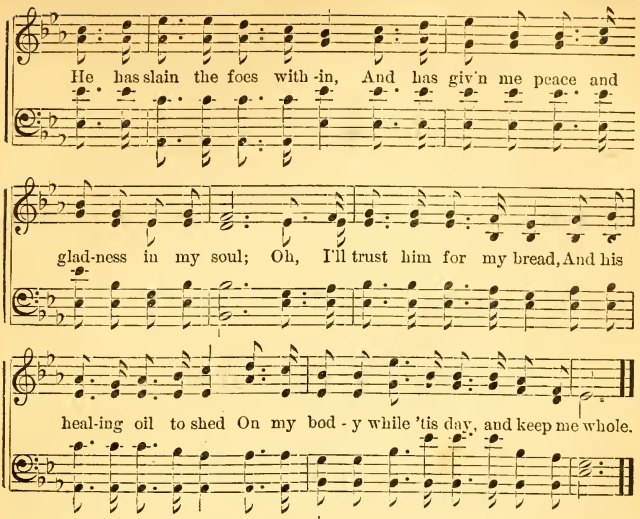

He has slain the foes with-in, And has giv'n me peace and
glad-ness in my soul; Oh, I'll trust him for my bread, And his
heal-ing oil to shed On my bod-y while 'tis day, and keep me whole.

JEWEL-GATHERERS.

Jewel-gatherers for a crown,
Know ye not that many a gem,
Now in darkness trampled down
Might bedeck a diadem?

CHORUS:

Gathering jewels, precious jewels,
Blood-bought souls we seek to bring.
Gathering jewels, precious jewels,
For the crown of Christ our King.

2 Souls for whom the Saviour died,
Souls enwrapped in sinful night,
Go and seek them far and wide;
They will glitter in his sight.

3 Gems by cruel hands defaced,
Pearls in heathen shadows dim,
Brilliants scattered in the waste,
We must gather up for him.

4 With his blood washed bright and pure,
Graven with his name divine,
These our jewels shall endure,
When the stars shall cease to shine.

5 Then our work shall be complete,
Then we'll lay our jewels down;
Lay them gladly at his feet:—
He will set them in his crown.

—*Miss P. J. Owens.*

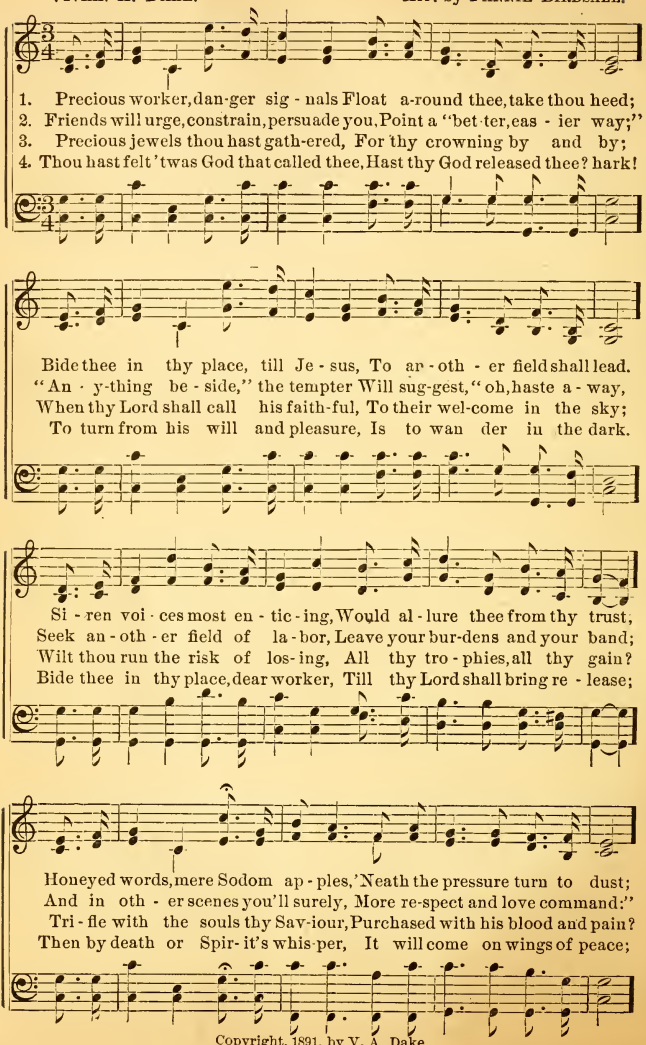
1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might's ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee:
What hast thou borne for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free.
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee
What hast thou brought to me?

Precious Worker.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. Arr. by FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. Precious worker, dan-ger sig - nals Float a-round thee, take thou heed;
2. Friends will urge, constrain, persuade you, Point a "bet-ter, eas - ier way;"
3. Precious jewels thou hast gath-ered, For thy crowning by and by;
4. Thou hast felt 'twas God that called thee, Hast thy God released thee? hark!
Bide thee in thy place, till Je - sus, To an - oth - er field shall lead.
"An - y-thing be - side," the tempter Will sug-gest, "oh, haste a - way,
When thy Lord shall call his faith-ful, To their wel-come in the sky;
To turn from his will and pleasure, Is to wan der in the dark.
Si - ren voi - ces most en - tic - ing, Would al - lure thee from thy trust,
Seek an - oth - er field of la - bor, Leave your bur-dens and your band;
Wilt thou run the risk of los - ing, All thy tro - phies, all thy gain?
Bide thee in thy place, dear worker, Till thy Lord shall bring re - lease;
Honeyed words, mere Sodom ap - ples, 'Neath the pressure turn to dust;
And in oth - er scenes you'll surely, More re-spect and love command:"
Tri - fle with the souls thy Sav-iour, Purchased with his blood and pain?
Then by death or Spir-it's whis-per, It will come on wings of peace;

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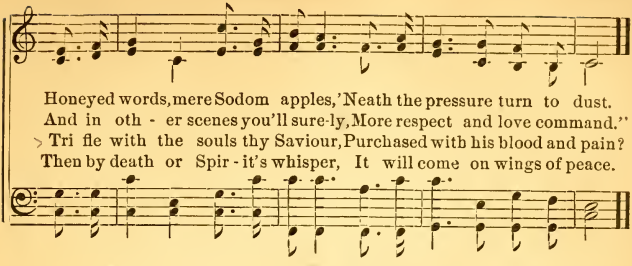
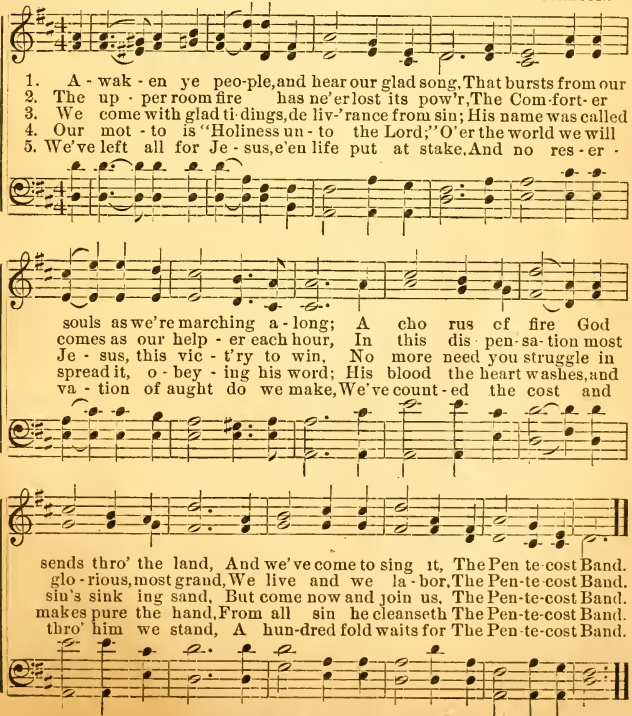

Honeyed words, mere Sodom apples,' Neath the pressure turn to dust.
And in oth - er scenes you'll sure-ly, More respect and love command."
Tri fle with the souls thy Saviour, Purchased with his blood and pain?
Then by death or Spir - it's whisper, It will come on wings of peace.

The Pentecost Band.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.


1. A - wak - en ye peo-ple, and hear our glad song, That bursts from our
2. The up - per room fire has ne'er lost its pow'r, The Com-fort- er
3. We come with glad ti-dings, de liv-'rance from sin; His name was called
4. Our mot - to is "Holiness un - to the Lord;" O'er the world we will
5. We've left all for Je - sus, e'en life put at stake, And no res - er -
souls as we're marching a - long; A cho rus of fire God
comes as our help - er each hour, In this dis - pen - sa - tion most
Je - sus, this vic - t'ry to win, No more need you struggle in
spread it, o - bey - ing his word; His blood the heart washes, and
va - tion of aught do we make, We've count - ed the cost and
sends thro' the land, And we've come to sing it, The Pen te-cost Band.
glo - rious, most grand, We live and we la - bor, The Pen-te-cost Band.
sin's sink ing sand, But come now and join us, The Pen-te-cost Band.
makes pure the hand, From all sin he cleanseth The Pen-te-cost Band.
thro' him we stand, A hun-dred fold waits for The Pen-te-cost Band.

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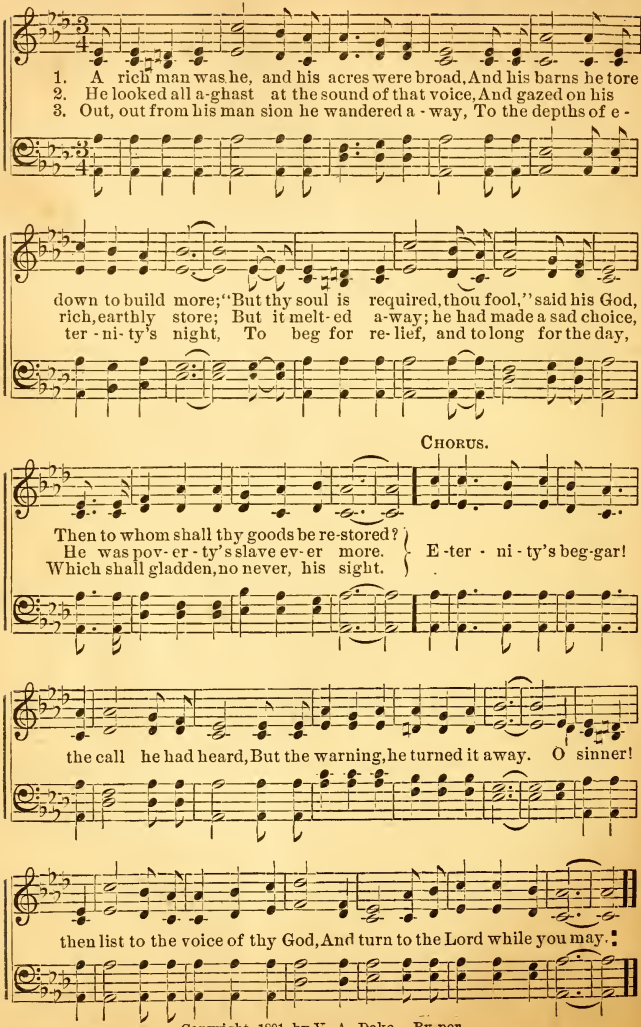
Eternity's Beggar.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. A rich man was he, and his acres were broad, And his barns he tore down to build more; "But thy soul is required, thou fool," said his God,
2. He looked all a-ghast at the sound of that voice, And gazed on his rich, earthly store; But it melt-ed a-way; he had made a sad choice,
3. Out, out from his man sion he wandered a-way, To the depths of e-ter-ni-ty's night, To beg for re-lief, and to long for the day,
CHORUS.
Then to whom shall thy goods be re-stored?
He was pov-er-ty's slave ev-er more.
Which shall gladden, no never, his sight.
E-ter-ni-ty's beg-gar!
the call he had heard, But the warning, he turned it away. O sinner!
then list to the voice of thy God, And turn to the Lord while you may.

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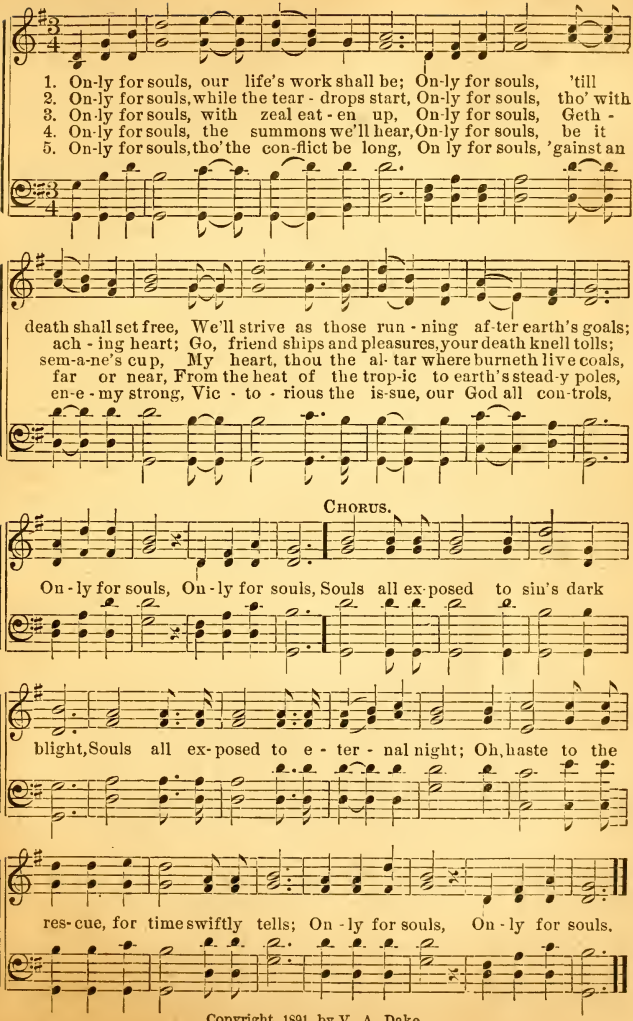
V. A. Dake. E. Sherratt.

1. On-ly for souls, our life's work shall be; On-ly for souls, 'till
2. On-ly for souls, while the tear - drops start, On-ly for souls, tho' with
3. On-ly for souls, with zeal eat - en up, On-ly for souls, Geth -
4. On-ly for souls, the summons we'll hear, On-ly for souls, be it
5. On-ly for souls, tho' the con-flict be long, On ly for souls, 'gainst an
death shall set free, We'll strive as those run - ning af-ter earth's goals;
ach - ing heart; Go, friend ships and pleasures, your death knell tolls;
sem-a-ne's cup, My heart, thou the al- tar where burneth live coals,
far or near, From the heat of the trop-ic to earth's stead-y poles,
en-e - my strong, Vic - to - rious the is-sue, our God all con-trols,
Chorus.
On - ly for souls, On - ly for souls, Souls all ex-posed to sin's dark
blight, Souls all ex-posed to e - ter - nal night; Oh, haste to the
res-cue, for time swiftly tells; On - ly for souls, On - ly for souls.

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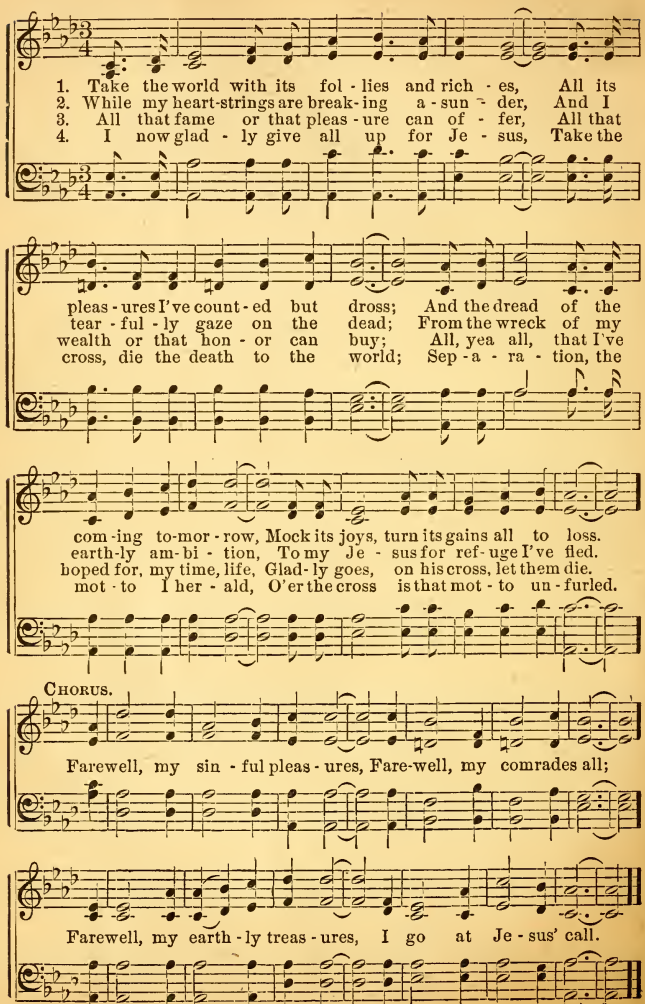
VIVIAN A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Take the world with its fol - lies and rich - es, All its
2. While my heart-strings are break-ing a-sun - der, And I
3. All that fame or that pleas - ure can of - fer, All that
4. I now glad - ly give all up for Je - sus, Take the
pleas - ures I've count - ed but dross; And the dread of the
tear - ful - ly gaze on the dead; From the wreck of my
wealth or that hon - or can buy; All, yea all, that I've
cross, die the death to the world; Sep - a - ra - tion, the
com - ing to-mor - row, Mock its joys, turn its gains all to loss.
earth-ly am-bi - tion, To my Je - sus for ref - uge I've fled.
hoped for, my time, life, Glad-ly goes, on his cross, let them die.
mot - to I her - ald, O'er the cross is that mot - to un - furled.
CHORUS.
Farewell, my sin - ful pleas - ures, Fare-well, my comrades all;
Farewell, my earth - ly treas - ures, I go at Je - sus' call.

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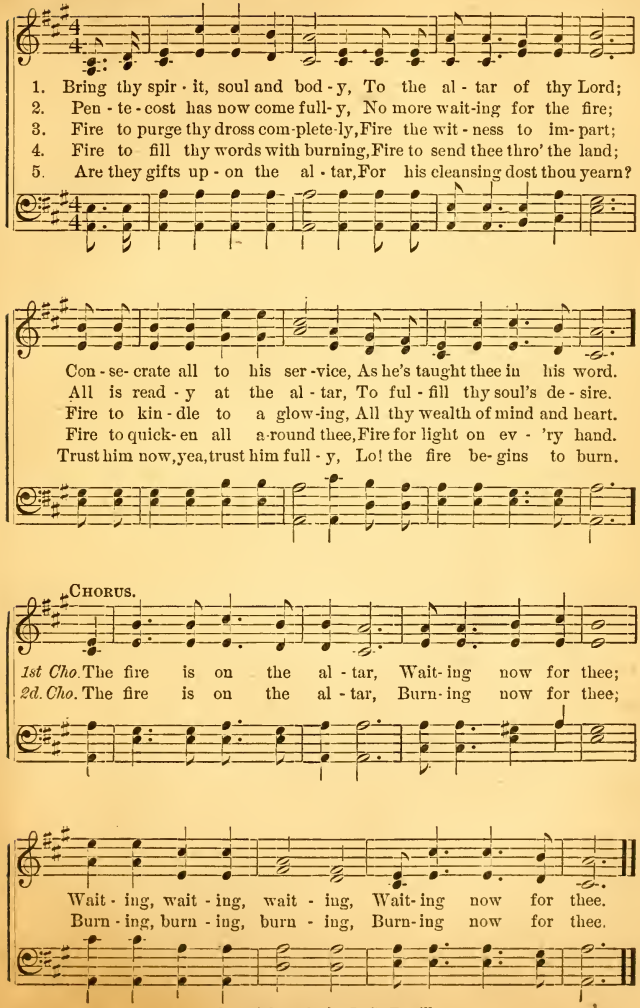
The Fire is on the Altar.

J. G. TERRILL. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. Bring thy spir - it, soul and bod - y, To the al - tar of thy Lord;
2. Pen - te - cost has now come full - y, No more wait-ing for the fire;
3. Fire to purge thy dross com-plete-ly, Fire the wit - ness to im - part;
4. Fire to fill thy words with burning, Fire to send thee thro' the land;
5. Are they gifts up - on the al - tar, For his cleansing dost thou yearn?
Con - se- crate all to his ser -vice, As he's taught thee in his word.
All is read - y at the al - tar, To ful - fill thy soul's de - sire.
Fire to kin - dle to a glow-ing, All thy wealth of mind and heart.
Fire to quick- en all a-round thee, Fire for light on ev - 'ry hand.
Trust him now, yea, trust him full - y, Lo! the fire be- gins to burn.
CHORUS.
1st Cho. The fire is on the al - tar, Wait- ing now for thee;
2d. Cho. The fire is on the al - tar, Burn- ing now for thee;
Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait- ing now for thee.
Burn - ing, burn - ing, burn - ing, Burn-ing now for thee.

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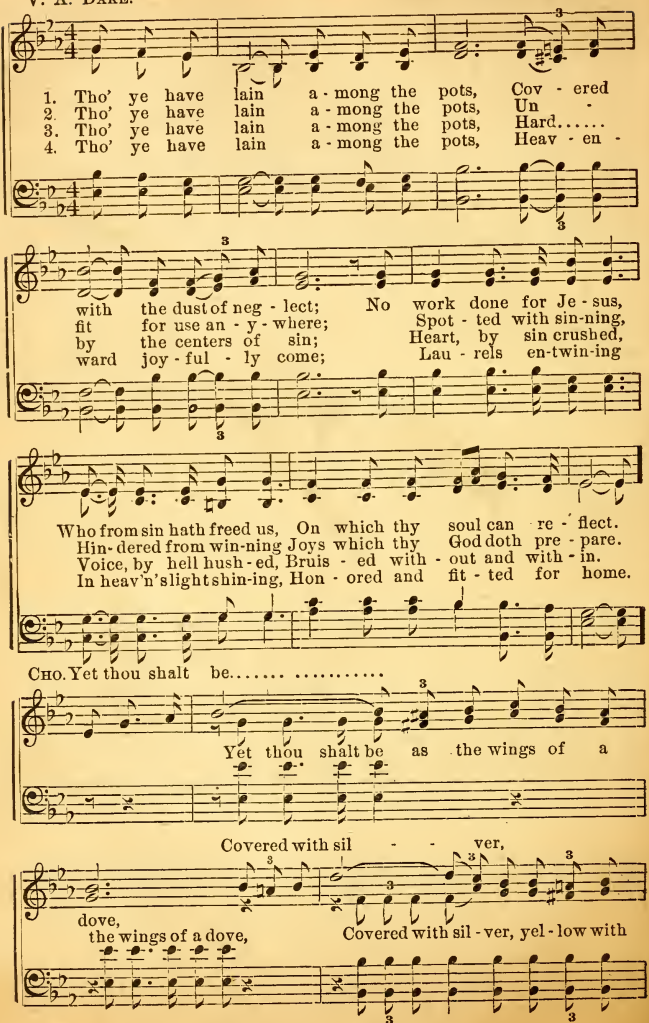
278 Though Ye Have Lain Among the Pots.

V. A. Dake. Flora Birdsall Nelson.

1. Tho' ye have lain a-mong the pots, Cov-ered
2. Tho' ye have lain a-mong the pots, Un-
3. Tho' ye have lain a-mong the pots, Hard.....
4. Tho' ye have lain a-mong the pots, Heav-en-
with the dust of neg-lect; No work done for Je-sus,
fit for use an-y-where; Spot-ted with sin-ning,
by the centers of sin; Heart, by sin crushed,
ward joy-ful-ly come; Lau-rels en-twin-ing
Who from sin hath freed us, On which thy soul can re-flect.
Hin-dered from win-ning Joys which thy God doth pre-pare.
Voice, by hell hush-ed, Bruis-ed with-out and with-in.
In heav'n'slight shin-ing, Hon-ored and fit-ted for home.
Cho. Yet thou shalt be..... .....
Yet thou shalt be as the wings of a
Covered with sil - - ver,
dove,
the wings of a dove,
Covered with sil-ver, yel-low with

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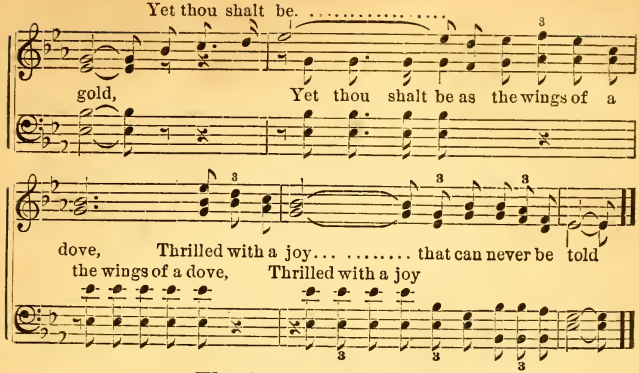
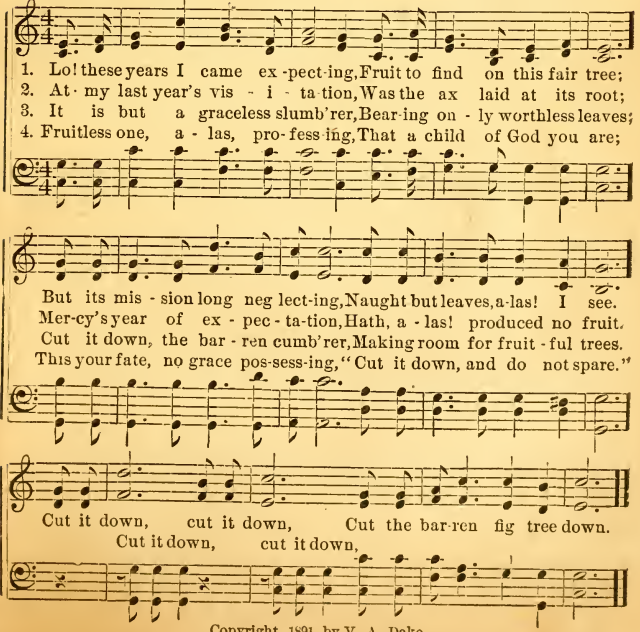

Yet thou shalt be. .....
gold,
Yet thou shalt be as the wings of a
dove,
Thrilled with a joy... ..... that can never be told
the wings of a dove,
Thrilled with a joy

The Barren Fig Tree.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. Lo! these years I came ex-pect-ing, Fruit to find on this fair tree;
2. At my last year's vis - i - ta-tion, Was the ax laid at its root;
3. It is but a graceless slumb'rer, Bear-ing on - ly worthless leaves;
4. Fruitless one, a - las, pro-fess-ing, That a child of God you are;
But its mis - sion long neg lect-ing, Naught but leaves, a-las! I see.
Mer-cy's year of ex - pec - ta-tion, Hath, a - las! produced no fruit.
Cut it down, the bar - ren cumb'rer, Making room for fruit - ful trees.
This your fate, no grace pos-sess-ing, "Cut it down, and do not spare."
Cut it down, cut it down, Cut the bar-ren fig tree down.
Cut it down, cut it down,

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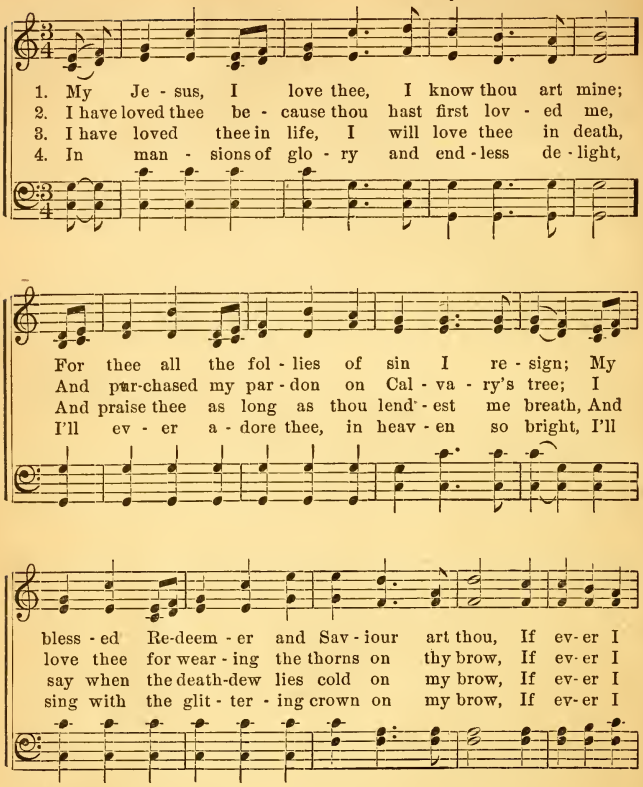
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon. Arr. by FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
2. I have loved thee be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I have loved thee in life, I will love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My
And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath, And
I'll ev - er a - dore thee, in heav - en so bright, I'll
bless - ed Re-deem - er and Sav - iour art thou, If ev-er I
love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow, If ev-er I
say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, If ev-er I
sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow, If ev-er I
CHORUS.
loved thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now. Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le -

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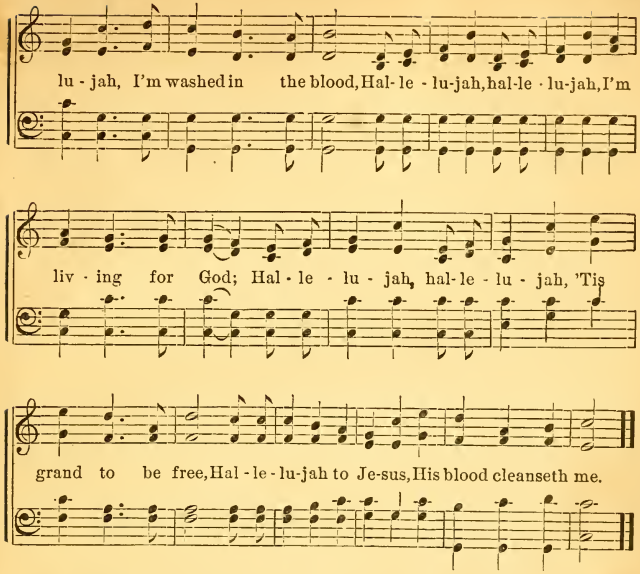

lu - jah, I'm washed in the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm
liv - ing for God; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, 'Tis
grand to be free, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, His blood cleanseth me.

O Save me at the Cross.

LOVING Saviour, hear my cry,
Trembling to thy arms I fly,
O save me at the cross.
I have sinned, but thou hast died,
In thy mercy let me hide;
O save me at the cross.

CHORUS:

Dear Jesus, receive me,
No more would I grieve thee,
Now, blessed Redeemer,
O save me at the cross.

2 Though I perish, I will pray,
Thou of life the living way,
O save me at the cross.
Thou hast said thy grace is free,
Have compassion, Lord, on me,
O save me at the cross.

3 Wash me in thy cleansing blood,
Plunge me now beneath the flood,
O save me at the cross.
Only faith will pardon bring,
In that faith to thee I cling,
O save me at the cross.

—Fanny J. Crosby.

L. M.

Praise for Renewing Grace.

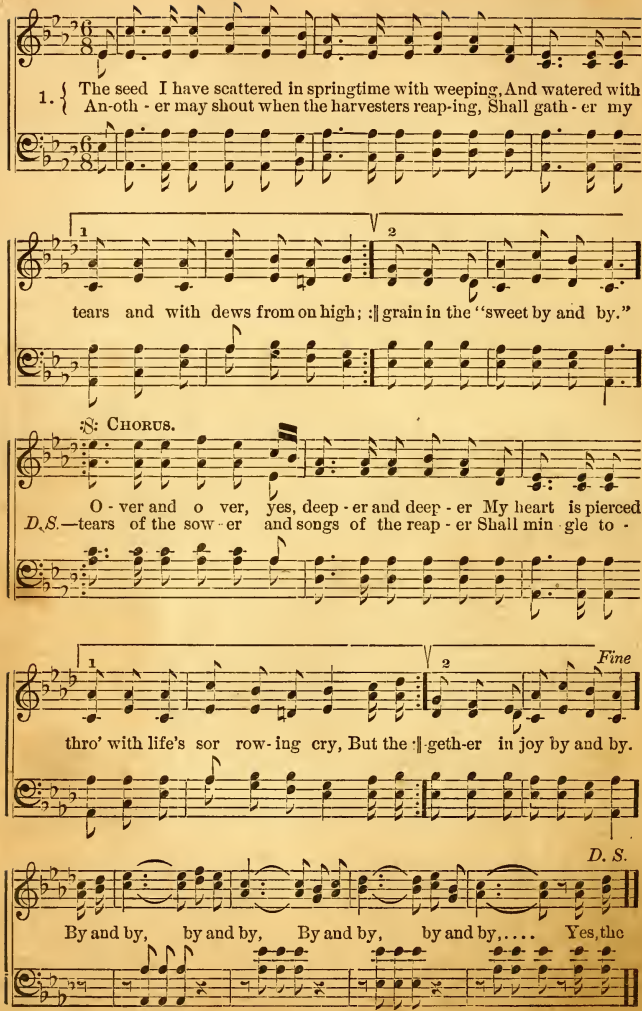
1 To God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and soothed my grief,
Poured joy divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

3 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

4 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days:
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

Harvest Time.

W. A. S. W. A. SPENCER.

1. The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping, And watered with
An-oth - er may shout when the harvesters reap-ing, Shall gath - er my
tears and with dews from on high; :‖ grain in the "sweet by and by."
:S: CHORUS.
O - ver and o ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced
D.S.—tears of the sow - er and songs of the reap - er Shall min - gle to -
thro' with life's sor row - ing cry, But the :‖ geth-er in joy by and by.
Fine
D. S.
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by,.... Yes, the

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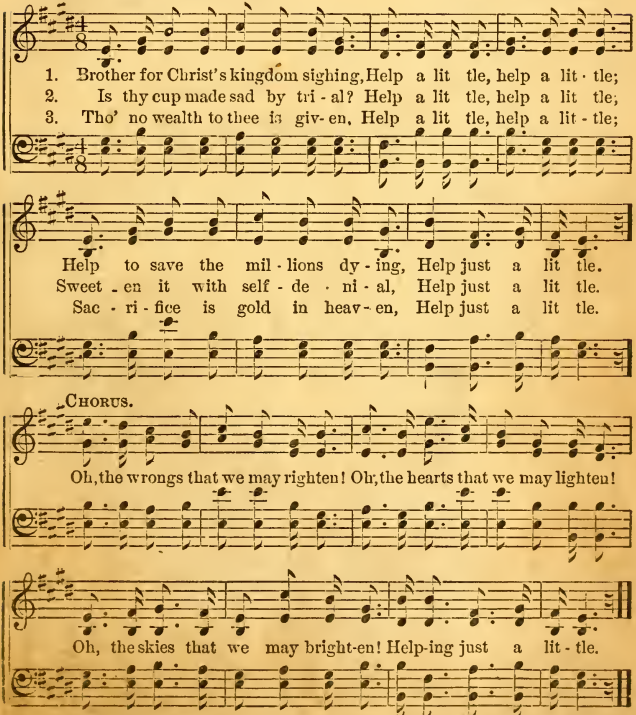
2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted,
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

3 The thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"
New words by Rev. W. A. Spencer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit tle, help a lit · tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri - al? Help a lit tle, help a lit tle,
3. Tho' no wealth to thee is giv- en, Help a lit tle, help a lit - tle;
Help to save the mil - lions dy - ing, Help just a lit tle.
Sweet - en it with self - de - ni - al, Help just a lit tle.
Sac - ri - fice is gold in heav - en, Help just a lit tle.
Chorus.
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may bright-en! Help-ing just a lit - tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little,
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little,
Bravely look t ward God's tomorrow,
Help just a little.

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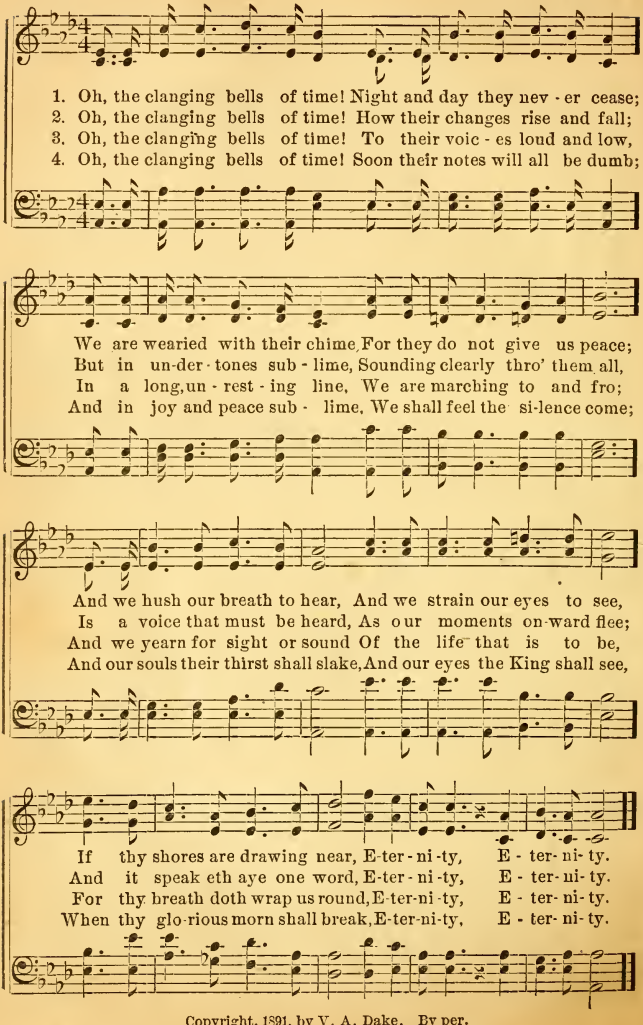
The Clanging Bells of Time.

ELLEN H. GATES. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. Oh, the clanging bells of time! Night and day they nev - er cease;
2. Oh, the clanging bells of time! How their changes rise and fall;
3. Oh, the clanging bells of time! To their voic - es loud and low,
4. Oh, the clanging bells of time! Soon their notes will all be dumb;
We are wearied with their chime, For they do not give us peace;
But in un-der - tones sub - lime, Sounding clearly thro' them all,
In a long, un - rest - ing line, We are marching to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub - lime, We shall feel the si-lence come;
And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see,
Is a voice that must be heard, As our moments on-ward flee;
And we yearn for sight or sound Of the life that is to be,
And our souls their thirst shall slake, And our eyes the King shall see,
If thy shores are drawing near, E-ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty.
And it speak eth aye one word, E-ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty.
For thy breath doth wrap us round, E-ter-ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty.
When thy glo-rious morn shall break, E-ter-ni-ty, E - ter - ni - ty.

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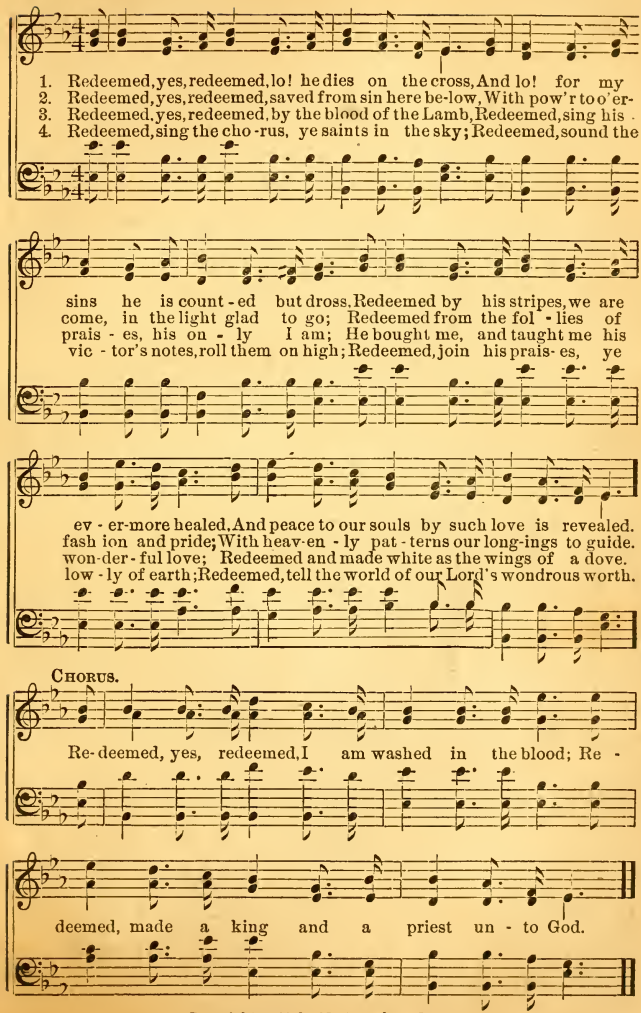
Redeemed.

VIVIAN A DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.


1. Redeemed, yes, redeemed, lo! he dies on the cross, And lo! for my
2. Redeemed, yes, redeemed, saved from sin here be-low, With pow'r to o'er-
3. Redeemed, yes, redeemed, by the blood of the Lamb, Redeemed, sing his
4. Redeemed, sing the cho-rus, ye saints in the sky; Redeemed, sound the
sins he is count-ed but dross, Redeemed by his stripes, we are
come, in the light glad to go; Redeemed from the fol-lies of
prais-es, his on-ly I am; He bought me, and taught me his
vic-tor's notes, roll them on high; Redeemed, join his prais-es, ye
ev-er-more healed, And peace to our souls by such love is revealed.
fash ion and pride; With heav-en-ly pat-terns our long-ings to guide.
won-der-ful love; Redeemed and made white as the wings of a dove.
low-ly of earth; Redeemed, tell the world of our Lord's wondrous worth.
CHORUS.
Re-deemed, yes, redeemed, I am washed in the blood; Re-
deemed, made a king and a priest un-to God.

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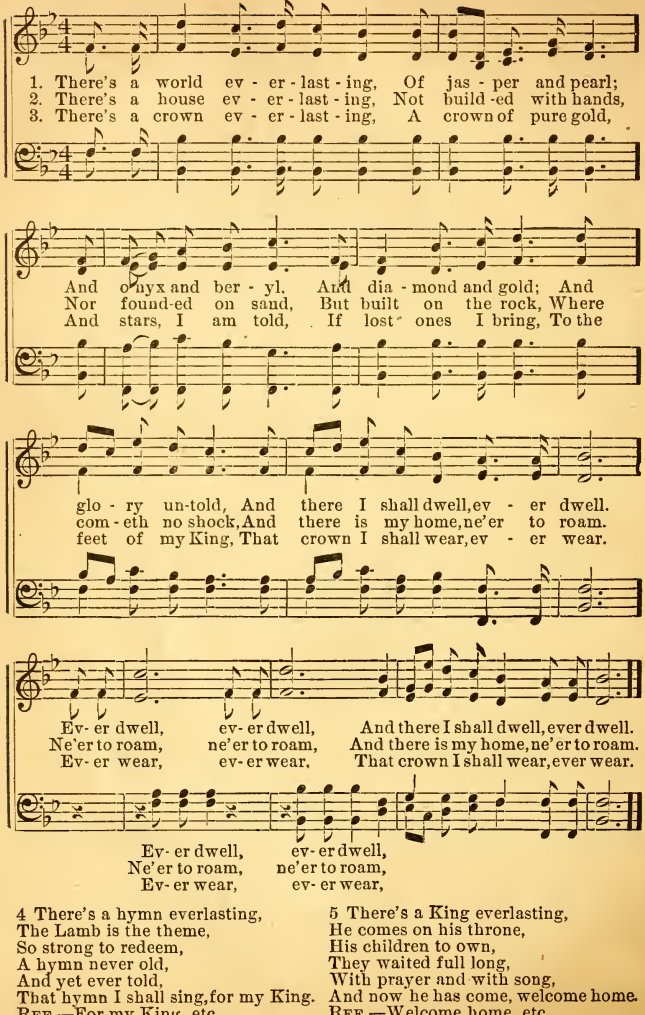
VIVIAN A. DAKE. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.

1. There's a world ev - er - last - ing, Of jas - per and pearl;
2. There's a house ev - er - last - ing, Not build -ed with hands,
3. There's a crown ev - er - last - ing, A crown of pure gold,
And o'nyx and ber - yl, And dia - mond and gold; And
Nor found-ed on sand, But built on the rock, Where
And stars, I am told, If lost ones I bring, To the
glo - ry un-told, And there I shall dwell, ev - er dwell.
com - eth no shock, And there is my home, ne'er to roam.
feet of my King, That crown I shall wear, ev - er wear.
Ev- er dwell, ev- er dwell, And there I shall dwell, ever dwell.
Ne'er to roam, ne'er to roam, And there is my home, ne'er to roam.
Ev- er wear, ev- er wear. That crown I shall wear, ever wear.
Ev- er dwell, ev- er dwell,
Ne'er to roam, ne'er to roam,
Ev- er wear, ev- er wear,

4 There's a hymn everlasting,
The Lamb is the theme,
So strong to redeem,
A hymn never old,
And yet ever told,
That hymn I shall sing, for my King.
REF.—For my King, etc.

5 There's a King everlasting,
He comes on his throne,
His children to own,
They waited full long,
With prayer and with song,
And now he has come, welcome home.
REF.—Welcome home, etc.

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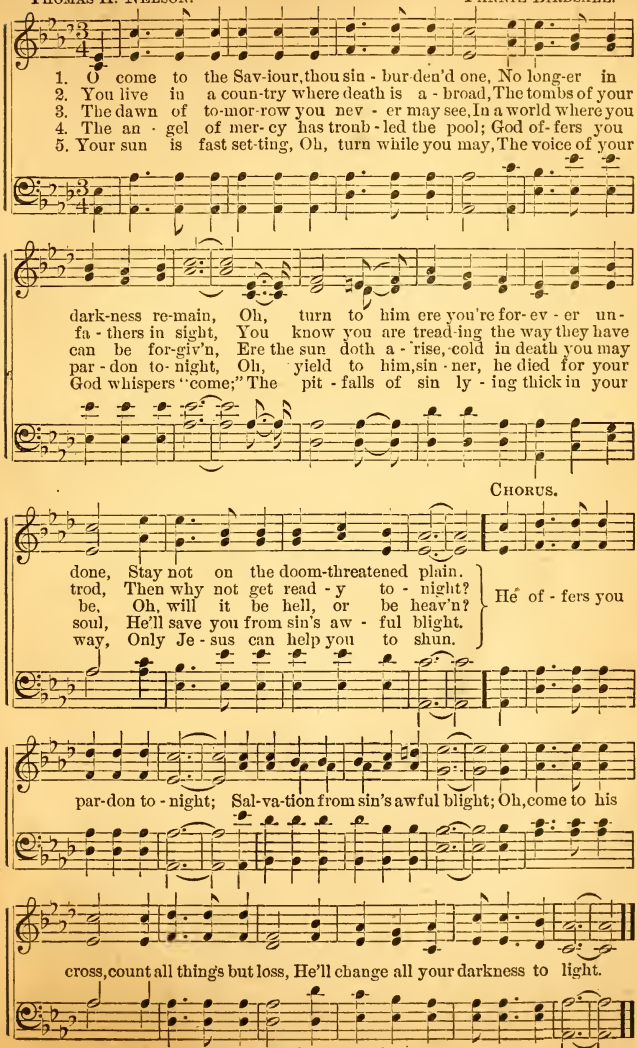
THOMAS H. NELSON. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. O come to the Sav-iour, thou sin - bur-den'd one, No long-er in
2. You live in a coun-try where death is a - broad, The tombs of your
3. The dawn of to-mor-row you nev - er may see, In a world where you
4. The an - gel of mer-cy has troub - led the pool; God of- fers you
5. Your sun is fast set-ting, Oh, turn while you may, The voice of your
dark-ness re-main, Oh, turn to him ere you're for-ev - er un-
fa - thers in sight, You know you are tread-ing the way they have
can be for-giv'n, Ere the sun doth a - rise, cold in death you may
par - don to-night, Oh, yield to him, sin - ner, he died for your
God whispers "come;" The pit - falls of sin ly - ing thick in your
CHORUS.
done, Stay not on the doom-threatened plain.
trod, Then why not get read - y to - night?
be, Oh, will it be hell, or be heav'n?
soul, He'll save you from sin's aw - ful blight.
way, Only Je - sus can help you to shun.
He of - fers you
par-don to - night; Sal-va-tion from sin's awful blight; Oh, come to his
cross, count all things but loss, He'll change all your darkness to light.

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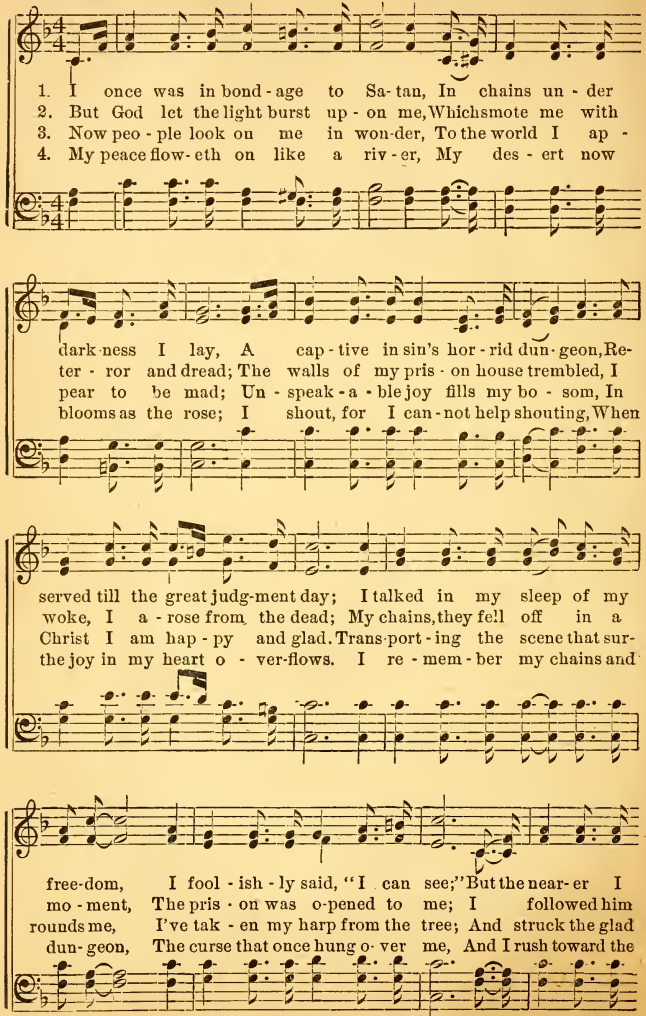
Free Indeed.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.


1. I once was in bond - age to Sa - tan, In chains un - der dark - ness I lay, A cap - tive in sin's hor - rid dun - geon, Re-
2. But God let the light burst up - on me, Which smote me with ter - ror and dread; The walls of my pris - on house trembled, I
3. Now peo - ple look on me in won - der, To the world I ap - pear to be mad; Un - speak - a - ble joy fills my bo - som, In
4. My peace flow - eth on like a riv - er, My des - ert now blooms as the rose; I shout, for I can - not help shouting, When
served till the great judg - ment day; I talked in my sleep of my
woke, I a - rose from the dead; My chains, they fell off in a
Christ I am hap - py and glad, Trans - port - ing the scene that sur-
the joy in my heart o - ver - flows. I re - mem - ber my chains and
free - dom, I fool - ish - ly said, "I can see;" But the near - er I
mo - ment, The pris - on was o - pened to me; I followed him
rounds me, I've tak - en my harp from the tree; And struck the glad
dun - geon, The curse that once hung o - ver me, And I rush toward the

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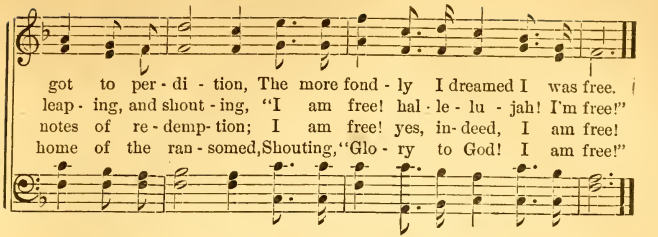

got to per - di - tion, The more fond - ly I dreamed I was free.
leap - ing, and shout - ing, "I am free! hal - le - lu - jah! I'm free!"
notes of re - demp - tion; I am free! yes, in - deed, I am free!
home of the ran - somed, Shouting, "Glo - ry to God! I am free!"

I Left it All with Jesus.

1 Oh, I left it all with Jesus, long ago, long ago!
My sinfulness I brought him and my woe;
And when by faith I saw him on the tree,
And heard his still, small whisper, "'Tis for thee,"
From my weary heart the burden rolled away,
And now I'm singing glory, happy day.

2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows
Just how to take the bitter from life's woes,
And how to gild the tear-drop with his smile,
To make the desert garden bloom awhile;
Then, with all my weakness, leaning on his might,
My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

3 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,
My faith can firmly trust him, come what may,
For hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
Within the calm, sure haven of his breast:
And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide
Close to my dear Redeemer, at his side.

It Reaches Me.

1 OH, this uttermost salvation!
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

Cho. It reaches me! it reaches me!
Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

2 How amazing God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love!

3 Jesus, Saviour, I adore thee!
Now thy love I will proclaim;
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify thy name!

Mary D. James.

Satisfied.

1 ALL my life long I had panted
For a draught from some cool spring
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! I have found it—
What my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings;
Through his blood I now am saved.

2 Feeding on the husks around me,
Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better,
Only still to hunger on.

3 Poor I was and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy;
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

4 Well of water ever springing—
Bread of life so rich and free—
Untold wealth that never faileth—
My Redeemer is to me.

Clara Tear.

He Saves Me Through and Through.

1 THE blood that Jesus shed for me
When groaning, dying on the tree,
From all transgression cleanseth me,
And saves me through and through.

CHORUS:

Saved, saved, yes, I am saved,
My heart is created anew;
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me,
And saves me through and through,

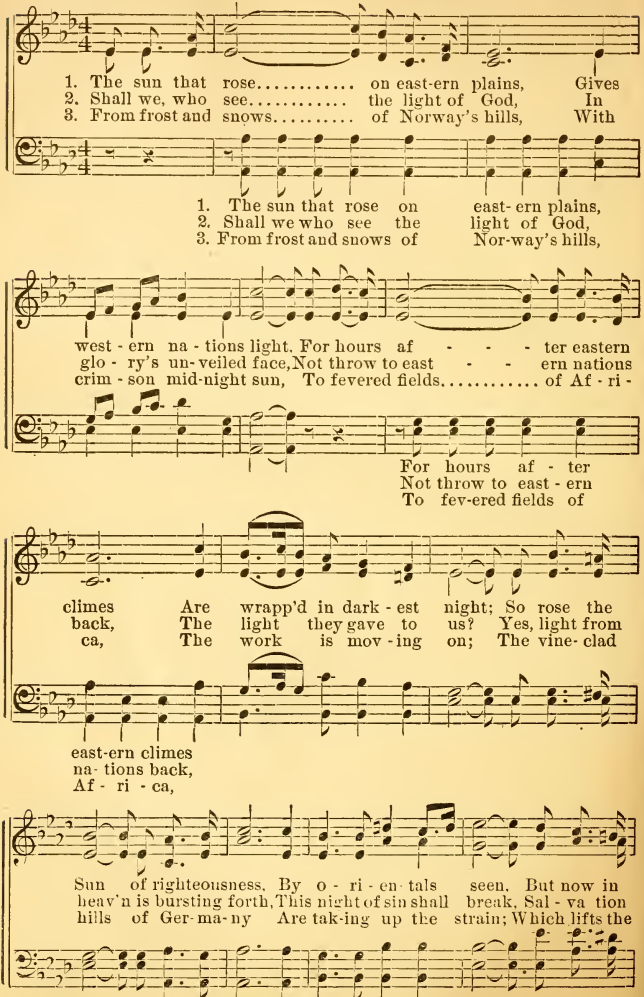
2 In perfect trust I now resign
My all to him whose will is mine;
He fills my soul with love divine,
And saves me through and through.

3 No angel tongue such praise can bring,
Nor learn the song that now I sing
To him, my Prophet, Priest and King,
Who saves me through and through.

4 I know not what my joy will be,
When face to face my Lord I see,
But this I know, he cleanseth me,
And saves me through and through.

Fanny J. Crosby.

At Evening Time It Shall Be Light.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.

1. The sun that rose..... on east-ern plains, Gives
2. Shall we, who see..... the light of God, In
3. From frost and snows..... of Norway's hills, With
1. The sun that rose on east- ern plains,
2. Shall we who see the light of God,
3. From frost and snows of Nor-way's hills,
west - ern na - tions light. For hours af - - - - ter eastern
glo - ry's un-veiled face, Not throw to east - - - ern nations
crim - son mid-night sun, To fevered fields..... of Af - ri -
For hours af - ter
Not throw to east - ern
To fev-ered fields of
climes Are wrapp'd in dark - est night; So rose the
back, The light they gave to us? Yes, light from
ca, The work is mov - ing on; The vine- clad
east-ern climes
na- tions back,
Af - ri - ca,
Sun of righteousness. By o - ri - en - tals seen. But now in
heav'n is bursting forth, This night of sin shall break, Sal - va tion
hills of Ger-ma-ny Are tak-ing up the strain; Which lifts the

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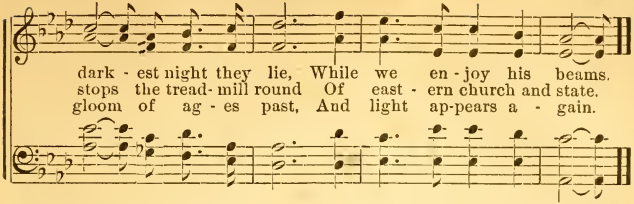

dark - est night they lie, While we en - joy his beams.
stops the tread- mill round Of east - ern church and state.
gloom of ag - es past, And light ap-pears a - gain.

4 The swarthy sons of India
Shall soon his praises sing,
And bring the Ganges worshippers
To Christ, the Lord and King.
Australia's devil-worshippers
At peace with God shall be,
For light must break on every land,
And island of the sea.

5 Ye favored nations of the west,
On whom this light now shines,
Come, help us to reflect the flame
To darkened eastern climes;
Send on the finest of your flocks,
The child that sweetest sings,
And ye, who have no child, send gold
For missionary wings.

OUR Master has taken His journey,
To a country that's far away,
And has left us the care of the vineyard,
To work for Him day by day.

CHORUS:

There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.
Yes, a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.

2 In this "little while," doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
If we're filling the place He assigns us,
Be its service small or great.—CHO.

3 There's only one thing should concern us
To find just the task that is ours;
And then, having found it, to do it,
With all our God-given powers.—CHO.

4 Our Master is coming most surely,
To reckon with every one;
Shall we, then count our toil or our sorrow
If His sentence be, "Well done."—CHO.

CROWNING DAY.

OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned,
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

CHORUS:

Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "power"
And "glory" from on high;
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

2 The heav'ns shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array;
The beauty of the Saviour,
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.—CHO.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow, 291
And naught but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer;
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.—CHO.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way,
By gath'ring in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by and by.—CHO.

GOD BE WITH YOU

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS:

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

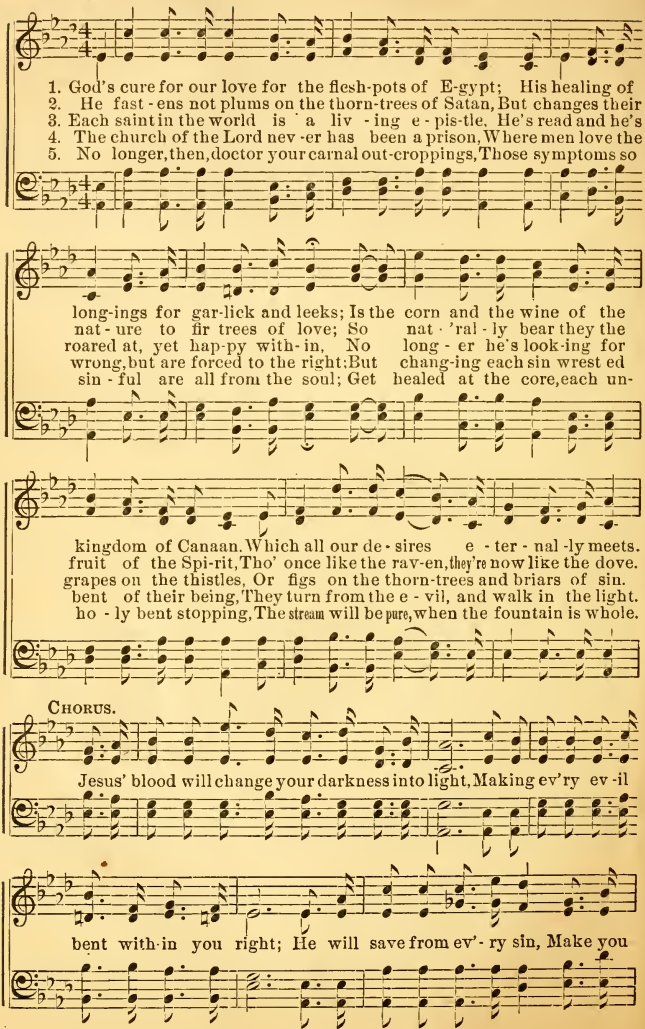
2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

Transformation.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FANNIE BIRDSALL.


1. God's cure for our love for the flesh-pots of E-gypt; His healing of
2. He fast-ens not plums on the thorn-trees of Satan, But changes their
3. Each saint in the world is a liv-ing e-pis-tle. He's read and he's
4. The church of the Lord nev-er has been a prison, Where men love the
5. No longer, then, doctor your carnal out-croppings, Those symptoms so
long-ings for gar-lick and leeks; Is the corn and the wine of the
nat-ure to fir trees of love; So nat-'ral-ly bear they the
roared at, yet hap-py with-in, No long-er he's look-ing for
wrong, but are forced to the right: But chang-ing each sin wrest ed
sin-ful are all from the soul; Get healed at the core, each un-
kingdom of Canaan. Which all our de-sires e-ter-nal-ly meets.
fruit of the Spi-rit, Tho' once like the rav-en, they're now like the dove.
grapes on the thistles, Or figs on the thorn-trees and briars of sin.
bent of their being, They turn from the e-vil, and walk in the light.
ho-ly bent stopping, The stream will be pure, when the fountain is whole.
CHORUS.
Jesus' blood will change your darkness into light, Making ev'ry ev-il
bent with-in you right; He will save from ev'-ry sin, Make you

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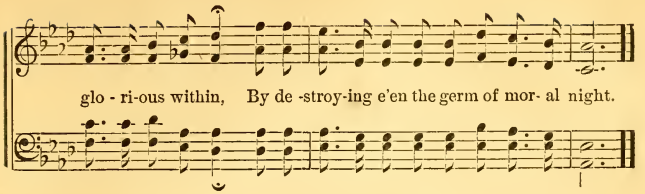

ANYWHERE with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below.
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

CHORUS.

Anywhere, anywhere?
Fear I cannot know.
Anywhere with Jesus
I can safely go.

2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
Though his hand may lead me over drearest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.—CHO.

3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep,
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home. CHO.

UNDER HIS WINGS.

IN God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide:
No refuge or rest so complete;
And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS.

O what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings:
I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.

2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day,
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon
No fearful forebodiag can bring:
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

"THERE shall be showers of blessing:"
This is a promise of love:
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

CHORUS.

Showers of blessing.
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing:"
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

3 "There shall be showers of blessing:"
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come and now honor thy word.

4 "There shall be showers of blessing:"
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call.

CLINGING TO JESUS.

Tune: Work for the Night is Coming. Pg.253.

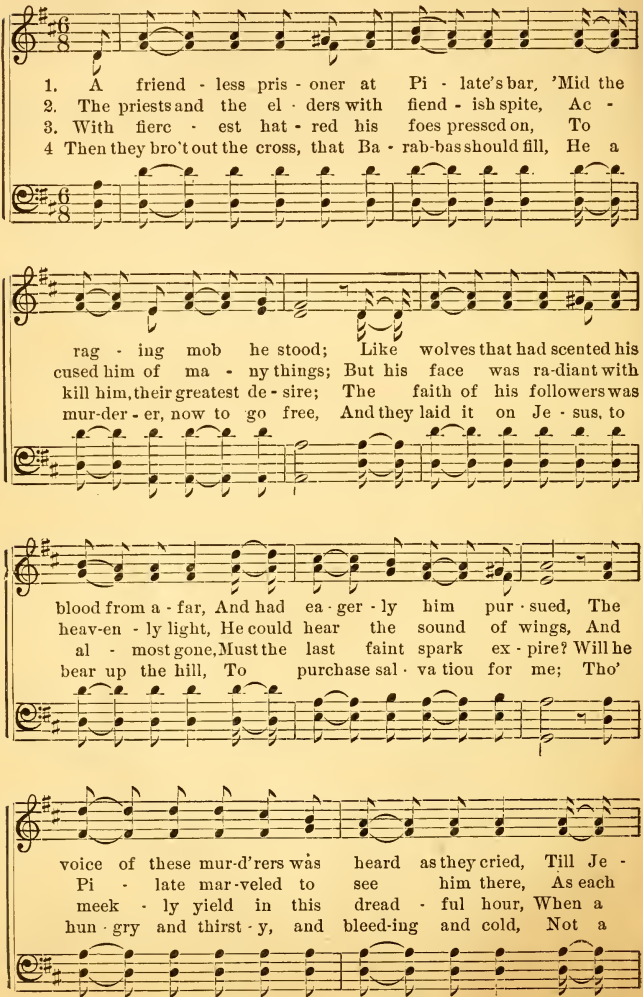
1 FOLLOW the paths of Jesus,
Walk where his footsteps lead,
Keep in his beaming presence,
Every counsel heed;
Watch while the hours are flying,
Ready some good to do:
Quick while his voice is calling,
Yield obedience true.

2 Cling to the hand of Jesus,
All through the day and night,
Dark though the way, and dreary,
He will guide you right.
Live for the good of others,
Helpless, oppressed, and wrong,
Lift them from depths of sorrow,
In his strength be strong.

He Answered Never a Word.

Should be sung as a Solo or Quartette.

Arr. by A. M. B. A M Bean.


1. A friend - less pris - oner at Pi - late's bar, 'Mid the
2. The priests and the el - ders with fiend - ish spite, Ac -
3. With fierc - est hat - red his foes pressed on, To
4 Then they bro't out the cross, that Ba - rab-bas should fill, He a
rag - ing mob he stood; Like wolves that had scented his
cused him of ma - ny things; But his face was ra-diant with
kill him, their greatest de - sire; The faith of his followers was
mur-der - er, now to go free, And they laid it on Je - sus, to
blood from a - far, And had ea - ger - ly him pur - sued, The
heav-en - ly light, He could hear the sound of wings, And
al - most gone, Must the last faint spark ex - pire? Will he
bear up the hill, To purchase sal - va tion for me; Tho'
voice of these mur-d'rers was heard as they cried, Till Je -
Pi - late mar-veled to see him there, As each
meek - ly yield in this dread - ful hour, When a
hun - gry and thirst - y, and bleed-ing and cold, Not a

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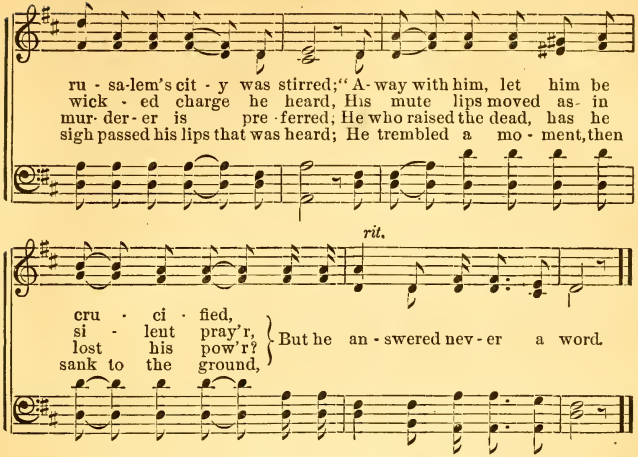

ru - sa-lem's cit - y was stirred; "A- way with him, let him be
wick - ed charge he heard, His mute lips moved as- in
mur- der - er is pre - ferred; He who raised the dead, has he
sigh passed his lips that was heard; He trembled a mo - ment, then
rit.
cru - ci - fied,
si - lent pray'r,
lost his pow'r?
sank to the ground,
But he an - swered nev - er a word.

5 The rabble with spite and revenge urged him on,
Till he came to Calvary's height,
Where they nailed his hands and his feet to the cross,
(O sinnner, look on him to-night!)
Then raising the cross, oh! what suffering and pain,
Till the earth and the heavens were stirred,
But the suffering Jesus with meekness endured,
And he answerd never a word.

6 But there hung by his side a thief, broken and sad,
With sins that were all his own;
And he cried, "Dear Lord, remember me,
When thou sittest on thy throne."
And the Saviour turned and looked upon him,
His compassion deep was stirred;
And peace, sweet peace, he shed o'er that soul,
He could answer *him* with a word.

ROOM FOR JESUS.

THOU didst leave thy throne, and thy kingly crown,
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For thy holy nativity.

REFRAIN:

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for thee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come,
There is room in my heart for thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang
Of thy birth and thy royal decree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in greatest humility.

3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with thy living word
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking and scorn, and with crown of thorn,
Did they bear thee to Calvary.

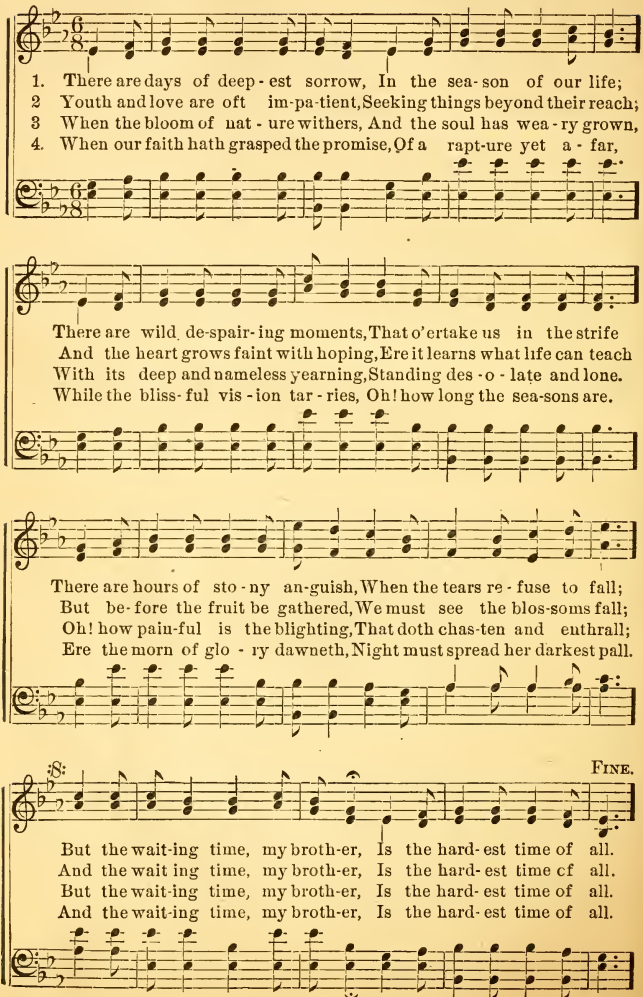
5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing
At thy coming to victory;
Thou wilt call me home, saying "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."

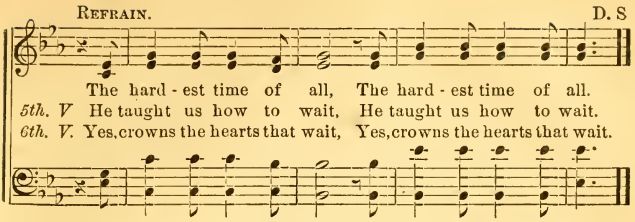
295 —Emily S. Elliott.

The Waiting Time.

3d, 4th, & 6th. stanzas by H. H. Loomis.

Arranged by Rev. A. D. Gaines.


1. There are days of deep - est sorrow, In the sea - son of our life;
2 Youth and love are oft im-pa-tient, Seeking things beyond their reach;
3 When the bloom of nat - ure withers, And the soul has wea - ry grown,
4. When our faith hath grasped the promise, Of a rapt-ure yet a - far,
There are wild de-spair-ing moments, That o'ertake us in the strife
And the heart grows faint with hoping, Ere it learns what life can teach
With its deep and nameless yearning, Standing des - o - late and lone.
While the bliss-ful vis - ion tar - ries, Oh! how long the sea-sons are.
There are hours of sto - ny an-guish, When the tears re - fuse to fall;
But be-fore the fruit be gathered, We must see the blos-soms fall;
Oh! how pain-ful is the blighting, That doth chas-ten and enthrall;
Ere the morn of glo - ry dawneth, Night must spread her darkest pall.
:S:
Fine.
But the wait-ing time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.
And the wait ing time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.
But the wait-ing time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.
And the wait-ing time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.


Refrain.
D. S
The hard - est time of all, The hard - est time of all.
5th. V He taught us how to wait, He taught us how to wait.
6th. V. Yes, crowns the hearts that wait, Yes, crowns the hearts that wait.

5 But at last we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation,
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For we know the days are coming,
In the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly,
That he taught us how to wait.

6 There's a joy for ev'ry sorrow,
There's a song for every sigh,
When the waiting time is over,
We shall know it by and by.
For the rest that Jesus chooses,
Never reaches us too late,
And the highest bliss of heaven
Crowns at last the hearts that wait.

Waiting at the Pool.

THOUSANDS stand to-day in sorrow,
Waiting at the pool;
Saying they will wash to-morrow,
Waiting at the pool;
Others step in, left and right,
Wash their stained garments white,
Leaving you in sorrow's night,
Waiting at the pool;
Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool.

2 Souls, your filthy garments wearing,
Waiting at the pool;
Hearts, your heavy burden bearing,
Waiting at the pool;
Can it be you never heard,
Jesus long ago hath stirred 297
The waters with his mighty word!
Waiting at the pool:
Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool.

3 Thousands once were standing near you,
Waiting at the pool;
Come their voices back to cheer you,
Waiting at the pool;
Back from Canaan's happy shore,
Sorrows past and labors o'er,
Where they stand in tears no more,
Waiting at the pool;
Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool.

4 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Jesus may no more invite you,
Waiting at the pool;
Faith is near you, take her hand,
Seek with her the better land,
And no longer doubting stand,
Waiting at the pool,
Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool.

L. M.

The Love of God.

How vast the love of God to me,
An ocean boundless, deep and wide,
I plunge in its immensity,
And I am lost beneath its tide.

The love of God who can proclaim,
An angel's tongue might try in vain,
And earth's ten-thousand voices lame,
In singing of a Saviour slain.

The love of God, its depth and height,
Its length and breadth are mine to prove,
But when I've searched with human might,
I cry aloud 'tis boundless love.

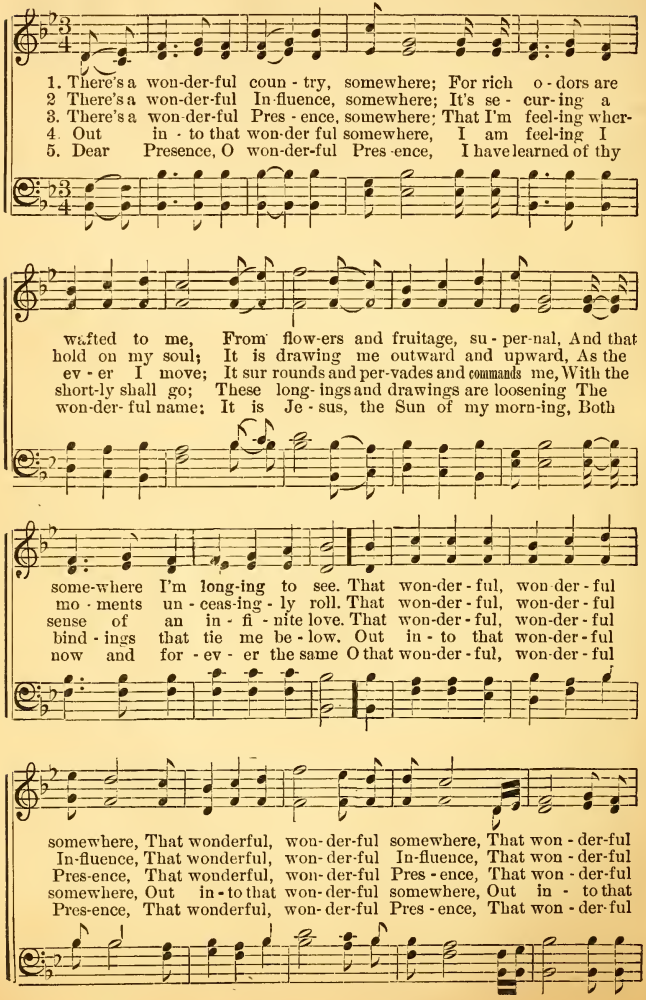
The love of God that saved from death,
That snatched from Satan's cruel power,
I'll magnify with every breath,
And shout aloud with life's last hour.

—V. A. Dake.

Somewhere.

"There's a wonderful country, somewhere," said an old brother in class.

J. G. T. J. G. TERRILL.


1. There's a won-der-ful coun - try, somewhere; For rich o - dors are
2 There's a won-der-ful In-fluence, somewhere; It's se - cur-ing a
3. There's a won-der-ful Pres - ence, somewhere; That I'm feel-ing wher-
4. Out in - to that won-der ful somewhere, I am feel-ing I
5. Dear Presence, O won-der-ful Pres-ence, I have learned of thy
wafted to me, From flow-ers and fruitage, su - per-nal, And that
hold on my soul; It is drawing me outward and upward, As the
ev - er I move; It sur rounds and per-vades and commands me, With the
short-ly shall go; These long- ings and drawings are loosening The
won-der- ful name; It is Je - sus, the Sun of my morn-ing, Both
some-where I'm long-ing to see. That won-der - ful, won der - ful
mo - ments un - ceas-ing - ly roll. That won-der - ful, won-der - ful
sense of an in - fi - nite love. That won-der - ful, won-der - ful
bind - ings that tie me be - low. Out in - to that won-der-ful
now and for - ev - er the same O that won-der - ful, won-der - ful
somewhere, That wonderful, won- der-ful somewhere, That won - der-ful
In-fluence, That wonderful, won- der-ful In-fluence, That won - der-ful
Pres-ence, That wonderful, won- der-ful Pres - ence, That won - der-ful
somewhere, Out in - to that won- der-ful somewhere, Out in - to that
Pres-ence, That wonderful, won- der-ful Pres - ence, That won - der-ful

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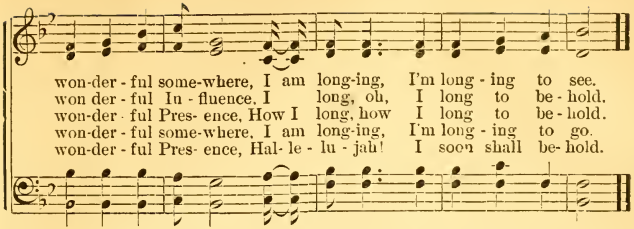

won-der - ful some-where, I am long-ing, I'm long - ing to see.
won der - ful In - fluence, I long, oh, I long to be - hold.
won-der - ful Pres- ence, How I long, how I long to be - hold.
won-der - ful some-where, I am long-ing, I'm long - ing to go.
won-der - ful Pres- ence, Hal- le - lu - jah! I soon shall be- hold.

Do You Know What Makes us Happy?

DO you know what makes us happy,
When so many hearts are sad?
We are little friends of Jesus,
That is why we are so glad.

Chorus.

We are little friends,
We are loving friends,
We are happy, happy little friends of Jesus.
We are little friends,
We are loving friends,
We are happy all day long.

2 We are little lambs of Jesus,
He our shepherd kind and dear,
Speaks and though we do not see him,
In our hearts his voice we hear.

3 Jesus loves the children dearly,
In his word he tells us so.
Once he took them up and blessed them
Many, many years ago.

Hear the Pennies Dropping.

1. Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen while they fall
Every one for Jesus.
He will get them all.

Chorus. (Children clap their hands while singing the first line.)

Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Hear the pennies fall.
Every one for Jesus.
He will get them all.

2 Dropping, dropping ever,
From each little hand;
'Tis our gift to Jesus,
From each little band.

3 Now while we are little
Pennies are our store;
But when we are older,
Lord will give us more.

The Bondage of Love.

1 O SWEET will of God! thou hast girded me round,
Like the deep, moving currents that girdle the sea;
With omnipotent love is my poor nature bound,
And this bondage to love sets me perfectly free!

Chorus:

Hallelujah! hallelujah! my soul is now free!
For the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth even me.

2 For years my will wrestled with vague discontent,
That like a sad angel o'ershadowed my way;
God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent,
And my heart ever longed for an unclouded day.

3 My wild will was captured, yet under the yoke
There was pain, and not peace, at the press of the load,
Till the glorious burden the last fiber broke,
And I melted like wax in the furnace of God.

4 And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
And I just let my God his dear purpose fulfill.

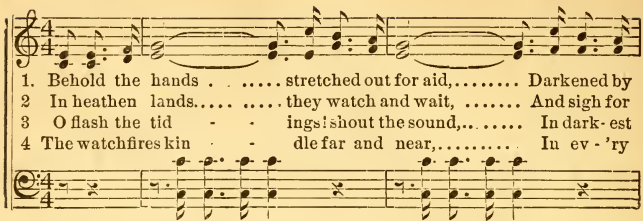
5 I care not for self; all my blessings and pains
I gladly yield up to the mandate above;
My crosses and triumphs, my losses and gains,
I bury them all in the vortex of love.

6 And now my King Jesus has all his own way.
I want but to catch his low whispering word;
'Tis my bliss to lie low 'neath his scepter's bright sway,
For my triumph I see in each step of my Lord.

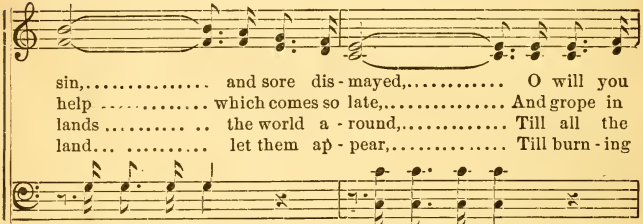
8 Roll on checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears,
My soul sweetly sails on an infinite tide;
I shall soon touch the shores of eternity's years,
And near the white throne of my Saviour abide.

We'll Girdle the Globe With Salvation.

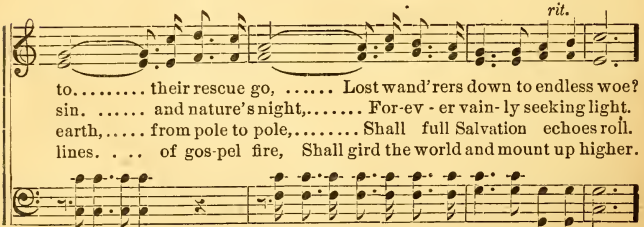
V. A. Dake. Ida M. Dake.


1. Behold the hands . . . . . stretched out for aid, ... Darkened by
2 In heathen lands. . . . . they watch and wait, ... And sigh for
3 O flash the tid - - - ings! shout the sound, ... In dark - est
4 The watchfires kin - - dle far and near, ... In ev - 'ry

1. Behold the hands stretched out for aid,
2. In heathen lands they watch and wait,
3. O flash the tidings - - shout the sound,
4. The watchfires kindle - far and near,


sin, ... and sore dis - mayed, ... O will you
help . . . . . which comes so late, ... And grope in
lands . . . . . the world a - round, ... Till all the
land. . . . . let them ap - pear, ... Till burn - ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,
And sigh for help which comes so late;
In dark - est lands the world a - round,
In ev - 'ry land let them ap - pear,


rit.
to. . . . . their rescue go, ... Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin. . . . . and nature's night, ... For-ev - er vain - ly seeking light.
earth, ... from pole to pole, ... Shall full Salvation echoes roll.
lines. . . . of gos-pel fire, Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

O will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
And grope in sin and nature's night, Forever vainly seeking light.
Till all the earth, from pole to pole, Shall hear salvation's echoes roll.
Till burning lines of gospel fire, Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

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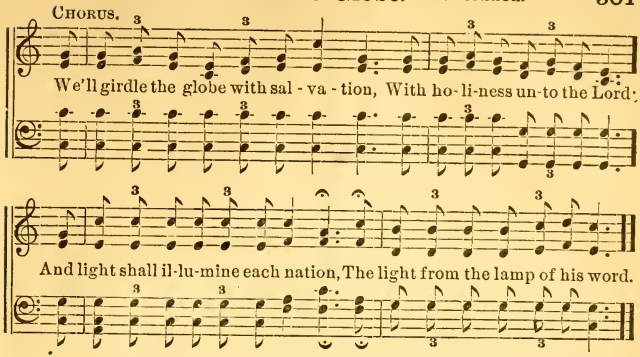
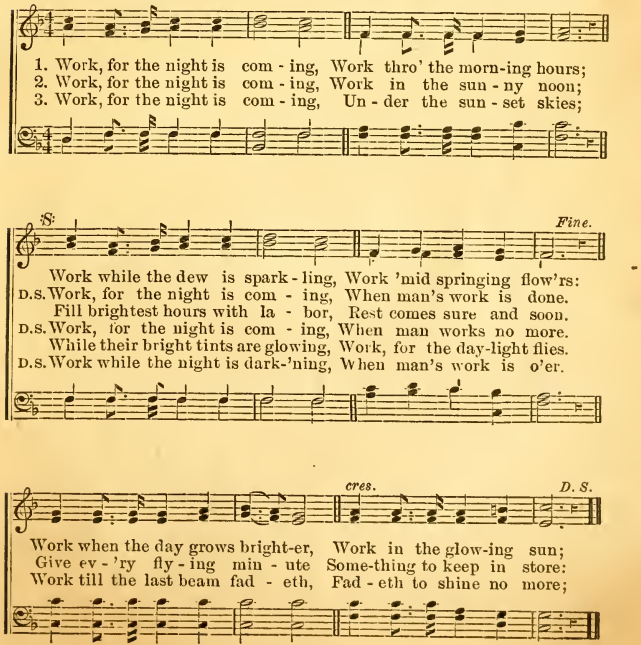
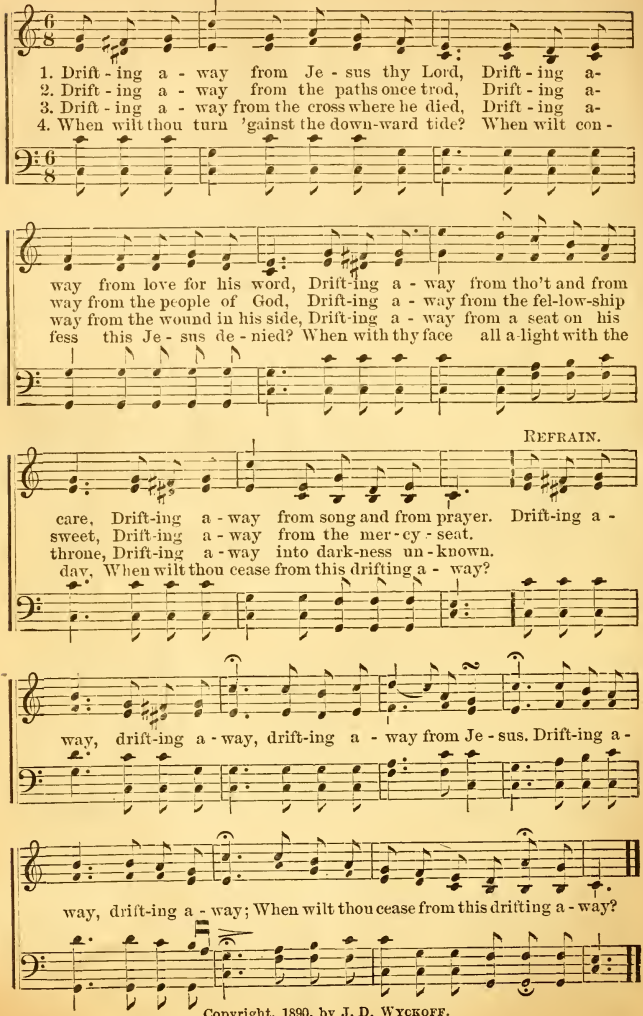

Chorus.
We'll girdle the globe with sal - va - tion, With ho - li - ness un - to the Lord;
And light shall il - lu - mine each nation, The light from the lamp of his word.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

From "Song Garden." Dr. L. Mason.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work in the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Fine.
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs:
D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Fill brightest hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for the day-light flies.
D.S. Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.
cres.
D. S.
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

J. E. Rankin, D. D. by per. J. D. Wyckoff. 1883.

1. Drift - ing a - way from Je - sus thy Lord, Drift - ing a-
2. Drift - ing a - way from the paths once trod, Drift - ing a-
3. Drift - ing a - way from the cross where he died, Drift - ing a-
4. When wilt thou turn 'gainst the down-ward tide? When wilt con -
way from love for his word, Drift-ing a - way from tho't and from
way from the people of God, Drift-ing a - way from the fel-low-ship
way from the wound in his side, Drift-ing a - way from a seat on his
fess this Je - sus de - nied? When with thy face all a-light with the
Refrain.
care, Drift-ing a - way from song and from prayer. Drift-ing a -
sweet, Drift-ing a - way from the mer - cy - seat.
throne, Drift-ing a - way into dark-ness un - known.
day, When wilt thou cease from this drifting a - way?
way, drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way from Je - sus. Drift-ing a -
way, drift-ing a - way; When wilt thou cease from this drifting a - way?

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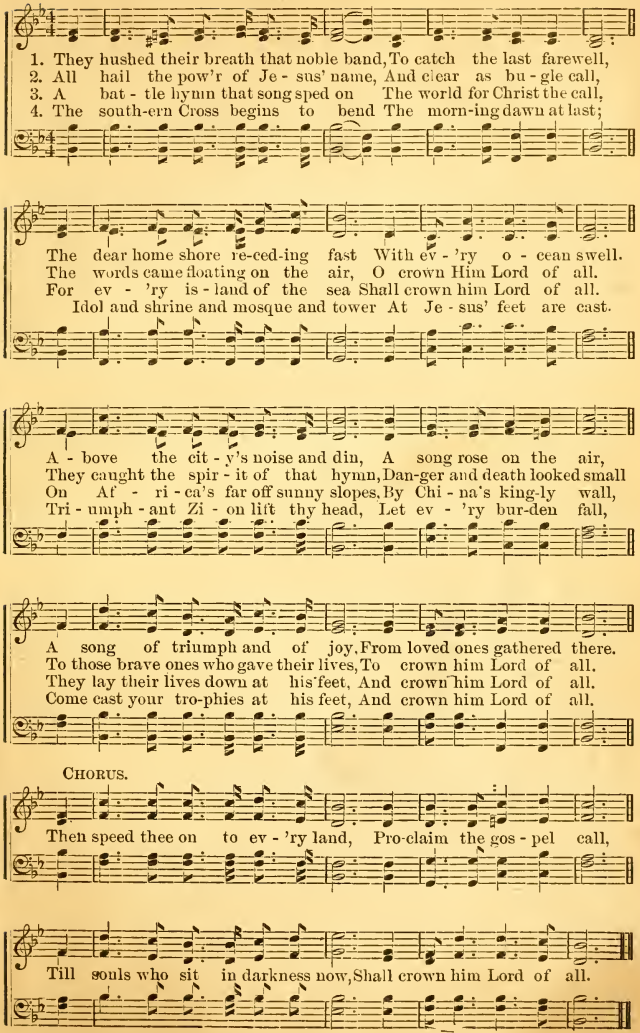
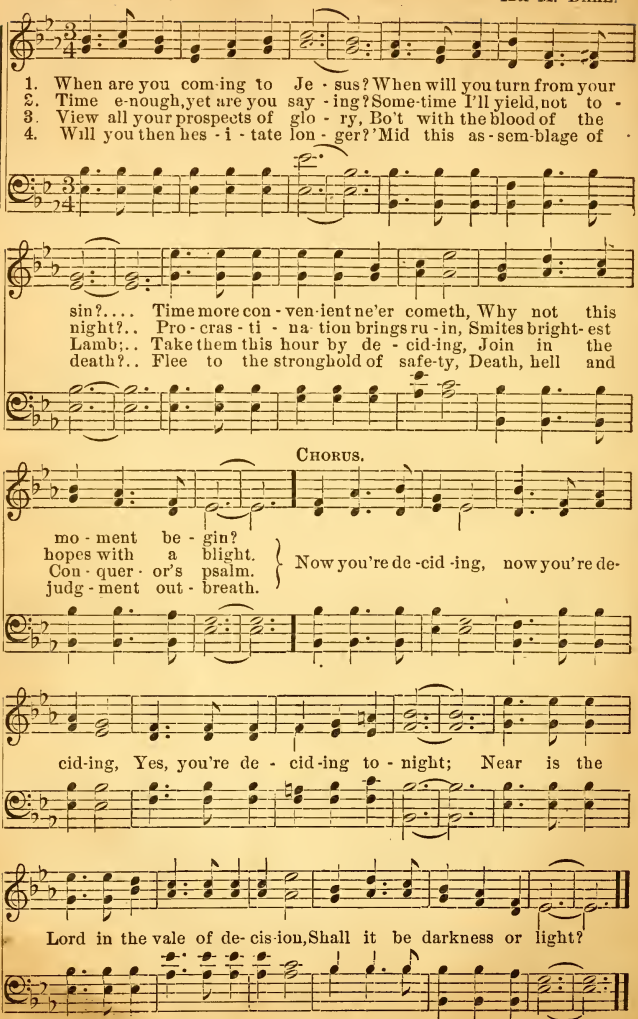
L. M. LATIMER. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. They hushed their breath that noble band, To catch the last farewell,
2. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, And clear as bu - gle call,
3. A bat - tle hymn that song sped on The world for Christ the call,
4. The south-ern Cross begins to bend The morn-ing dawn at last;
The dear home shore re-ced-ing fast With ev - 'ry o - cean swell.
The words came floating on the air, O crown Him Lord of all.
For ev - 'ry is - land of the sea Shall crown him Lord of all.
Idol and shrine and mosque and tower At Je - sus' feet are cast.
A - bove the cit - y's noise and din, A song rose on the air,
They caught the spir - it of that hymn, Dan-ger and death looked small
On Af - ri - ca's far off sunny slopes, By Chi - na's king-ly wall,
Tri - umph - ant Zi - on lift thy head, Let ev - 'ry bur-den fall,
A song of triumph and of joy, From loved ones gathered there.
To those brave ones who gave their lives, To crown him Lord of all.
They lay their lives down at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
Come cast your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
CHORUS.
Then speed thee on to ev - 'ry land, Pro-claim the gos - pel call,
Till souls who sit in darkness now, Shall crown him Lord of all.

Deciding To-night.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.


1. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? When will you turn from your
2. Time e-nough, yet are you say - ing? Some-time I'll yield, not to -
3. View all your prospects of glo - ry, Bo't with the blood of the
4. Will you then hes - i - tate lon - ger? 'Mid this as-sem-blage of
sin?.... Time more con-ven-ient ne'er cometh, Why not this
night?.. Pro-cras-ti-na-tion brings ru-in, Smites bright-est
Lamb;.. Take them this hour by de - cid-ing, Join in the
death?.. Flee to the stronghold of safe-ty, Death, hell and
CHORUS.
mo - ment be - gin?
hopes with a blight.
Con - quer - or's psalm.
judg - ment out - breath.
Now you're de-cid-ing, now you're de-
cid-ing, Yes, you're de - cid-ing to - night; Near is the
Lord in the vale of de-cis-ion, Shall it be darkness or light?

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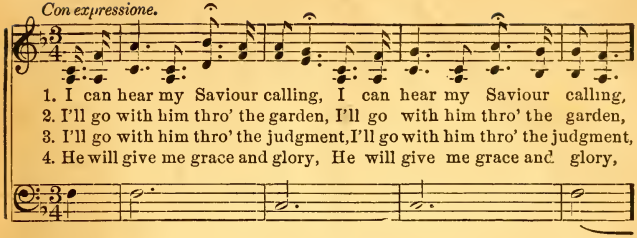
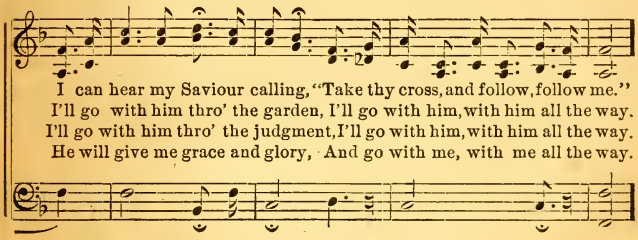
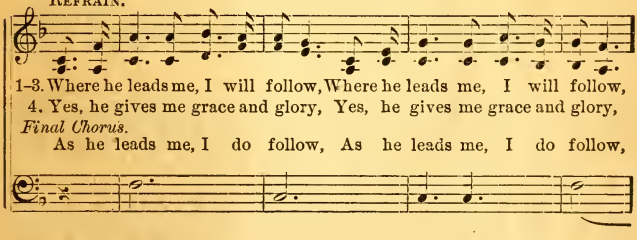
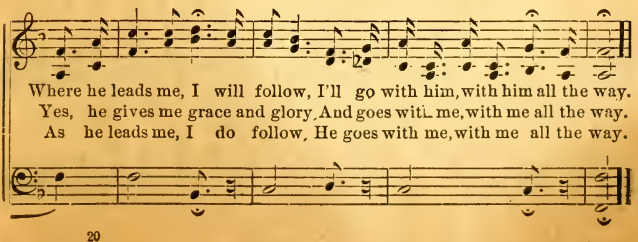
Con expressione.


1. I can hear my Saviour calling, I can hear my Saviour calling,
2. I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,


I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

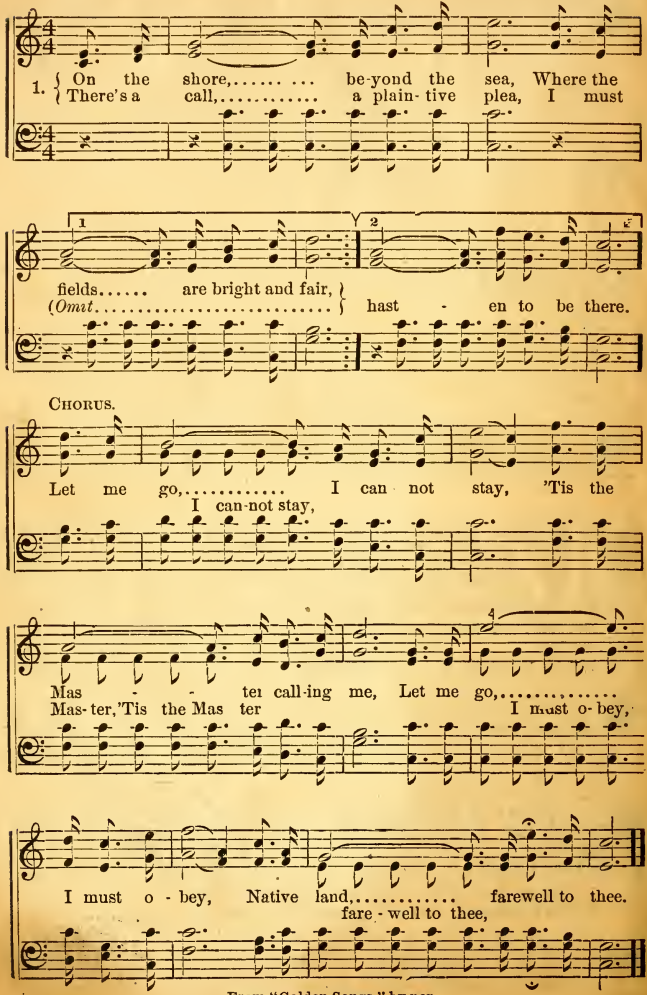
REFRAIN.


1–3. Where he leads me, I will follow, Where he leads me, I will follow,
4. Yes, he gives me grace and glory, Yes, he gives me grace and glory,
Final Chorus.
As he leads me, I do follow, As he leads me, I do follow,


Where he leads me, I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Yes, he gives me grace and glory, And goes with me, with me all the way.
As he leads me, I do follow, He goes with me, with me all the way.

Missionary's Farewell.

Dedicated to Mrs. M. B. Hadley, Missionary to Africa.

Rev. I. B. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. { On the shore,..... ... be-yond the sea, Where the
{ There's a call,..... a plain- tive plea, I must
1
2
fields..... are bright and fair,
(Omit.....
hast - en to be there.
CHORUS.
Let me go,..... I can not stay, 'Tis the
I can-not stay,
Mas - ter call-ing me, Let me go,.....
Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas ter I must o-bey,
I must o - bey, Native land,..... farewell to thee.
fare - well to thee,

From "Golden Songs," by per.

2 Hark! I hear the Master say,
"Up, ye reapers! why so slow!"
To the vineyard, far away,
Earthly kindred, let me go —CHO.

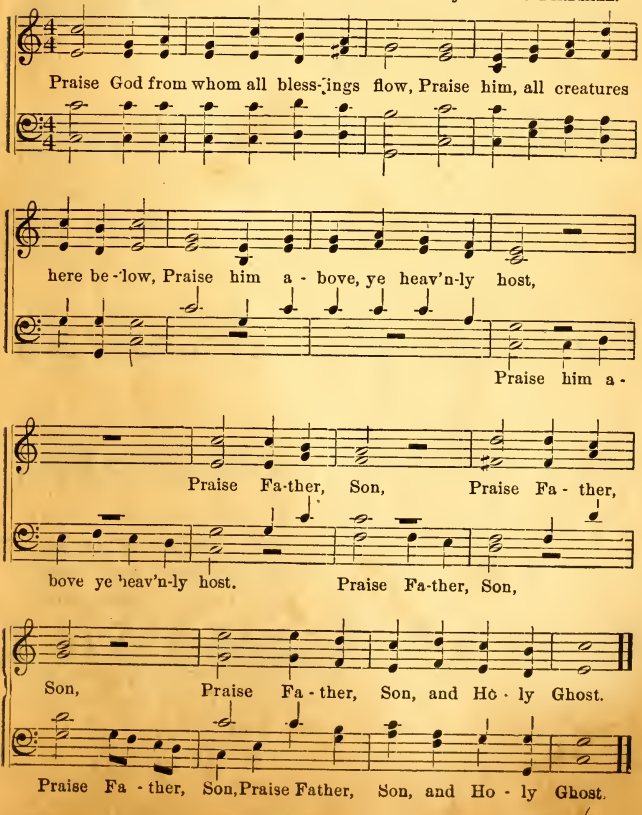
3 Just beyond the rolling tide,
The uplifted hand I see;
Lo! the gates are open wide,
And the lost are calling me.
—CHO.

4 Father, mother, darling child,
I must bid you all adieu;
Far away in Afric's wild,
There's a work for me to do.—CHO.

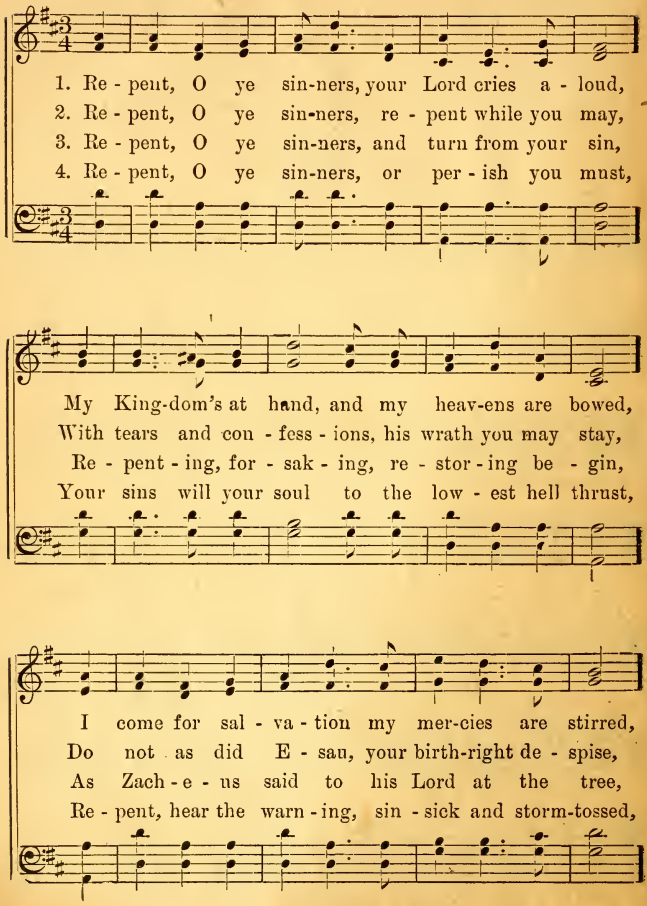
5 Bear me on, thou restless sea,
Let the winds the canvas swell;
Afric's shore I long to see,
Dearest friends, farewell, farewell.
—CHO.

Doxology. L. M.

English Melody. Arr. by FANNIE BIRDSALL.


Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise him, all creatures
here be-low, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host,
Praise him a -
Praise Fa-ther, Son, Praise Fa - ther,
bove ye heav'n-ly host. Praise Fa-ther, Son,
Son, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
Praise Fa - ther, Son, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

V, A, D, VIVIAN A. DAKE.


1. Re - pent, O ye sin-ners, your Lord cries a - loud,
2. Re - pent, O ye sin-ners, re - pent while you may,
3. Re - pent, O ye sin-ners, and turn from your sin,
4. Re - pent, O ye sin-ners, or per - ish you must,
My King-dom's at hand, and my heav-ens are bowed,
With tears and con - fess - ions, his wrath you may stay,
Re - pent - ing, for - sak - ing, re - stor - ing be - gin,
Your sins will your soul to the low - est hell thrust,
I come for sal - va - tion my mer-cies are stirred,
Do not as did E - sau, your birth-right de - spise,
As Zach - e - us said to his Lord at the tree,
Re - pent, hear the warn - ing, sin - sick and storm-tossed,

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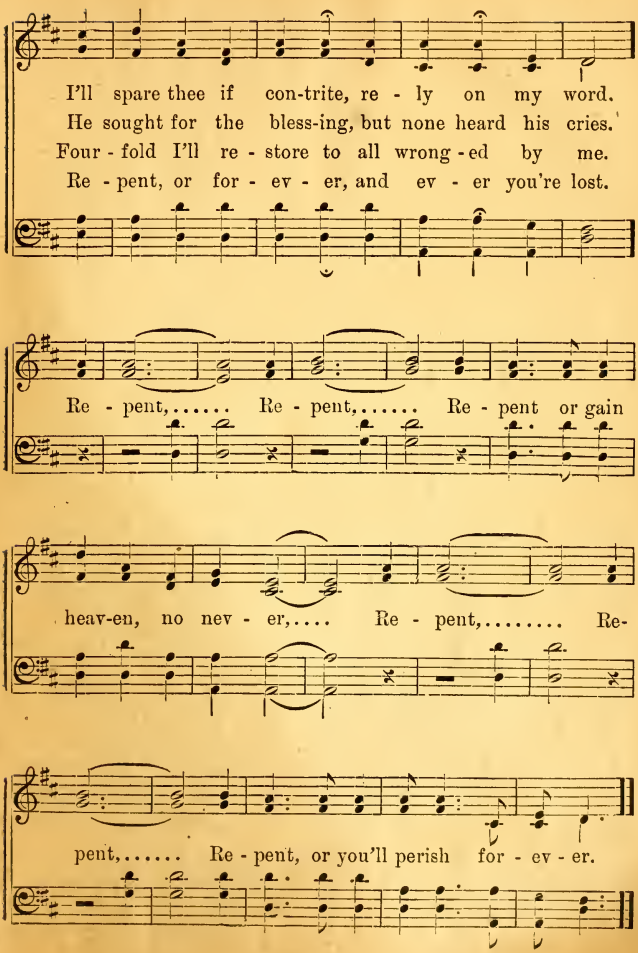
I'll spare thee if con-trite, re - ly on my word.
He sought for the bless-ing, but none heard his cries.
Four - fold I'll re - store to all wrong - ed by me.
Re - pent, or for - ev - er, and ev - er you're lost.
Re - pent,..... Re - pent,..... Re - pent or gain
heav-en, no nev - er,.... Re - pent,..... Re-
pent,..... Re - pent, or you'll perish for - ev - er.

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